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GOLDWIN SMITH.

MEMORIES OF OLD FRIENDS.

"I warmed both hands before the fire of life;
It sinks, and I am ready to depart."

W. S. LANDOR.

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Memories of Old Friends

BEING EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNALS AND LETTERS

OF

CAROLINE FOX

OF PENJERRICK, CORNWALL

From 1835 to 1871

EDITED BY HORACE N. PYM

Second Edition

TO WHICH ARE ADDED FOURTEEN ORIGINAL LETTERS FROM J. S. MILL NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED

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TO

Anna Maria Fox

THESE RECORDS OF HER SISTER'S LIFE

ARE MOST AFFECTIONATELY

Dedicated

BY

THE EDITOR.

Harley Street, 1881.

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MEMOIR.

MEMOIR.

—o—

" Speak of me as I am, nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice."—SHAKESPEARE.

THE Journals and Letters from which the following Extracts have been chosen were written by Caroline Fox, of Penjerrick, between the years 1835 and 1871.

They speak so clearly for themselves that but few words of introduction or explanation are needed.

The Editor's task has been rendered a pleasant one by the help and sympathy of those members of Caroline Fox's family who survive her and keep her memory green. Inasmuch as this book will probably reach the hands of many to whom the family history will be a *terra incognita*, it becomes necessary that the few following pages of prefatory Memoir should accompany her own "winged words." On the 24th of May 1819, the girl-child of whom we write was born, at Falmouth, into this tough world. She was one of the three children of distinguished parents—distinguished not only by their fine old Quaker lineage, but by the many beautiful qualities which belong to large hearts and minds. Her father,

Robert Were Fox, was the eldest of that remarkable family of brothers and sisters whose forebears made Cornwall their resting-place two hundred years ago. The Brothers would have made a noticeable group in any country, and were not less conspicuous from their public spirit and philanthropy than from their scientific acumen and attainments, their geniality, and the simplicity and modesty of their lives. They created a cluster of lovely dwellings in and about Falmouth, which attracted the traveller by their picturesque beauty and southern wealth of flower and tree. One of the most beautiful of these sheltered Cornish homes is Penjerrick, some three miles from that town, the summer residence and one of the dearly-loved homes of Caroline Fox and her parents.

It was by experiments and observations during a period of more than forty years that her father, Robert Were Fox, proved the increase of temperature in descending mines, converting Humboldt, a former antagonist, to his view. He was also the inventor of the "Deflector Dipping Needle," which has since been used in all the Arctic Expeditions.

Upon his death in 1877 Sir Joseph Dalton Hooker, President of the Royal Society, said in his annual address that the Society had experienced a severe loss in "Mr. Fox, eminent for his researches on the temperature, and the magnetic and electrical condition of the interior of the earth, especially in connection with the formation of mineral veins, and who was further the inventor of

some, and the improver of other instruments, now everywhere employed in ascertaining the properties of terrestrial magnetism."

In a very excellent sketch of his life and work by Mr. J. H. Collins, F.G.S., published at Truro in 1878, these inventions and inprovements extend into a pamphlet of nearly sixty octavo pages. To this valuable little book we should refer those who care to follow into greater detail the life-work of this excellent simple-hearted philosopher.

The following extract from a letter written by Mrs. Schimmelpenninck in 1824, gives a graphic description of the household as it then appeared:—"Having spoken of the house, I must now describe its inhabitants. Imagine Robert Fox, whom you knew as a lad, now a steadfast and established man; the wise but determined and energetic regulator of his own, and the prop and firm support of his mother's large family. Picture to yourself his forehead, and the sides of his head with what Spurzheim used to call 'perpendicular walls of reason and of truth.' Patient investigation, profound reflection, and steadfast determination sit upon his thinking and bent brow. Generous and glowing feeling often kindles his deep-set eyes, whilst the firm closing of his mouth, the square bone of the chin, and the muscular activity and strong form, show that it is continually compressed within by the energy of a self-governing character. Truth and honour unshaken, conscience unsullied, cool investigating

reason, and irresistible force, seem to follow the outlines of his very remarkable character. Maria is widely different. She has not the scientific tastes that distinguish her husband, but her heart and affections, her least actions and her very looks, are so imbued and steeped in the living waters of Divine Truth, that she seems to have come to the perfection of heavenly wisdom, which makes her conversation a rich feast and a blessed instruction.

"She is a supereminently excellent mother, always keeping a tender watch over her children without showing anxious care. On our arrival the three little well-ordered children withdrew to their play on the verandah, and whilst she conversed cheerfully and cordially with us, still surrounded by their books and pictures, her watchful eye was constantly upon them.

"In the early morning I used to watch her going with them to the beach, with a mule to carry the weary ones; and they bathed in the midst of the rocks and caves, with no spectators but the shags and the sea-gulls. It was pleasant to me, as I was dressing, to watch them coming back, winding along the cliffs; and, as they drew near, Maria seated on her mule, with little Carry in her arms, Anna Maria by her side, and the others surrounding her, repeating their hymns and psalms, they used to look like Raphael's picture of the Holy Family in the flight to Egypt. Maria's maternal countenance on these occasions I shall never forget; nor the sweet and tender emotion of her children.

Little Carry especially used to enjoy the ride. 'O Mamma!' said she one day, 'do let me say my hymn louder, for the poor mule is listening and cannot hear me.' Their return I used soon to know by Carry or Barclay besetting me the moment I opened my door, to tell them stories of wild beasts."[1]

Caroline was born, and continued a member of the Society of Friends, in which Body her family have always occupied a foremost position; and she exemplified to a remarkable degree those charming qualities of simple purity, love of learning, and utter regard for Truth, which are some of the more strongly marked features of that community.

Her parents were accustomed to pass the winter months at their house in Falmouth, where so many notable friends visited them, moving to Penjerrick for the summer, to revel in the perfect repose of their country life.

As a child Caroline drew much attention by her winning ways and signs of an intelligence far above the usual order, and Mrs. Schimmelpenninck again says in another letter: "Caroline is quick, bright, and susceptible, with little black laughing eyes, a merry round face, and as full of tricks and pranks as a marmozet, or Shakespeare's Robin Goodfellow."

[1] A portion of this letter appears in the Life of M. A. Schimmelpenninck, edited by C. C. Hankin. Longmans. 1858.

She was of a somewhat delicate constitution, and consequently was never called upon to face the often severe physical strain of a school education; but in her mother's hands, and aided by the best masters obtainable, she made a progress with which few schools of that day could have successfully competed. She always found pleasure in study under those masters who suited her fastidious taste, and soon learnt to discriminate between those under whose guidance she made real progress, and those who were not so successful in their endeavours. But the best part of her education was gained after the schoolroom door was closed, and when she was mistress of her own time.

Many and varied were the subjects taken up, and the books she read. All that was good in them she made her own, her fine nature rejecting everything else. In particular, the works of Coleridge exercised upon her a peculiar fascination, and stimulated her mind to greater efforts of thought. And it was remarked with what apparent ease she grasped the principles and detail of the most abstruse subjects, as well as the general topics of interest.

Upon such a receptive nature the association with her Father's friends exercised the utmost fascination; and how thoroughly she appreciated and comprehended their conversation is shown in the many lucid notes in her Journals, in which she so well embodied these flying thoughts of varied minds. And it makes

tender and striking picture—this young girl, with her deep reverence and vivid appreciation of all the magic world of Thought in which she was permitted to roam, listening with delight to the utterances of wise men, and storing up their words in her heart. She would say with Steele, "If I were to choose the people with whom I would spend my hours of conversation, they should be certainly such as laboured to make themselves readily and clearly apprehended, and would have patience and curiosity to understand me. When thoughts rise in us fit to utter among familiar friends, there needs but very little care in clothing them."

Every two years she visited London, the journey then consuming some three days—days filled with all the fun and excitement of a pleasant holiday. In 1840 commenced her friendship with the Mills and the Sterlings, much deeply interesting record of which will be found in her Diaries; and it was a bitter parting when, in 1843, a sudden blow came in the death of Mrs. Sterling, followed by the removal of the bereaved family to the Isle of Wight.

Her only brother, Robert Barclay Fox (who married Jane Gurney, daughter of Jonathan Backhouse of Darlington), and her sister Anna Maria, were her usual companions in her travels, as will be gathered by her frequent reference to one or the other.

In reading these Journals it is worthy of notice how rapidly Caroline Fox's character forms itself; attracting,

reflecting, and assimilating from the stronger natures around her all that is noteworthy, high-toned, and deep-souled. The bright gaiety of the high-spirited girl is rapidly succeeded by the philosophic mind belonging to greater knowledge and maturer years; whilst the quickly recurring losses of dear friends and old companions visibly deepens and broadens the stream of her daily life, until, culminating in the Going-hence of her only Brother, she so pathetically cries, "For whom should I now record these entries of my life?" and then the gravity of Existence permanently settles upon her, with a not unwelcome foreboding that her time is short, and her Day is far spent.

If we may say anything of her spiritual life, it seemed to those who knew her best that the intense reality of her faith gave a joyousness to her bright days, and sustained her through dark and perplexed times. Her quiet trust conquered all the doubts and conflicts which hung over her early years, and her submission to a Higher Will became ever more and more confident and satisfying—nay, one may dare to say, more triumphant.

Her active sympathies with the poor and the sick were powerfully awakened under its benign influence; and the struggle for "more light" through which this beautiful soul was passing, cannot be more forcibly set forth than in her own words, which were found in her desk after her death, but which were written when she was but one-and-twenty years of age:—

"*July* 14, 1841.—As I think it may be a profitable employment, and, at some future time when faith is at a low ebb, may recall with greater distinctness the struggle through which a spark of true faith was lighted in my soul,—I will attempt to make some notes of the condition of my mind in the summer and autumn of 1840.

"I felt I had hitherto been taking things of the highest importance too much for granted, without feeling their reality; and this I knew to be a very unhealthy state of things. This consciousness was mainly awakened by a few solemn words spoken by Dr. Calvert on the worthlessness of a merely traditional faith in highest truths. The more I examined into my reasons for believing some of our leading doctrines, the more was I staggered and filled with anxious thought. I very earnestly desired to be taught the truth, at whatever price I might learn it.

"Carlyle admirably expresses my state of mind when he speaks 'of the spasmodic efforts of some *to believe that they believe.*' But it would not do; I felt I was playing a dishonest part with myself, and with my God. I fully believed in Christ as a Mediator and Exemplar, but I could not bring my reason to accept Him as a Saviour and Redeemer. What kept me at this time from being a Unitarian was, that I retained a perfect conviction that though *I* could not see into the truth of the doctrine, it was nevertheless true; and that if I continued earnestly and sincerely to struggle after it, by prayer, reading, and

meditation, I should one day be permitted to know it for myself. A remark that Hender Molesworth one day incidentally made to me was often a gleam of comfort to me during this time of distress and warfare. He said that he thought 'a want of faith was sometimes permitted to those who would otherwise have no trials; for you know,' he added, 'a want of faith is a very great trial.' I did not tell him how truly he had spoken.

"The first gleam of light, 'the first cold light of morning' which gave promise of day with its noontide glories, dawned on me one day at Meeting, when I had been meditating on my state in great depression. I seemed to hear the words articulated in my spirit, 'Live up to the light thou hast; and more will be granted thee.' Then I believed that God speaks to man by His Spirit. I strove to live a more Christian life, in unison with what I knew to be right, and looked for brighter days; not forgetting the blessings that are granted to prayer.

"The next epoch in my spiritual life was an exposition of the 10th chapter of Hebrews, which John Stevenson was enabled to give, and I was permitted to receive. He commented on our utter inability to fulfil the law, and the certain penalty of death we had thereby incurred. We no longer confided in the efficacy of the blood of bulls and goats to take away sin: on what then could we build any hope of escape from the eternal wrath of God? When brought to this point of true

anxiety about our salvation, our eyes are mercifully opened to see the Saviour offering Himself as the one eternal sacrifice for sin; requiring, as the terms of our redemption, that the faith which had been experienced in the old Jewish sacrifices should be transferred to and centred in Himself. Thus the law was a schoolmaster to bring us to Christ, to teach us faith in a sacrifice, the fulness of whose meaning Christ alone could exhibit. I was much interested in this at the time, but it had not its full effect till some days after.

"I was walking sorrowfully and thoughtfully to Penrose, and in my way back the description of Teufelsdröckh's triumph over fear came forcibly and vividly before me. Why (I said to myself) should I thus help to swell the triumph of the infernal powers by tampering with their miserable suggestions of unbelief, and neglecting the amazing gift which Christ has so long been offering me? I know that He is the Redeemer of all such as believe in Him; and I *will* believe, and look for His support in the contest with unbelief. My doubts and difficulties immediately became shadowy, and my mind was full of happy anticipations of speedy and complete deliverance from them. The next morning, as I was employed in making some notes of John Stevenson's comments (before alluded to) in my Journal, the truth came before me with a clearness and consistency and brightness indescribably delightful; the *reasonableness* of some Christian doctrines which had before especially

perplexed me, shone now as clear as noonday; and the thankfulness I felt for the blessed light that was granted was intense. I was able throughout to recognise the workings of the Holy Spirit on my heart, for I had often before read and listened to arguments equally conclusive, and indeed sometimes identical, with those which were now addressed with such evidence to my heart; but only *this* was the time appointed for their due influence.

. . . . . .

"I by no means regret the perplexities and doubts and troubles through which I have passed. They have increased my toleration for others, and given me a much higher value and deeper affection for those glorious truths which make up the Christian's hope, than I could have had if they had only been passively imbibed. The hard struggle I have had to make them my own must rise in my memory to check future faithlessness; and the certain conviction that the degree of faith which has been granted was purely a gift from above, leads me with earnestness and faith to petition for myself and others, 'Lord, increase our faith.'"

And some years after she writes:—

"*April* 13, 1855.—And now I must add a later conviction, namely, that the voluntary sacrifice of Christ was not undertaken to appease the wrath of God, but rather to express His infinite love to His creatures, and thus to reconcile them unto Himself. Every species of sacrifice meets, and is glorified, in Him; and He claims from

His children, as the proof of their loyalty and love, that perfect subjection of their own wills to His, of which self-sacrifice He is the Eternal Pattern; and bestows the will and the power to be guided only by Himself."

A character such as hers could not pass through life without acutely feeling its sorrows as well as joys; accordingly there are in these Journals many records of personal suffering and inward struggle far too sacred to be printed here. Her nature came out of sorrow, however deep or bitter, strengthened and ennobled by the lesson, and striving ever more earnestly for victory over self. She cannot be long self-absorbed; whatever is worthy of remembrance in the daily round of life attracts her attention, and calls forth her powers of graphic description, even after griefs and losses that would have quelled a less elastic spirit.

In 1848 she broke a blood-vessel, and a long convalescence ensued. Her almost miraculous preservation when pursued by a bull in 1853, when she lay insensible on the ground, the fierce animal roaring round but never touching her, evoked from her brother Barclay the following lines:—

"Bow the head and bend the knee,
Oh, give thanks, how fervently,
For a darling sister's breath!
Back my very blood doth shrink,
God of mercies! when I think
How she lay upon the brink
Of an agonising death!

While the darkness gathers o'er me,
Clear the picture lives before me :
There the monster in his wrath,
And his lovely victim lying,
Praying inly—as the dying
Only pray,—I see her lying
Helplessly across his path.

Oh, the horror of that scene,
Oh, the sight that might have been
Had no angel stepped between
The destroyer and his prey ;
Had not God, who hears our cry,
'Save me, Father, or I die !'
Sent His angel from on high
To save our precious one this day.

Gently came unconsciousness,
All-enfolding like a dress ;
Hush'd she lay, and motionless,
Freed from sense and saved from fear ;
All without was but a dream,
Only the pearl gates did seem
Very real and very near.

For the life to us restored,
Not we only thank thee, Lord ;
Oh ! what deep hosannas rise
From the many she hath blest,
From the poor and the distrest !
Oh, the gratitude exprest
By throbbing hearts and moistened eyes !

So living was her sympathy,
That they dream'd not she could die,
Till the Shadow swept so nigh,
Startling with an unknown fear.

Thus the day's untainted light
Blesseth all and maketh bright;
But its work we know not quite
Till the darkness makes it clear."

When her brother left England for his health in 1854, Caroline accompanied him to Southampton, and there bade him a last farewell. He died near Cairo in the following March, and lies in the English cemetery of that city.

The following extract from a letter written by Caroline upon the subject is perhaps better placed here than in its order of date in the book. It is addressed to her cousin, Juliet Backhouse, and says: "We have agreed that his dear name shall never be banished from our midst, where he feels to us more vitally and influentially present than ever; he shall not be banished even to Heaven. Oh, what it is to have had such a memory to leave to those who love you! Almost nothing to forget, everything to remember with thankfulness and love. Surely memory will be carried on into the future, and make that bright too with his own dear presence; or is it not, will it not be, even more than memory? This may be all fancy, and very foolish, but I cannot feel him far away, and the thought of him does not sadden me. It is stimulating, elevating, encouraging, the sense that one of ourselves is safely landed, all the toil and battle over, the end of the race attained, and God glorified in his salvation. Oh, it is all so wonderful, so blessed, that

I have no time left for mourning. I could not have conceived the sting of death so utterly removed, not only for him, but for us. The same 'canopy of love' is surely over us both, and we can but feel that it will take a long lifetime to thank our God and Saviour for the beautiful mercies which have glorified the whole trial, and which must always make it a most holy thing. He has himself been so evidently, though unconsciously, preparing us for it; telling us of his own childlike confidence, and committing his nearest and dearest to the same Fatherly care, in lovely words which often thrilled us at the time, but are, how precious, now."

In 1858 she lost her mother, who was a daughter of Robert Barclay of Bury Hill. Caroline passed the following spring, with her father and sister, chiefly in Rome and Naples. The death of her brother's widow at Pau, in 1860, brought with its deep sense of loss a kindly solace, as her four orphan boys came to live at Penjerrick and Grove Hill, which were henceforward to be their homes, whilst the little daughter Jane found that wealth of parents' love she had lost so soon, renewed in all its fulness in the hearts of her Uncle and Aunt, Edmund and Juliet Backhouse. The ensuing years were now filled with a new interest to Caroline Fox, who watched with untiring care the development of her young nephews, entering with zest into many of their interests.

In 1863 a journey to Spain was undertaken with her father, who had been chosen as one of the Deputies to

plead for the freedom of Matamoros. Then came warnings of serious physical weakness; and the usual weary search for health was undertaken, when the Riviera and other places were visited with but varying success. She was in Venice in 1866, and was sufficiently restored to see the Paris Exhibition held in the succeeding year, but each winter found her less able to cope with its severities. Her cheerfulness and interest in all around never abated, and her Journals still marked the daily events of her life. Notwithstanding all this, it must not be thought that she was a constant invalid. She was subject to wearisome attacks of chronic bronchitis, and rallied wonderfully between them. During the Christmas of 1870, when the snow lay on the ground, with sunshine and blue skies overhead, she looked blooming, and walked frequently a mile or two to the cottages around: but when the thaw set in, her friends trembled for her; the damp, chilly air never suited her, and it was a cause of distress to be cut off from her out-of-doors objects of interest. She took cold when going her rounds with New Year's gifts, and it quickly turned to a more severe attack of bronchitis than her lessening strength could struggle through; and although the sense of illness seemed lifted off, the old rallying power was gone.

This year was to be, in truth, a new one for her; and freed from every pang, nor called upon to say that awful word, "Farewell," she entered into her New Life during sleep in the early morning of the 12th January 1871.

To her bereaved Father the following words, written by his child when she was rich in the presence of both parents, were inexpressibly helpful and soothing:—"My precious Father and Mother must keep whatever of mine they may like to have. It is vain to attempt to thank them for all they have done for me. I have often, very often, been most provoking and irresponsive to their loving-kindness, but in the bottom of my heart not, I trust, ungrateful. Farewell, darlings all. If you can forgive and love me, remember with comfort that our God and Saviour is even more loving, more forgiving than you are, and think of me with peace and trustfulness and thanksgiving, as one whom He has graciously taught, mainly through sorrows, to trust and to love Him utterly, and to grieve only over the ingratitude of my sins, the sense of which is but deepened by His free forgiveness."

Ten years have passed since that parting day, and her memory is still fondly cherished. To some of her dear ones the Journals have been shown, but it is only in the last few months that her sister has consented to allow a larger circle to share in the perusal.

Caroline Fox was unusually rich in her friendships, and she had the power of graphically sketching scenes and conversations. It is hoped that nothing will be found in these pages which should seem like drawing aside the curtains that ought to be left covering the inner life of all. Her criticisms, though often bright, sharp, and

humorous, are never poisoned or cruel; and the friends who survive will not apprehend with dread the opportunities which her MSS. have given for stamping her impressions "like footprints on the sands of Time."

The English world of thought to-day owes much to men whom Caroline Fox called friends, and words they uttered are not without present significance. Moreover, these records of so many years past, appearing now, interest us the more, because we can compare the thoughts, the wishes, the prophecies of these men with much that has since resulted from their teaching. The present generation is eager enough to con even passing expressions from Mill, Carlyle, Bunsen, and other members of that charmed circle; and "human portraits, faithfully drawn," as Carlyle says, "are of all pictures the welcomest on Human Walls."

And so we launch this little Boat into the Ocean, with some confidence that it will make its way to Shores where its freight of goodly "Memories," preserved for us by a keen intellect and warm heart, will be welcomed as a record of many who have passed "to where beyond these voices there is Peace."

MEMORIES OF OLD FRIENDS.

CHAPTER I.

1835.

"Home is the resort
Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty, where
Supporting and supported, polish'd friends
And dear relations mingle into bliss."—THOMSON.

Falmouth, March 19.—Davies Gilbert[1] and others dined here. He was full of anecdote and interest, as usual. One on the definition of "treade" was good.[2] It is really derived from "trad" (Saxon), a thing. When he was on the bench a man was brought before one of the judges on some poisoning charge, and the examination of a witness proceeded thus: *Q.* "Did you see anything in the loaf?" *A.*

[1] *Gilbert* (Davies), formerly named Giddy, born 1767, educated at Pembroke College, Oxford. M.P. successively for Helston and Bodmin, and President of the Royal Society. Celebrated as an antiquary and writer on Cornish topography, &c. He died in 1839.

[2] A Cornish term used by the lower classes as a synonym for trash. "Doctor's treade," for instance, is a contemptuous phrase for medicine.

"Yes; when I cut it open, I found it full of traed." *Q.* "Traed; why, what is that?" *A.* "Oh, it's rope-ends, dead mice, and other combustibles."

March 30.—Heard at breakfast that the famous Joseph Wolff, the missionary, had arrived at Falmouth. He gave an interesting lecture on the subject of his travels in Persia, &c. He has encountered many dangers, but "the Lord has delivered him out of them all." It was well attended. Lady Georgina Wolff is at Malta, as she does not like the sea.

March 31.—At four o'clock Joseph Wolff came to dinner, and told us more about the various persons and places he has visited. Of Lady Hester Stanhope[1] he gave a very amusing account. When at Mount Lebanon he sent a message with which he was charged to a lady staying with her. On which Lady Hester sent him a most extraordinary

[1] *Stanhope* (Lady Hester), eldest child of the third Lord Stanhope by his first wife Lady Hester Pitt, sister of the great statesman William Pitt, with whom she lived until his death. In 1810 she took up her abode on Mount Lebanon, adopted the dress of an Arabian chieftain, and was regarded by the Bedouins as Queen of the Wilderness. Her temper was most despotic, and her charities, when she had the means, extensive. Her memoirs, as related by herself, are most graphic and amusing. She died in Syria in 1839, aged sixty-three.

but clever letter, beginning, "How can you, a vile apostate, presume to hold any intercourse with my family? Light travels faster than sound, therefore how can you think that your cracked voice can precede the glorious light of the Gospel, which is eventually to shine naturally in these parts?" He returned an appropriate answer, but he noticed the servant he had sent with it came back limping, having been actually kicked and beaten by her ladyship *in propria persona.* Many passages in the Bible he cleared up by observation of the places mentioned. Respecting the prophecy about Babylon "that owls shall dwell there and satyrs shall dance there," he said that "satyrs" should be translated "worshippers of devils," and that once a year the Afghans,[1] who worship little devilish gods, assemble there in the night and hold their dance. He sang us some beautiful Hebrew melodies.

October 3. — At breakfast we were pleasantly surprised to see Joseph Wolff[2] walk in, without

[1] Query: Assyrians?

[2] *Wolff* (Joseph), D.D., LL.D., son of a Jewish Rabbi, born 1795, baptized in Roman Catholic Church 1812, expelled for want of faith 1818, became Protestant and Missionary, married 1827 Lady Georgina Mary Walpole, daughter of the second Lord Orford. He died 1862.

being announced. He was full of affection, and wanted to kiss Papa, who, retreating, left only his shoulder within reach, which accordingly received a salute. He joined us at breakfast, and described his late intercourse and correspondence with Drummond and many of the Irvingite party. Their want of Christian love speaks strongly against them, and their arrogating to themselves the titles of angels, prophets, and apostles shows a want of Christian humility. He embarked soon afterwards on his way to Timbuctoo, and perhaps we shall never see him again.

October 15.—Papa and I spent the evening at the Derwent Coleridges' at Helston. It left a beautiful impression on us, and we visited the lovely little sleepers, Derwent and Lily, saw the library, and the silver salver presented by his boys, and, best of all, listened to his reading of passages from "Christabel" and other of his father's poems, with his own rare felicity. He talked of architecture with reference to George Wightwick's designs for the Falmouth Polytechnic, and mentioned a double cube as the handsomest of all forms for a room. Mary Coleridge was in all her beauty, and ministered to a bevy of schoolboys at supper with characteristic energy.

CHAPTER II.

1836.

" Form'd by thy converse happily to steer,
From grave to gay, from lively to severe.—POPE.

Falmouth, April 7.—Sir Charles Lemon, John Enys, and Henry de la Beche[1] came to luncheon. The last named is a very entertaining person, his manners rather French, his conversation spirited and full of illustrative anecdote. He looks about forty, a handsome but care-worn face, brown eyes and hair, and gold spectacles. He exhibited and explained the geological maps of Devon and Cornwall, which he is now perfecting for the Ordnance. Accordingly he is constantly shifting his residence that he may survey accurately in these parts.

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[1] *De la Beche* (Sir Henry Thomas), the eminent geologist, born 1796, educated at Great Marlow and Sandhurst, President of the Geographical Society in 1847. In 1831 he projected the plan of making a geological map of England on his own responsibility, commencing with Cornwall; the result being that the Government instituted the Geological Survey. He established the School of Mines, was knighted in 1848, and died in 1855.

Papa read his new theory of "Veins;" De la Beche thoroughly seconds his ideas of galvanic agency, but will not yield the point of the fissures being in constant progression; he says they were all antediluvian. They stayed several hours, and were particularly charmed with some experiments about tin and galvanism.

April 25.—Henry de la Beche and his daughter Bessie spent the day with us, and we took a merry country excursion, the geological part of which was extremely satisfactory to all parties. Bessie is a bright affectionate girl, devoutly attached to her father, with whom she travels from place to place. She is about fifteen, fond of books, but her main education is in her father's society. They are now stationed at Redruth.

Bristol, August 22.—The gentlemen returned from their sections of the British Association Meeting this morning very much gratified, and after dinner we five started by the coach, and in the course of time arrived at the large British Babylon. It was a work of time to get into it most assuredly, and Uncle Hillhouse thought of taking us all back again, in which case we should indeed have been taken all aback. However, the ladies, dear crea-

tures, would not hear of that, so by most extraordinary muscular exertions, we succeeded in gaining admittance. We got fairish seats, but all the time the people made such a provoking noise, talking, coming in, and going out, opening and shutting boxes, that very little could we hear. But we saw Tom Moore in all his glory, looking "like a little Cupid with a quizzing-glass in constant motion." He seemed as gay and happy as a lark, and it was pleasant to spend a whole evening in his immediate presence. There was a beautiful girl just before us, who was most obliging in putting herself into the most charming attitudes for our diversion.

August 27.—After dinner to the playhouse, and a glorious merry time we had. The Meeting was principally employed in thanksgiving, individually and collectively, Sir W. Hamilton giving us a most pathetic address on his gratitude to Bristol and the Bristolians. Dr. Buckland declared he should be worse than a dog were he to forget it. There was a remarkable sameness in these long-winded compliments and grateful expressions. But when Tom Moore arose with a little paper in his little hand, the theatre was almost knocked down with rever-

berations of applause. He rose to thank Mr. Miles for his liberality in throwing open his picture gallery. He proceeded to wonder why such a person as he was, a humble representative of literature, was chosen to address them on this scientific occasion. He supposed that in this intellectual banquet he was called for as one of the light dishes to succeed the *gros morceaux* of which we had been partaking, and he declared Science to be the handmaid, or rather the torch-bearer, of Religion.

August 31.—We were returning from the British Association Meeting, and Dr. Buckland was an outside *compagnon de voyage*, but often came at stopping places for a little chat.[1] He was much struck by the dearth of trees in Cornwall, and told of a friend of his who had made the off-hand remark that there was not a tree in the parish, when a parishioner remonstrated with him on belying the parish, and truly asserted that there were seven. Last evening we were at Exeter, and had an interesting exploration of the old Cathedral before a

[1] *Buckland* (William), Dean of Westminster, born 1784. He published many well-known works on geology, and he died 1856. He was the father of Frank T. Buckland, the naturalist, who died in 1880.

dinner, after which our philosophers, Dr. Buckland, Professor Johnston, and Papa, got into such deep matters that we left them in despair. Dr. Buckland says he feels very nervous in addressing large assemblies till he has once made them laugh, and then he is entirely at ease. He came on to the Polytechnic and stayed with us. One wet day he took his turn with three others in lecturing to an attentive audience in our drawing-room; we listened with great and gaping interest to a description of his geological map, the frontispiece to his forthcoming Bridgewater Treatise. He gave very clear details of the gradual formation of our earth, which, he is thoroughly convinced, took its rise ages before the Mosaic record. He says that Luther must have taken a similar view, as in his translation of the Bible he puts "1st" at the third verse of the first chapter of Genesis, which showed his belief that the two first verses relate to something anterior. He explains the formation of hills with valleys between them by eruptions underground. He gave amusing descriptions of antediluvian animals, plants, and skulls. They have even discovered a large fossil fish with its food only partially digested. The lecture showed wonderfully

persevering research and a great knowledge of comparative anatomy.

Falmouth, September 10.—Poor Dr. Buckland has sprained his leg, and we are taking care of him a little. He and other British Association friends had been excursing in the west, and took sundry Cornish pies with them. Buckland they treated to lime and cold water. He left us, and a few days afterwards wrote to announce the happy birth of a daughter, and the request of his publisher to print a further edition of 5000 copies of his new work. He also speaks with much interest about A. Crosse's insects, which the papers describe his having observed whilst manipulating some quartz crystal. They were little anomalous forms at first, but gradually took the shape of insects, and this after a lavation in muriatic acid. Dr. Buckland supposes them to be fossil ovæ of *Sorleanus* resuscitated by modern scientific activity, and reasons gravely on this theory.

September 12.—Professor Wheatstone, the Davies Gilberts, and Professor Powell were ushered in, and joined our party. Wheatstone was most interesting at dinner; he knows John Martin intimately, and says he is exactly like his pictures—all enthusiasm

and sublimity, amazingly self-opiniated, and has lately taken a mechanical turn. He thinks him a man of great but misdirected genius. He gave some instances of monomania, and mentioned one extraordinary trance case of a man who was chopping down trees in a wood, and laid down and slept much longer than usual; when he awoke life was a blank; he was not in a state of idiotcy, but all his acquired knowledge was obliterated. He learned to read again quickly, but all that had passed previously to his trance was entirely swept away from his memory. At the age of fifty he slept again an unusual time; on awaking, his first act was to go to the tree which he had been felling on the former occasion to look for his hatchet; the medium life was now forgotten, and the former returned in its distinct reality. This is well authenticated.

September 23.—Just after tea "a gentleman" was announced, who proved to be nothing less than Professor Sedgwick![1] He had unluckily unpacked at the inn, and so preferred keeping to those

[1] *Sedgwick* (Rev. Adam), the celebrated Woodwardian Professor of Geology to the University of Cambridge.

quarters. He goes to-morrow with Barclay[1] to Pendour Bay in search of organic remains, which he fully expects to find there, and does not think the Cornish have any cause to boast of their primitive rocks, as he has discovered limestone with plenty of organic remains, and even some coal in the east of the county.

September 24.—After dinner we were joined by Sedgwick and Barclay, who had thoroughly enjoyed their morning, but had discovered no organic remains but some limestone. A note came for Sedgwick from Sir Charles Lemon, which he read to us: "I hope if you have brought Mrs. Sedgwick with you that we shall have the pleasure of seeing her to stay at Carclew, and I will do my best to amuse her whilst you are flirting with primitive formations!" As Mr. Sedgwick is a bachelor, this was pronounced quite a capital joke of Sir Charles's, "who," said Sedgwick, "is always laughing at my desolate situation."

September 30.—"Mrs. Corgie," the rightful Lady George Murray, arrived. She is a delightful woman, and told us many anecdotes of the late Queen Charlotte, whom she knew intimately. Many of

[1] *Fox* (Robert Barclay), only brother of Caroline Fox.

the autograph letters of the Royal Family she gave me are addressed to herself. The Queen (Charlotte) japanned three little tables; one she gave to the King, another to the Prince of Wales, and the third to Lady George, which she has filled with the letters she has received from the Royal Family. She told us that about four years ago the Princess Victoria was made acquainted with her probable dignity by her mother's desiring that when in reading the history of England she came to the death of the Princess Charlotte, she should bring the book and read to her, and on coming to that period she made a dead halt, and asked the Duchess if it were possible she would ever be queen. Her mother replied, "As this is a very possible circumstance, I am anxious to bring you up as a good woman, then you will be a good queen also." The care observed in the Princess's education is exemplary, and everything is indeed done to bring about this result. She is a good linguist, an acute foreign politician, and possesses very sound common sense.

October 3.—Captain Fitz-Roy[1] came to tea. He returned yesterday from a five years' voyage, in

[1] *Fitz-Roy* (Admiral Robert), born 1805. His, and Dr. Charles Darwin's published accounts of this voyage are well known.

H.M.S. *Beagle*, of scientific research round the world, and is going to write a book. He came to see papa's dipping needle deflector, with which he was highly delighted. He has one of *Gamby's* on board, but this beats it in accuracy. He stayed till after eleven, and is a most agreeable, gentlemanlike young man. He has had a delightful voyage, and made many discoveries, as there were several scientific men on board. Darwin, the "fly-catcher" and "stone-pounder," has decided that the coral insects do not work up from the bottom of the sea against wind and tide, but that the reef is first thrown up by a volcano, and they then surmount it, after which it gradually sinks. This is proved by their never finding coral insects alive beyond the depth of ten feet. He is astonished at the wonderful strides everything has made during the five years afore-passed.

October 27.—Lady George Murray gave me an interesting account of Lady Byron, whom she challenges anybody to know without loving. The first present she made to Ada was a splendid likeness of Lord Byron, an edition of whose works is in her library, to which Ada has free access. She has done nothing to prejudice her against her father.

The celebrated "Fare-thee-well" was presented in such a manner as rather to take off from the sentiment of the thing. He wrapt up in it a number of unpaid bills, and threw it into the room where she was sitting, and then rushed out of the house. Ada is very fond of mathematics, astronomy, and music, but possesses no soul for poetry.

November 24. — Large dinner-party. Captain Belcher,[1] an admirable observer of many things, was very amusing. In 1827, when among the Esquimaux with Captain James Ross,[2] they were treated in a very unfriendly manner; he and five men were wrecked and their boat sunk, and they were obliged to betake themselves to the land of their enemies, twenty-four of whom, well armed with clubs, came down to dispute their proceedings.

[1] *Belcher* (Sir Edward), C.B., F.R.S., F.G.S., Vice-Admiral, born 1799, entered the Navy 1812, acted as assistant-surveyor to Captain Beechey in 1824 in his voyage of discovery to Behring's Straits. He was employed in distinguished service in the Arctic regions and the China War. He commanded the Franklin search in 1852, and died in 1877.

[2] *Ross* (Sir James Clark), R.N., born 1800. In 1848 he made an unsuccessful search for Sir John Franklin. His scientific attainments were very great, and received the acknowledgment of many English and Foreign societies. His attempts to reach the South Pole are mentioned later on in these Journals.

They had only one brace of percussion pistols amongst them and one load of powder and ball. The natives were aware of the terrible effect of these instruments but not of their scarcity, so Captain Belcher went out of his tent just before their faces, as if looking for something, put his hand in his pocket, and drew out a pistol as if by accident and hurried it back again. The other sailors, by slightly varying the *ruse*, led the natives to imagine the presence of six pair of pistols, and so they did not venture on an attack. Shortly after this, having been repeatedly harassed, they were thankful to see their ship approaching; the Esquimaux now prepared for a final assault, and came in great numbers demanding their flag. Seeing the helplessness of his party, Captain Belcher said, "Well, you shall have the flag, but you must immediately erect it on the top of that hill." They gladly consented, and Captain Belcher fastened it for them on a flagstaff, but put it Union downwards. The consequence was that the ship's boats immediately put off and pulled with all their might, the natives scampered off, the flag was rescued, and the little party safely restored to their beloved ship. I should like to hear the Esquimaux's history of

the same period. Captain Belcher has invented a very ingenious instrument for measuring the temperature of the water down to "bottom soundings." He is a great disciplinarian, and certainly not popular in the navy, but very clever and intensely methodical.

December 2.—We called at Pearce's Hotel on the Begum of Oude, who is leaving England (where her husband is ambassador), on a pilgrimage to Mecca. Her bright little Hindustani maid told us she was "gone down cappin's;" so to Captain Clavel's we followed her and spent a most amusing half-hour in her society. She was seated in great state in the midst of the family circle, talking English with great self-possession spite of her charming blunders. Her dress was an immense pair of trousers of striped Indian silk, a Cashmere shawl laid over her head, over a close covering of blue and yellow silk, two pairs of remarkable slippers, numbers of anklets and leglets, a great deal of jewellery, and a large blue cloak over all. She was very conversable, showed us her ornaments, wrote her name and title in English and Arabic in my book, and offered to make an egg curry. At the top of the page where she wrote her name she inscribed in Arabic sign

"Allah," saying, "That name God you take great care of." She sat by Mrs. Clavel, and after petting and stroking her for a while, declared, "Love I you." She promised her and Leonora a Cashmere shawl apiece, adding, "I get them very cheap, five shillings, seven shillings, ten shillings, very good, for I daughter king, duty take I, tell merchants my, make shawls, and I send you and miss." She has spent a year in London, her name is Marriam and her husband's Molvè Mohammed Ishmael. Her face is one of quick sagacity but extreme ugliness.

December 3.—The next day we found her squatting on her bed on the floor, an idiot servant of the Prophet in a little heap in one corner, her black-eyed handmaiden grinning us a welcome, and a sacred kitten frolicking over the trappings of Eastern state. We were most graciously received with a shriek of pleasure. Her observations on English life were very entertaining. She told us of going to "the Court of the King of London.—He very good man, but he no power.—Parliament all power.—King no give half-penny but call Parliament, make council, council give leave, King give half-penny. — For public charity King give one sovereign, poor little shopman, baker-man, fish-man, barter-man also give

one sovereign. Poor King!—King Oude he give one thousand rupees, palanquin mans with gold stick, elephants, camels: no ask Parliament." She and Papa talked a little theology, she of course began it. "I believe but one God, very bad not to think so; you believe Jesus Christ was prophet?" Papa said, "Not a prophet, but the Son of God." "How you think so, God Almighty never marry! In London every one go to ball, theatre, dance, sing, walk, read; no go Mecca. I mind not that, I go Mecca, I very good woman." She took a great fancy to Barclay, declaring him very like her son. She offered him a commission in the King of Oude's army and £1200 a year if he would come over and be her son; she gave him a rupee, probably as bounty money. There are 200 English in her King's service, two doctors, and three aides-de-camp. She showed us some magnificent jewellery, immense pearls, diamonds, and emeralds, tied up so carelessly in a dirty handkerchief. Her armlets were very curious, and she had a silver ring on her great toe which lay in no obscurity before her. Then a number of her superb dresses were displayed, gold and silver tissues, satins, cashmeres, muslins of an almost impossible thinness, which she is going to

give away at Mecca. She is aunt to the present, sister of the late, and daughter of the former, King of Oude. She has a stone house in which she keeps fifteen Persian cats. It is a great virtue to keep cats, and a virtue with infinite reward attached, to keep an idiot; the one with her here she discovered in London, and was very glad to appropriate the little Eastern mystery. Aunt Charles's bonnet amused her, she wanted to know if it was a new fashion; she talked of the Quakers, and said they were honest and never told lies.

December 5.—To-day the Begum began almost at once on theology, asking mamma if "she were a *religieuse*," and then began to expound her own creed. She took the Koran and read some passages, then an English psalm containing similar sentiments, then she chanted a Mahometan collect beautifully in Arabic and Hindustani. She made mamma write all our names that she might send us a letter, and then desired Aunt Lucy to write something, the purport of which it was not easy to divine. At last she explained herself, "Say what you think of Marriam Begum, say she religious, or she bad woman, or whatever you think." Poor Aunt Lucy could not refuse, and

accordingly looked sapient, bit her pen-stump, and behold the precipitate from this strong acid, "We have been much interested in seeing Marriam Begum, and think her a religious lady." I think a moral chemist would pronounce this to be the result of more alkali than acid, but it was an awkward corner to be driven into. She was coming to visit us to-day, but had to embark instead, after expressing her hopes that we should meet again in Oude!

December 15.—John Murray[1] arrived, and was very amusing, describing all manner of things. He knows George Combe intimately, and says that at the B. A. Meeting at Edinburgh, he got in among the *savants*, and took phrenological sketches of many of them. He describes him as a most acute original person. With Glengarry he was also well acquainted; he kept up the ancient Scotch habits most carefully, wore the dress and cultivated the feuds of an old laird, and if a Macleod tartan chanced to be seen, woe betide him! Glengarry went to George IV.'s coronation in his Scotch dress, and during the ceremony a very female marchioness,

[1] John Murray, lecturer and writer on the physiology of plants, &c.

subject to vapours, observed his hand on one of his pistols. Imagining a projected assassination of his new Majesty, she screamed, and the Highland laird was arrested; he showed, however, that it was purely accidental, the pistols being unloaded and himself not disaffected, so they liberated him; but the affair produced a strong sensation at the time. He died a year or two since in saving his daughters whom he was taking to a boarding school near London; the ship was wrecked, and he being an excellent swimmer took one of them safe to shore, but just before landing the second, he struck against a rock, and died an hour after. With him died ancient Scotland.

December 18.—Amusing details from Cowley Powles of Southey's visit at Helston. He has been delighting them all, rather with his wit than anything poetical in his conversation. He is very tall, about sixty-five years old, and likes mealy potatoes. He gives the following recipes for turning an Englishman into a Welshman or Irishman: For the former—he must be born in snow and ice from their own mountains, baptized in water from their own river, and suckled by one of their own goats. For an Irishman—born in a bog, baptized

in whisky, and suckled by a bull. What a concatenation of absurdities! The other day he took a book from one of the shelves, when Derwent Coleridge, who must have been in a deliciously dreamy state, murmured apologetically, "I got that book cheap—it is one of Southey's." It was quietly replaced by the poet; Mary Coleridge exclaimed, "Derwent!" and all enjoyed the joke except the immediate sufferers. William Coope tells us that he used often to see S. T. Coleridge till within a month of his death, and was an ardent admirer of his prominent blue eyes, reverend hair, and rapt expression. He has met Charles Lamb at his house. On one occasion Coleridge was holding forth on the effects produced by his preaching, and appealed to Lamb, "You have heard me preach, I think?" "I have never heard you do anything else," was the urbane reply.

December 28.—On coming home this morning, found Molvè Mohammed, the Begum's husband, and his secretary, in the drawing-room. He has a sensible face, not totally unlike his wife's, and was dressed in the English costume. On showing him the Begum's writing in my book, he was much pleased at her having inserted his name as an

introduction to her own. "Ha! she no me forget, I very glad see that." He added some writing of his own in Persian, the sense of which was, "When I was young I used to hunt tigers and lions, but my intercourse with the ladies of England has driven all that out of my head." He is said to be by no means satisfied with bigamy, and it is added that one of the motives of the Begum's English visit was to collect wives for the King of Oude.

The De la Beches are now settled at Falmouth on our terrace; they spent to-day with us, and were very merry, Henry de la Beche calling up the memory of some of his juvenile depravities and their fitting punishments. On one occasion he and several other young men saw an old coachman driving a coroneted carriage into a mews. They soon brought him to his bearings, and insisted on his driving them to their respective homes. As it was a question of six to one, he was obliged to comply. Having lodged three of them according to their orders, he drove the others to the watch-house; there they found an acquaintance, Lord Munster, who, however, could not effect a compromise, so, after much bravado, poor Henry de la Beche had to liberate them all at an expense of five pounds. He

gave many Jamaica histories. When the thermometer is at 60°, poor Sambo complains, "Berry cold, massa, me berry much cold." Hunting alligators on the Nile is capital fun; they generally spear them, but once De la Beche attempted to shoot one with a long old swivel-gun fastened down to the boat with an iron bar; the machine burst, and the boat, not the alligator, was the victim. He illustrated his position that dress makes a marvellous change in the very expression of a face, by cutting out cocked hats, coats, cigars, &c., and decorating therewith some of Lavater's worshipful portraits. The change was dreadful. He talked cleverly of politics, in which he goes to a Radical length.

CHAPTER III.

1837.

"Then let me fameless, love the fields and woods,
The fruitful watered vales, and running floods."
—THOMAS MAY.

Falmouth, January 7.—Henry de la Beche gave us an amusing account of his late visit to Trelowarren. Sir Richard Vyvyan was always beating about the bush, and never liked openly to face an adverse opinion, but was for ever giving a little slap here and a little slap there to try the ground, till De la Beche brought him regularly up to the point at issue, and they could fight comfortably with mutual apprehension. His metaphysical opinions are very curious; indeed, his physical views partake very much of the nature of these, so subtilly are they etherealised. He has a most choice library, or as De la Beche calls it, a collection of potted ideas, and makes, I fancy, a very scholastic use of it. On looking at some of the bad handwritings in my

autograph book, De la Beche observed how much we read by inference, and how curious writing is altogether, it is purely thought communicating with thought.

February 2.—Called on some of the old women. One of them said, "It was quite a frolic my coming to read to them." What different views some people have of frolics!

February 7.—De la Beche came in at breakfast-time and was a regular fun-engine, and about two we all went off to Gillanvase on a geological expedition. We went out for the sole purpose of finding "faults," and full many a hole did we pick in the characters of our neighbours the rocks. We generally found a decided "fault" when two "vein" characters came in contact, a natural result. Our raised beach was satisfactory evidence of the change in the sea-level. Traced various cross-courses, one ending in little indefinable streaks of quartz was very pretty. But I am not geological, nor was a great deal of the talk. Henry de la Beche told innumerable stories, as is his wont. A French and English boaster were detailing the exploits of their several regiments: "With this handful of men," said the latter, "we secured the demi-lune." "Oh,"

answered the Frenchman, "mais nous, nous avons pris une lune entiere!" Two Frenchmen wishing to show off their English in a London coffee-house, remarked, "It deed rain to-morrow." "Yes, it was," promptly answered his friend. We examined the Castle and heard somewhat of the principles of fortification, De la Beche having been educated at a military school. The wall round a castle, to be effective, should not let any of the castle's masonry be visible. He dined with us, and we heard many strange stories of the scientific dons of the day, who if fairly sketched must be a shockingly ill-tempered set. Henry de la Beche drew a cartoon of the results of A. Crosse's system of revivifying the fossil life in an old museum, grotesquely horrible.

February 8.—De la Beche wandered in at breakfast to give Papa the two first fossil remains that have been found near a lode, which he drew forth from their hiding with his own authentic hands. One is the vertebra, the other the body of an encrinite. He read us some of a report he is now drawing up for Government, in which he does Papa all manner of honour. He made some admirable observations on the oneness of human nature everywhere in all ranks and all countries, with only some

little differences of "localisation." He says that all the beautiful Greek vases are formed of a series of ellipses, and he has sent for patterns from Mr. Phillips of the Woods and Forests, to give the Cornish better ideas of forms for their serpentine and porphyry vases.

February 21.—John Enys told us that Henry de la Beche had spent some time in the West Indies, and tried to ameliorate the condition of his slaves, and abolished the practice of flogging, though the power was still vested in the overseer; he established a system of education and did much good. He was warmly opposed by the planters, but he pursued his way, and they theirs. On his return to England he had many troubles, which accounts for his low views of mankind, and for the artificial spirits in which he so often seems to be veiling his griefs and disappointments.

April 27.—The De la Beches dined with us, and were peculiarly agreeable. A great deal of conversation went forward, on Ireland, the West Indies, the Roman Catholic and Protestant Churches, education, and phrenology. Once at a party De la Beche was much plagued by puzzling riddles, so out of revenge he proposed, "Why is a lover like a

turnip-top?" They racked their heads in vain for the answer, and he left them unsatisfied. Long afterwards a young lady of the party met him, and asked imploringly, "Why *is* a lover like a turnip-top?" only to receive the provoking reply, "I'm sure I don't know." Another lady, who imagined him botanically omniscient, asked him the name of a pet plant supported by a bit of whalebone. "Oh, *Staybonia pulcharia*," he suggested, and soon afterwards had the joy of seeing it thus labelled; however, he had the honesty to undeceive her.

May 15.—About one o'clock Derwent Coleridge was announced, quickly succeeded by George Wightwick,[1] who blundered into the room on his own ground plan. Took them all over the Grove Hill gardens. Wightwick made a profound bow to the indiarubber tree as having often befriended him in his unguarded moments. He told us several anecdotes of the charming impudence of Snow Harris. Once when he (Wightwick) had been lecturing at the Athenæum on the superiority of the Horizontal

[1] *Wightwick* (George), the architect. A friend of Charles Mathews the elder, and author of the "Palace of Architecture" and other works.

to the Pyramidical style of architecture, he thus illustrated the theory: "When the French army under Napoleon came to the Pyramids they passed on without emotion, but when they reached the Temple of Karnak, which is a horizontal elevation, they with one accord stood perfectly still." "Rather tired, I suppose," murmured Harris.

June 22.—Henry de la Beche was particularly amusing in his black coat, put on in consequence of the King's death, complaining of tomfoolery in thus affecting to mourn when there was little real feeling. After the late Geological meeting they took supper with Lord Cole, and instituted a forfeit in case any science should be talked. Most of the party had to pay the penalty, which was, drinking salt and water and singing a song. Two hammers were put on the table in case of any insurmountable differences of opinion, that the parties might retire into another room and settle their dispute. Spite of fair inferences, he declares they were not tipsy, but simply making good a pet axiom of his, "toujours philosophe—is a fool."

July 10.—The De la Beches and a geological student for the evening; much talk on the West Indies and their concomitants, negroes and mos-

quitoes. He told us of a spectral illusion which had once befallen him, when he saw a friend whom he had attended on his deathbed under very painful circumstances. He reasoned with himself, but all in vain, whether his eyes were shut or open the apparition was ever before him. Of course he explains it as a disordered stomach. He gave me a mass of autograph letters and bestowed his solemn benediction on us at parting, as they leave Falmouth on the 31st.

July 29.—The Coleridges dined with us; the poet's son expounded and expanded Toryism after a fashion of his own, which was very fascinating. Papa spoke of never influencing votes at an election; to this Derwent Coleridge objected, maintaining that people of superior education and talent should feel the responsibility of these possessions, as a call to direct the judgments of those less gifted. A bright argument ensued between the poet and the man of sense. Derwent Coleridge finds the world in a somewhat retrograding state, as no such master spirits as Bacon's are to be found for the seeking, and he has not yet recognised the supreme importance of the invention of a new gas or best mode of using an old one. Something was said of

"popular representation," which led Derwent Coleridge to define the People as the Remainder, when the noblemen, gentlemen, clergy, and men of superior minds had been taken out of the mass. What remains is the People, who are to be represented, and who are to select and elect! Very characteristic.

August 24.—J. Pease gave us a curious enough account of a shelf in the Oxford library, which is the receptacle of all works opposed to the Church of England, which are placed there to be answered as way may open. Barclay's Apology, and Barclay's Apology alone, remains unanswered and unanswerable, though many a time has it been taken from the shelf-controversial, yet has always quietly slunk back to its old abode. Hurrah for Quakerism!

Grasmere, September 8.—We sent Aunt Charles's[1] letter of introduction to Hartley Coleridge, and as

[1] *Fox* (Sarah Hustler), wife of the late Charles Fox of Trebah, near Falmouth. This gifted lady passed her girlhood in the Lake country, enjoying the friendship of the Wordsworths, Coleridges, Arnolds, and others of that charmed circle. She still lives at Trebah, surrounded by the love and care of four generations of descendants and friends.

we were sitting after tea in the twilight, a little being was observed at the door, standing hat in hand, bowing to the earth round and round, and round again, with eyes intensely twinkling—it was Hartley Coleridge; so he sat down, and what with nervous tremors and other infirmities amongst us, nothing very remarkable was elicited. He offered to cicerone us to-morrow, which we were delighted to accept. Barclay walked home with him, and gladdened his spirit with the story of Derwent Coleridge and Southey.

September 9.—A glorious morning with Hartley Coleridge, who gradually unfolded on many things in a tone well worthy of a poet's son. In person and dress he was much brushed up; his vivid face sparkled in the shadow of a large straw hat. He took us to the Wishing Gate which Wordsworth apostrophises, and set us wishing. Barclay accordingly wished for the repetition of some of Hartley Coleridge's poetry, on which he begged us to believe that the Gate's powers were by this time exhausted. He says he never can recollect his poetry so as to repeat it. He took us to the outside of his rosy cottage, also to that which had been occupied by Wordsworth and De Quincey. He talked of the

former and declared himself an ardent admirer of his beauties, as he likes a pretty idea wherever found. He thinks that his peculiar beauty consists in viewing things as amongst them, mixing himself up with everything that he mentions, so that you admire the Man in the Thing, the involved Man. He says he is a most unpleasant companion in a tour, from his terrible fear of being cheated; neither is he very popular as a neighbour. He calls him more a man of genius than talent, for whilst the fit of inspiration lasts he is every inch a poet; when he tries to write without it he is very dragging. Hartley Coleridge is very exquisite in his choice of language. I wish I had preserved some of this. He thinks intellect is now of a more diffusive character than some fifty years since, for progressive it cannot be—there must ever be this distinction between intellect and science. He must have a large organ of combativeness, and he will never admit of your meeting him half way—if you attempt it he is instantly off at a tangent. So we idly talked and idly listened, and drank in meanwhile a sense of the perfect beauty and loveliness of the nature around us. We walked up to Rydal Mount, but Wordsworth is in Herefordshire, on his return from

Italy. Mrs. Wordsworth was very kind, took us over their exquisite grounds, which gave many openings for the loveliest views, congratulated us in an undertone on our rare good fortune in having Hartley Coleridge as a guide, and gave us ginger-wine and ginger-bread. We saw the last, and as Hartley Coleridge considers, the best portrait taken of Wordsworth in Italy, also a very fine cast from Chantrey's bust. In the garden at the end of a walk is a picturesque moss-covered stone with a brass tablet, on which Wordsworth has inscribed some lines saying that the mercy of the bard had rescued this stone from the rude hand of the builders, and that he trusted when he was gone it might still be regarded for his sake.[1] Hartley Coleridge then took us to the Rydal waterfalls and told us stories

[1] "In these fair vales hath many a tree
At Wordsworth's suit been spared;
And from the builder's hand this stone,
For some rude beauty of its own,
Was rescued by the bard.
So let it rest; and time will come
When here the tender-hearted
May heave a gentle sigh for him,
As one of the departed."

W. W

of the proprietors, the Fleming family. One of the falls, or forces as they call them here, was the most perfect I had ever seen. Our poet's recognition of the perpetual poetry in Nature was very inspiring and inspiriting. He drove with us to Ambleside; I gave him "Elia" to read, and he read "Detached Thoughts on Books and Reading" with a tone and emphasis and intense appreciation which Lamb would have loved to mark. At dinner he had a sad choking fit, so queerly conducted as to try our propriety sadly. Then when he had anything especially pointed to say, he would stand up or even walk round the dining-table. He says he should be far more likely to fall in love with mere beauty than mere intellect without their concomitants; for the one is a negative good, the other by a little misdirection is a positive evil and the characteristic of a fiend. He much regrets the tendency of the present day to bestow more admiration on intellectual than moral worth, and entered into an interesting disquisition on Wordsworth's theory that a man of genius *must* have a good heart. To make facts tally with theory, Wordsworth would deny genius right and left to Byron, Voltaire, and other difficult cases. We asked about Wordsworth's

daughter—had she inherited any of her father's genius? "Would you have the disease of genius to descend like scrofula?" was his answer, and added that he did consider it a disease which amazingly interfered with the enjoyment of things as they are, and unfitted the possessor for communion with common minds. At the close of dinner he presented and read the following lines, which he had written whilst we were on Windermere, Aunt Charles being the inspirant:—

"Full late it was last night when first we met,
And soon, too soon, must part this blessed day;
But these brief hours shall be like jewels set
In memory's coronet
For the dear sake of one that's far away.
Strangers we are, and strangers may remain,
And yet the thought of her we all have loved,
Methinks by some unseen mysterious chain
Will long detain.
This one half-day when we together moved,
Together moved beneath the self-same hills,
And heard the murmur of the same sweet waters
Which she, light-footed comrade of the rills
And 'dancing daffodils,'
Has loved, the blithest of all nature's daughters."

Then he took us each by the hand, said good-bye, and was gone, just bequeathing to Aunt Charles the

finishing sentence, "to see *her*, I would go a great way."

I can only aim at a shadow portrait. Conjure up unto thyself, O Caroline, a little, round, high-shouldered man, shrunk into a little black coat, the features of his face moulded by habit into an expression of pleasantry and an appreciation of the exquisitely ludicrous. Such as one could fancy Charles Lamb's. Little black eyes twinkling intensely, as if every sense were called on to taste every idea. He is very anxious to establish an Ugly Club and to be its chairman; but really he is quite unworthy of the station, for odd enough he is, but never ugly, there is such a radiant light of genius over all. Barclay sent him the following lines:—

"Child of a deathless sire! with what a throng
Of charms our friendship's childhood hath been fraught!
Born in a land of loveliness and song,
Nursed 'mid dear scenes, and fed on radiant thought,
And breathing images which came unsought,
Though all too swift those gilded moments fled,
Nor they, nor thou, shall ever be forgot;
Scion of Genius! on whose favoured head
His wondrous mantle fell ere the great owner fled!"

Liverpool, September 14.—Papa took us to the meeting of the British Scientific Association.

Wheatstone came up to us in the gallery and was most agreeable and cordial; he told us of his electric conversations which are conducted by subterranean wires between here and London in a second or two. He took us to the Physical Section, where Sir David Brewster and Whewell were discussing some questions about spectrum light.

September 15.—Sharon Turner came to us and insisted on escorting us to the gardens. Before we got there he introduced us to Captain Ross and Lord Sandon, and on our way we picked up Sir William Hamilton and Colonel Sykes, the latter thoroughly cordial with his Cornish friends. Sir W. Hamilton is a delightful person, very different to what we imagined from his pathetic speech at Bristol. He told us what they had been doing in Section A. At the Chemical Section he went to quarrel with the atomic theory, for he wishes the world to be resolved into a series of mathematical points, remarking that the nearer all the sciences approached Section A (Mathematics and Physics), the nearer they would be to perfection. I was presented to Lord Burlington, Dr. Lardner, and others, and we walked about and ate ices and met

Sedgwick, who was very delightful, and all the Dons were there.

September 16.—Went to breakfast with S. Turner and his nieces. Sir William Hamilton, Lord Northampton, Lord Compton, and Lady Marion were there. Lord Northampton sat by me, and we had a thorough set-to on phrenology; Lord Compton was on the other side, and rather disposed to take my part. Lord Northampton bringing up the old arguments of varying thicknesses of skull, and the foolish instances of bad men having large veneration, &c., he acknowledged the force of my arguments! and the instance of Voltaire was quite new to him of the misdirection of this organ. He contends that all the hackney coachmen in London should have immense locality, and I begged him to try the fact universally and report to the next meeting, which he promises to do. After breakfast went to the closing meeting, and heard various papers read and discussed. Then came forward our glorious chairman, Sedgwick: who, after saying many soft things to the soft sex, gave the moral of the science, that if he found it interfere in any of its tenets with the representations or doctrines of Scripture, he would dash it to the ground, gave the whys and the

wherefores in his own most admirable method, and sat down; the Synod was dissolved, and Sedgwick had disappeared.

Falmouth, October 5. — Went to Enys; found them with the addition of Davies Gilbert; he looks well, and they have all excessively enjoyed their time on the Continent. Read us some of his new book, in which he speaks very handsomely of Papa and his doings. Drove on to Carclew; found Sir Charles Lemon and Lady de Dunstanville. Sir Charles told us that Professor Airy (whom he has invited to Carclew) was so shy that he never looked a person in the face. A friend remarked to him, "Have you ever observed Miss ——'s eyes? They have the principle of double refraction." "Dear me, that is very odd," said the philosopher. "I should like to see that; do you think I might call?" He did so, and at the end of the visit begged permission to call again to see her eyes in a better light. He, however, found it a problem which would take a lifetime to study, and he married her. Lady de Dunstanville was in the House of Peers when the Queen first appeared. It was a most imposing sight. Her voice was full, clear, and sweet, and distinctly heard. We drove home to a

quiet afternoon. W. E. Forster[1] has come to stay a little, and looks taller than ever.

October 9.—Snow Harris gave us an account of Charles Kemble going to see Niagara, where he stood lost in the sublime and vast extent of this majestic vision, when he heard a Yankee voice over his shoulder, "I say, sir, what an omnipotent row! I calculate this is a pretty considerable water priviledge, enough to suckle that ocean considera-bly!"

Time this evening was very gracious, for it developed its dear impersonate Davies Gilbert. He had been holding his court and dining with his tenants. Soon after his arrival all the other gentlemen had to go off to a committee, so we had him all to ourselves. He repeated the admirable song of Trelawny with true Cornish energy, and gave us interesting accounts of his interviews with George IV., William IV., and the Queen; the two former he visited in right of his Royal Society's Presidentship to get their signatures. To George IV. he went and requested that he would confirm the patent as his royal predecessors had done, and

[1] The Right Hon. William Edward Forster, M.P., Chief Secretary of State for Ireland.

pointed out to him several of their signatures. "Would you show me Evelyn's?" said the King; "I have lately been reading his Memoirs with great interest." Davies Gilbert found and showed it, when the King remarked, "He was the founder of the Royal Society." Gilbert said it was His Majesty Charles II. who gave the first charter. "Very true," replied the King; "but that was only *ex officio*, any man who had happened to be in his situation would have done that; but Evelyn was the real founder, you may depend upon it." On leaving him Davies Gilbert remarked to his friend, Sir Everard Home, "If that had not been the King I should have remarked what an agreeable, intelligent man I have been conversing with," which delighted the King exceedingly on being told of it.

October 11.—Davies Gilbert very amusing on the subject of bringing up children. "Oh, indulge all their little innocent wishes, indulge them to the uttermost; 'twill give them fine tempers and give yourself much greater pleasure!" Once when in the House of Commons, a bill was brought forward by Fox to forbid the use of porter pots in Westminster! Davies Gilbert opposed the bill as too

absurd, and said he did not think it could be one that Mr. Fox himself approved, but that he was only bringing it forward in compliance with the wishes of some of his constituents. Fox was not in the house, but Sheridan immediately rose and declared that as a friend of Fox's he must entirely deny a charge so injurious to the reputation of the honourable member. It was Fox's bill and worthy of its high origin. Davies Gilbert could only say that of course he bowed to conviction, and must therefore bear the weight of the responsibility of differing from Fox. The next day he met Sheridan, who accosted him. "It was all perfectly true what you said yesterday, but I thought I must say what I did to keep up Fox's credit."

October 18.—Derwent Coleridge gave Barclay his own idea about Christabel. He thinks the poem all hinges on the lines—

> "And she in the midnight wood will pray
> For the weal of her lover that's far away,"

and that this is a Catholic idea of expiation, that the lover had fallen into some great sin, and Christabel was thus permitted to do penance for him by her own great suffering.

November 18.—Captain Ross dined with us, a very agreeable well-disposed man. His North-west stories were most interesting. He has been in every one of the Northern voyages, six in number, and fully intends and hopes to go again. The climate he thinks particularly healthy, for in all ordinary expeditions the common average of deaths would be thirty-seven, but on these was but twenty-five. He described the first appearance of the *Isabella.* After an absence of five years, throughout which they managed to keep up hope, Captain Ross said to the look-out man, "What's that dark object in the distance?" "Oh, sir, 'tis an iceberg; I've seen it ever since I've been on watch." Captain Ross thought so too, but he could not be satisfied about it, and sent for his glass; he had no sooner viewed it than his best hopes were confirmed, and at the top of his voice he cried, "A ship! a ship!" Not one of the crew would believe him until they had seen it with their own eyes. They were soon in the boat, but a little tantalising breeze would come and drive the ship on two or three miles and then cease, and this frequently repeated. In spite of all their signals they were too insignificant to be seen, until Captain Ross fired off his musket half-a-

dozen times, and at last it was heard and a boat was lowered. As soon as the ship's boat met these forlorn objects, twenty in number, unshaven skin-clad sinners, they said, "You've lost your ship, gentlemen?" "Yes, we have," replied Captain Ross; "but what ship is this?" "The *Isabella*, formerly commanded by Captain Ross," was the reply. "Why, I am Captain Ross." "Oh no, sir, that's impossible; Captain Ross has been dead these five years!" Dead or alive, however, they brought them to Hull, where they felt the most miserable anxiety as to what changes might have taken place in their absence; and Captain Ross added, that in the following week he was the only one of the party not in mourning. When they came to the place of the *Fury's* wreck, they found all the stores in a perfect state of preservation. Captain Ross had fortunately been beach-master when these were deposited from the *Fury*, and therefore knew exactly where each sort of provision and ammunition was to be found. Fifty miles before this delightful point, the party was so knocked up with hunger and fatigue that Captain Ross and three or four of the strongest went on with a little sledge and brought them back some

sustenance till they could come to it themselves. Captain Ross had an experimental evening with Papa, and left us at ten.

November 19.—Uncle Charles dined with us. He was delighted and dazzled by the display on the Queen's day, and mentioned a right merry quibble perpetrated by my Lord Albemarle, who on Her Majesty saying, "I wonder if my good people of London are as glad to see me as I am to see them," pointed out as their immediate Cockney answer to the query, "V. R.!"

December 15.—The Right Honourable Holt Mackenzie, son of the "Man of Feeling," introduced by his friend Col. MacInnes, dined here to-day. He is a confirmed bachelor, travelling about with his own carriage and horses. He spends the winter at Penzance, and has lived twenty years in India. He used to attend Dugald Stewart's lectures, from which he thinks little was carried away; as far as he followed Reid he went well, but his speculations, he thinks, were obscure. He was a very shy man in company. Not so Lord Jeffrey, who is almost a lecturer in society; so much so, that there was no room for any one to put in a word. Lockhart, too, much indulges his

disposition for satire, and being a reviewer by profession, he is cynical in reality. The "Man of Feeling" was written when Mackenzie was only twenty. He spoke very little of him; one can quite believe him to be his father's son, the bodily essence of a man all nerve.

CHAPTER IV.

1838.

"The names she loved to hear,
Have been carved for many a year,
On the Tomb."—O. W. HOLMES.

Paris, April 2.—Papa enjoyed his morning at the Academy, of which Becquerel is President.[1] Our fellow-traveller, the Magnetic Deflector, excited strong interest; even Gamby admitted, though unwillingly, the superiority of Papa's method of suspension. There was a brilliant and very kindly assemblage of *savants*. Becquerel called the next day, and was delighted by a further examination of the instrument; and when Papa showed him the clay with a vein in it galvanically inserted, he not only did

[1] *Becquerel* (Antoine César), the eminent French physicist, born 1788; served in the army from 1808 to 1815, after which he entirely followed scientific pursuits. He was one of the creators of electro-chemistry, was elected a member of the Académie in 1829, and a foreign member of the Royal Society in 1837, and died 1878.

not doubt the originality of the experiment (which H—— has accused Papa of borrowing from Becquerel), but it was not until after a full discussion and a thorough cross-examination of the Fact, that he could even admit it. He then made Papa draw in his pocket-book the precise manner in which his "experiences" had been pursued, the relative position of wires, pots, and pans, with the intention of repeating it all himself. Nothing could be more satisfactory than the interview and conversation between these supposed rivals.

April 4.—Papa and Uncle Charles spent the morning most pleasantly at Arago's.[1] During their merry breakfast the "toujours philosophe—is a fool" was the accepted motto. Arago pleaded guilty to the definition of Tories imputed to him in England, which originated, he said, in a conversation between Lord Brougham and himself on the doctrine of final causes. A noted Tory was referred to, and the question started as to his final cause. Arago thus solved the problem, "That as astronomers like to have some point from which to make their calculations, so the Tory was to be a

[1] *Arago* (François Jean Dominique), born near Perpignan in 1786, died in Paris, October 2, 1853.

fixed point whence to mark the progress of civilisation and the development of the human mind." Speaking of Dr. Dalton, he said he could not take a joke at all. Once when he had taken a glass of wine, Arago, who does not drink any, remarked, "Why, you are quite a debauchee compared to me." The philosopher took it very ill, and did not recover for the evening. He was delighted with the specimens of artificial mineral veins which Papa showed him, and asked, "Is there not some one who disputes your theory—I forget his name?" Papa suggested H——, who proved to be the worthy referred to. Uncle Charles mentioned some of the circumstances of the case, on which Arago remarked, "That reminds me of the man who told his friend that some person hated him. 'That's strange,' he replied, 'for I don't recollect ever having done him a kindness.'" So our gentlemen greatly enjoyed their morning with Arago. On begging for an autograph for me, he wrote a very kind note, and sent me interesting specimens of Humboldt's and Odilon Barrot's writing.

London, May 25.—Went to Exeter Hall, and thanks to my dear brother's platform ticket and the good-nature of the police, we got a place on the

platform close to the speakers. Lord Brougham was in the chair, and the subject of the meeting was Anti-Slavery. We came in near the conclusion of Lord Brougham's speech, which was received with immense applause, so much so that very little could we hear, but I mean to get a printed paper. Sir G. Strickland succeeded him, then G. Thompson, who was followed by a Lincolnshire M.P., a Mr. Eardley, who entreated the meeting's attention for a few minutes whilst he avowed himself a warm supporter of the anti-slavery cause, but opposed Lord Brougham's speech, which was evidently against Ministers, particularly Lord John Russell, and was dictated by private pique and disappointed ambition. Here he was burst upon by a thunder of abuse: "Hiss, hiss, hiss!" "Down with him!" "Take him off!" "Stop him!" "Hiss, 'iss, 'iss!" he standing calm and erect till Thompson rose and begged for a little peace and quietness, assuring them that they need not be anxious about their chairman, as he was perfectly able to defend himself. This caused great clapping, and at Thompson's request the speaker was permitted to proceed. He went on to say that he had expected opposition, but not that the avalanche would so quickly descend

and overwhelm the expression of his sentiments. He believed that he rose with a conscientious motive (hear! hear!), it was to vindicate in some degree the character of a really upright man (hear!) who had fallen under the Brougham-stick, Lord John Russell (agonies of abusive manifestations!), with whose vote he could by no means agree (hear! hear!), but he viewed him as one on whom the Light had not yet shined, but who would embrace it as soon as he was fortunate enough to perceive it. Lord Brougham arose to declare, from what he could gather of the honourable gentleman—"Mr. What is the gentleman's name? really it is one with which I am quite unacquainted"—he supposed that he wished to supplant him in the chair, which he thought a little unfair, as he had come in at the eleventh hour, whereas his (Lord Brougham's) opinions and efforts had been acknowledged ever since the first agitation of the subject. He dwelt eloquently for some time upon this point, and seated himself amidst deafening applause. Mr. Eardley arose and replied in the teeth of the multitude, and then Lord Brougham, with his usual nasal contortions, was very witty for some time, and proposed the election of another chairman that

he might legitimately engage in self-defence. This was seconded and loudly applauded, till some one assured them that a personal quarrel between Lord Brougham and Mr. Eardley was not at all relevant to the business of the meeting. The cheerful auditory cheered still louder, and hissed the idea of Lord Brougham quitting his imperial seat for an instant. After much more discussion, Lord Brougham just rose to declare that so personal a dispute should trespass no longer on the time of the meeting, and therefore he would sum up and give a verdict in favour of the "counsel for the attack," and the people laughed very heartily. Sir George Murray then spoke in an agreeable, sensible, modest manner, his statements of the supineness of the legislature being very striking. But I must get a paper, particularly for a report of the speech of the 'Member for Ireland" (O'Connell), which we could not distinctly hear from his turning his head the other way and emphatically dropping his voice. He began with a burst—"I was one of the ninety-six who voted for the Motion the other night, and this I desire may be set forth on my tombstone!" He spoke with energy, pathos, and eloquence. His mouth is beautifully chiselled and his nose *retroussé;*

he is an uncommonly strong-looking, stout-built man, who looks as if he could easily bear the weight of the whole House upon his shoulders. He gave a grievous account of the Coolie importation—but I absolutely must have a paper.

June 1.—A breakfast party of the Backhouses and William Edward Forster, after which we sallied forth to Deville's (the phrenologist). A gentleman and lady were there when we entered, and he was explaining several of the casts with which his room was lined, notably a very interesting series of American boys; another of a man who put himself under Deville's care for reformation, who told him that there was a lady whose development he had taken, and it would precisely suit him, so he married her! upon which one of our gentlemen said, "Oh, that's what makes your science so popular." Inquiries were made about large heads, and they proved to be generally lymphatic, small heads more energetic. W. E. Forster asked for the casts of Richard Carlile, having seen them there on a former occasion, but Deville said they had departed, which W. E. Forster believed to be a mistake. He asked twice for them and communicated his suspicions to us. At last, the gentleman and lady leaving the

room, Deville said, "That was Mr. and Mrs. Carlile!" a singularly awkward coincidence. He is now, Deville says, going mad on religion; the lady he has married, a very lovely one, having had a wonderful effect upon him, and he is preparing a new version of the Bible.

June 2.—At Davies Gilbert's invitation we went to his "habitat" and were hailed at the door by the venerable philosopher. After a little visit to his sister, he got with us into our fly, and we drove to the Royal Society's Rooms at Somerset House. He is very busy establishing the standard of weights and measures, which was lost on the recent burning of the Royal Exchange. They are measured to a thousandth part of a grain. Duplicates are to be kept in all our colonies and the different European capitals, so that a similar loss need not be feared. He is going to-day to put the stars in order at Greenwich with Airy. Went first into the Council Room, having summoned the secretary, where was the reflecting telescope made by Sir Isaac Newton's own hands, the MS. copy of the "Principia" which went to the publisher, all in his neat hand and with his autograph, and there was an old portrait of him. In the library were two barometers which have just

returned with Herschel from his expedition. Their assembly room is hung round with portraits of their presidents and great members and patrons, dear old Davies Gilbert smiling on his living representative in the centre of the room. A fine bust of Newton here, his face quite full of nervous energy and deep reflection. On the table was a very splendid gold mace, which Gilbert informed us was the identical one which Cromwell ordered away when dissolving the Long Parliament.

June 5.—Found yesterday Professor Wheatstone's card, with a note requesting a call to-day at King's College. Therefore, after a quiet morning, went there and found Uncle Charles with the Professor inspecting his electric telegraph. This is really being brought into active service, as last week they began laying it down between London and Bristol, to cost £250 a mile. He then showed us his "Baby," constructed in imitation of the human organs of speech; it can beautifully pronounce some words and can cry most pathetically. He treated it in a most fatherly manner. His "Syren" is an extraordinary little instrument, so called because it will act under water; its object is to measure the intensity of sound. He then played the Chinese

reed, one of the earliest instruments constructed, exhibited the harp, or rather sounding-board, with additaments, which communicates with a piano two stories higher, and receives the sound from it quite perfectly through a conductive wire.[1] Wheatstone has been giving lectures, and in fact is in the middle of a course. No ladies are admitted, unluckily; the Bishop of London forbade it, seeing how they congregated to Lyell's, which prohibition so offended that gentleman that he resigned his professorship. We left our friend, promising to repeat our visit, when he will have some experiments prepared.

June 11.—Breakfasted with Lister. He is a great authority on optics. Showed us varieties of fossil sections through his powerful chromatic—or something—microscope.

June 12.—Dined at the Frys', and had the pleasure of meeting the Buxton family. Fowell Buxton described his non-election at Weymouth as a most pathetic time. When he made his parting speech he began in a jocose fashion, but soon saw that that would not do, as one old man after another turned

[1] Query. How far this was the origin of the telephone?

aside to cry. On the Sunday he went to church and listened to a most violent sermon against himself, person and principle. He spoke afterwards to one of his party on the bad taste and impropriety of introducing politics into the pulpit; in this he quite agreed, but added, "You had better say nothing on the subject, as at all the Dissenting chapels they are telling the people that they are sure to go to a very uncomfortable place if they don't vote for you." He mentioned as a well-authenticated fact in statistics that two-thirds of all the matrimonial separations were of those who had been united by the runaway method.

London, June 28.—Met Sir Henry de la Beche at the Athenæum amongst the crowd who came to see all they could of the Coronation. The De la Beche West Indian property is in a very flourishing state, thanks to the beautiful changes there. He has long used free labour, and found it answer well, though he was mightily persecuted for carrying out this system. A great deal of thoughtful talk on things as they are and things as they should be, on human nature, human prejudices, self-love, and self-knowledge. Whilst the Royal party were in the Abbey, we wandered across the Park to see the

ambassadors' carriages which were ranged there. They were very magnificent, the top of one being covered with what De la Beche called crowns and half-crowns; Soult's, one of the old Bourbon carriages, richly ornamented with silver; the Belgian very grand, but part of the harness tied together with string! The servants had thrown off their dignity, and were sitting and standing about, cocked hats and big wigs off, smoking their pipes. It was an odd scene.

Helston, August 14.—Derwent Coleridge was luminous on architectural subjects; he cannot bear a contrast being drawn between our own and foreign cathedrals in favour of the foreigner, and adduced a multitude of arguments and illustrations to show that, though parts of the foreign ones are more magnificent, yet the English far excel them in harmony of parts, consistency of design, and noble conception.

Falmouth, December 1.—An American gentleman breakfasted with us, a very intelligent young man. I find all Americans are great readers, principally political; each family also takes in two or three daily papers. He thinks the hot Abolitionists have done a great deal of harm to both master and slave.

He has unfortunately much to do with the latter, and at the time of Thompson & Co.'s visit had to put several blacks in irons for insubordination. He cannot bear the principle of slavery, thinks Dr. Channing's letter unanswerable, says the Americans are waiting to see the result of our grand experiment in the West Indies, and that if that succeeds they will place the principle in working order amongst themselves. He met Miss Martineau with Dr. Channing at Philadelphia.

December 8.—Captain and Mrs. Ingram and others dined with us. S. T. Coleridge spent his last nineteen years in their immediate neighbourhood with the Gilmans, who have appeared quite different since the departure of the bard—their spirits broken, and everything testifying that Coleridge is dead. Captain Ingram used frequently to meet him there, and though as a rule not appreciating such things, spoke with rapture of the evenings with him, when he would walk up and down in the glories of a swelling monologue, the whole room hushed to deepest silence, that not one note might be lost as they listened to the strains of the inspired poet.

December 28.—Whilst paying a visit at Carclew, in came the butler stifling a giggle and announcing

"Dr. Bowring[1] and his foreign friend," who accordingly marched in. This egregious individual is Edhem Bey, Egyptian Minister of Instruction, and Generalissimo of the Forces. He was dressed in a large blue pelisse with loose sleeves, and full blue trousers, with scarlet gaiters and slippers, a gold waistband a foot and a half in width, and on his right breast his decoration of the crescent in uncommonly large diamonds, said to be worth £50,000! He is a tall man and very stout, with a rich complexion and black rolling eyes, aged about thirty-four. He is married to a beautiful Circassian, and only one, whom he bought at twelve years of age and wedded at fourteen. He is accompanied by Dr. Bowring, late editor of the *Foreign Quarterly*, and Mr. Joyce, a civil engineer who has just refused a professorship at King's College. So these good people are come into Cornwall to inspect the mines and acquire what information they can, for the Bey is a remarkably intelligent man and

[1] *Bowring* (Sir John), K.C.B., LL.D., born 1792. Philosopher, poet, political writer, translator, reviewer, M.P., and in 1854 governor of Hong-Kong, editor of *Westminster Review*, disciple of Jeremy Bentham, was his literary executor and editor, and died 1872.

bent on educating his countrymen. He talks French fluently. Sir Charles Lemon persuaded us to send our horses home and remain, a most pleasant arrangement.

Dr. Bowring is a very striking-looking personage with a most poetical, ardent, imaginative forehead, and a temperament all in keeping, as evidenced by his whole look and manner. He declared Papa's name as much connected with Falmouth as the Eddystone lighthouse with Navigation. Dr. Bowring knows Dickens and Cruikshank well; the former a brilliant creature with a piercing eye, the other a very good fellow with excessive keenness of perception.

Dr. Bowring has no opinion of the Egyptian miracles recorded by Lane,[1] but ascribes them to a practical knowledge of the language, leading questions, and boundless credulity. He says they are now so much at a discount in their own neighbourhood, that when he was there he had not moral courage to investigate for himself. He has, however, seen the power exercised over serpents precisely similar to that described in Exodus as

[1] *Lane* (Edward William), author of "The Modern Egyptians" and translator of "The Arabian Nights;" born 1801, died 1876.

exhibited by the magicians. In a party he was at, a sorcerer declared, "I can strike any of you dumb;" so one was selected who took his station in the centre of the group, when with a wave of his hand the magician proclaimed, "In Allah's name be dumb," when the man writhed in apparent anguish, utterly unable to disobey the command. This effect he attributes (not to electro-biology), but to a feeling in the patient that it was the mandate of Allah, and that disobedience would be equally criminal and impossible.

The Bey talked about the Queen, whom he thinks a very interesting and dignified girl, but he laughs at her title as belonging far more properly to her ministers. He described many of the Egyptian musical instruments. Some pianos have lately been introduced, but his Excellency is specially fond of the harp. His long pipe was brought into the library by his servant Hassan, and we had a puff all round; it has an amber mouthpiece set with diamonds. Opium and aromatic herbs are his tobacco, wine and lemonade his little by-play. Dr. Bowring seemed rather surprised at my ignorance of his "Matins and Vespers." He spoke a good deal of Joseph Wolff, who, he says, has by his inju-

dicious proceedings retarded the progress of Christianity in the East by about a century and a half; sending a letter, for instance, to the Bey of Alexandria denouncing Mahomet as an impostor, instead of commencing on common ground. Lady Georgina Wolff said to Sir Charles Lemon, "You don't believe all my husband's stories, I hope, do you?" Dr. Bowring could not obtain an interview with Lady Hester Stanhope; everybody in her neighbourhood laughs at her, except her numerous creditors, who look grave enough. All consider her mad. One of her last delusions was, that under a certain stone guarded by a black dragon, governed by a sable magician under her control, all the treasures of the earth were concealed; the query naturally being, why she did not give the necessary orders and pay her debts. Dr. Bowring knew Shelley and Byron intimately, and possesses an unpublished MS. by the former, which he thinks one of the most vigorous of his poems. It begins—

> "I met Murder on his way,
> And he looked like Castlereagh."[1]

[1] Known as "The Mask of Anarchy." See vol. iii. p. 157 of Shelley's works, edited by H. Buxton Forman, who in the prefatory note says: "It was written in 1819, on the occasion of the infamous

He repeated a good deal more which I cannot remember. In company Shelley was a diffident, retiring creature, but most beautiful, with an interpenetrating eye of intense feeling; he had a fascinating influence over those who were much with him, over Byron especially. His unhappy views on religion were much strengthened, if not originated, by the constant persecution he endured, but these views had very little effect on his conduct.

He also repeated some unpublished lines of Byron's, highly picturesque; he thinks his was a genius much mellowed by time. Mary Howitt he calls a sweet woman, and *apropos* of her husband he gave an *aperçu* of his own very Radical views.

Peterloo affair, and sent to Leigh Hunt, who issued it in 1832, in a little volume with a preface of considerable interest. It commences—

> "As I lay asleep in Italy
> There came a voice from over the sea,
> And with great power it forth led me,
> To walk in the vision of poesy.
> I met Murder on the way,
> He had a mask like Castlereagh;
> Very smooth he looked, and grim,
> Seven bloodhounds followed him," &c. &c.

Sir John Bowring was, therefore, incorrect in saying it was an unpublished MS.

We argued a little about it, and ended by conceding on the one hand that Radicals and Radicalism according to their original meaning were very different things; and on the other, that to accomplish the greatest possible good by means of the least possible evil was a clear principle.

Mezzofanti[1] he knows well; they have just made him a cardinal; he is not a clever man, but has a knack of imbibing the sound of language independently of its principles and its application to reading foreign authors.

On going to the Holy Land, the first voices Dr. Bowring heard were engaged in singing his hymn, "Watchman, watchman, what of the night?" which had been imported and translated by the American missionaries. His "Matins and Vespers" were the means of converting a poor Syrian, who on being shipwrecked possessed that and that only, which copy is now in the possession of the Bishop of

[1] *Mezzofanti* (Joseph Caspar), born 1774, celebrated as a linguist. One of the Hare brothers was his pupil. He lived at Bologna, his native town, and was spoken of as knowing forty languages. Lord Byron called him "a walking polyglot, a monster of languages, and a Briareus of parts of speech." In 1838 he was made Cardinal and Keeper of the Vatican Library. He died 1849, and was buried beside the grave of Tasso.

Stockholm. He spoke of the striking effect in Mahometan countries of the sudden suspension of business and everything else at the hour of prayer; this induced an animated discussion on the advantages and disadvantages of these positive signs of devotion—whether they did not rather satisfy the devotees with signs independent of the thing signified, or even familiarise the habit when the mind is not in a prepared state. The name of "Allah" is perpetually introduced in Oriental conversation, but still with a solemnity of intention and manner very different to our "God knows." We departed from this very interesting party in the evening, leaving the Bey absorbed in calculation consequent on his visit to the mines.

CHAPTER V.

1839.

"I was all ear,
And took in strains that might create a soul
Under the ribs of death."—MILTON.

Falmouth, January 22.—T. Sheepshanks paid his respects to us. He told us that some years ago a Miss James, an eccentric lady, was walking from Falmouth to Truro, and fell in with a very intelligent man in a miner's dress. She entered into conversation, and concluded by giving him a shilling. In the evening she dined out to meet Professor Sedgwick, and was not a little astonished to recognise in the Professor her morning's friend of the pickaxe.

February 11.—Rode with Lady Elizabeth Wathen to Flushing. She described Washington Irving, whom she met at Newstead Abbey, as a quiet, retiring, matter-of-fact, agreeable person. He is unmarried; but time was when he was engaged to

an American damsel, who caught a bad cold at a ball of which she at last died, but every night during her illness he would take his mattress outside her door and watch there.

April 3.—Found Mr. Sopwith at home, writing a letter and waiting for Papa and Sir Charles Lemon. He is the great isometrical perspective man, and by degrees developed himself as a very agreeable and amusing one. He is come to help Sir Charles in organising his School of Mines. Sir Charles soon joined him here and paid a very nice visit. When Edhem Bey dined with him the other day, he had Sydney Smith to meet him. Sir Charles told his Excellency that he was "un ecclésiastique très distingué;" so he was looked upon with the utmost reverence and devotion, until his stories and funnyisms of all descriptions entirely displaced the Bey from his assumed centre of gravity.

We were pleased to hear of the exile of the Chartists from Devizes by the public spirit of its inhabitants. Talked about their principles and the infidelity they have been preaching everywhere, our mines included. Sir Charles Lemon said they have been declaring that the difference between the rich and poor abundantly proved the non-existence

of a God. Some one remarked that it is the rich, not the poor, who become infidels; only those renounce a Providence who do not feel the want of one.

April 6.—Whilst sitting quietly writing, George Wightwick most unexpectedly burst upon us. He criticised Hope's architecture. He (Hope) is a mere furniture fancier, and all the architectural illustrations he adopts are the transition series, specimens of the tadpole state of the arts before the shifting of the tails and assumption of the perfect symmetry of the frog. His own work is coming out soon, only waiting for the completion of the engravings, of which it is to be cram-full. His conversation was most interesting, comprising various details of the last days of Charles Mathews.[1] He was quite aware of his nearness to death, saying to Snow Harris, who thought him a little better, "Yes, I shall soon be very much better." The day before his death they were anticipating his birthday which would follow, when he would enter his sixtieth year. He said, "You may keep it, I don't expect to." He lived half-an-hour into it, when his wife, hearing

[1] Some of these appeared at the time in *Fraser's Magazine* in a paper written by Mr. Wightwick.

him in pain from the next room, ran in to help, but by the time she reached the bed he was dead. During his illness he liked to have his friends about him, and was sometimes so irresistibly funny, that even when he was in an agony they were obliged to laugh at his very singular expressions. Once they thought he was asleep and were talking around him, and one related how he had been in a fever and was so overcome with thirst that he seized a bottle by his side and swallowed its contents, which proved to be ink: Wightwick remarked, "Why, that was enough to kill him." The supposed sleeper yawned out, "Why no, he'd nothing to do but swallow a sheet of blotting-paper!" As he was once sitting by the window they saw him manifesting considerable and increasing impatience. "Why, what's the matter, Mathews?" "There, look at that boy, he's got a cloak on, little wretch! a boy in a cloak! I was a boy once, I never had a cloak, but see that little ruffian in a cloak! Faugh!" Once Wightwick brought a modest friend of his to see him, who gave up his chair successively to every person who entered the room; at last Mathews, growing irritable, called to Wightwick, "Do you know,

your friend has given up his chair to every person who has entered the room and has never received a word of thanks from any of them. Do go and sit by him and hold him on it. I am quite fatigued by seeing him pop up and down." He was much tried at his son Charles's want of success as an architect, saying, "It is all very well his getting good dinners and good beds at the Duke of Bedford's, but they don't give him houses to build." He is now on the stage and acts in vaudevilles and those French things. When in Dublin Mathews expressed a great desire to get an invitation to meet Curran; Curran heard of it, and unlike most men, on meeting Mathews accidentally in the street, addressed him as follows: "Mr. Mathews, I understand you have a desire to take my portrait; all I have to request is that you will do it to the life. I am quite willing to trust myself in your hands, persuaded that you will do me justice; may I offer you a ticket to a public dinner where I am to-day going to speak on the slave trade?" He went, was thoroughly inoculated with the great orator's *savoir faire,* studied the report of the speech, and gave it soon after in Dublin, Curran being present *incog.* He afterwards electrified London with the

same speech, and infinitely increased its effect, his audience kicking each other's shins with excitement and crying "hear, hear" as if it was a genuine harangue.

Wightwick has been a great deal lately with the Bishop of Exeter, whom he finds a very interesting, well-informed man. He thinks his flattery rather a desire in action of making every one pleased with themselves, for does he ever flatter a superior, does he ever flatter in the House of Lords?

His remarks about Sir John Soane, the architect, were very characteristic. He was a highly nervous and, I should think, rather affected person; he could not abide truisms or commonplaces, and if any one made the common English challenge to conversation of "a fine day," he would either deny it flatly or remark, "Evidently the sun is shining and the sky is blue, there cannot be a question on the subject." When Wightwick first went there he sent up his card, and soon followed it in person. Feeling nervous at being in the real presence of so great a man, he knew not how to begin, so said, "My name is Wightwick, sir," to be rebuffed by the reply, "Sir, I have your card; I see perfectly what your name is."

August 9.—Went to Trebah, heard an interesting and consecutive account of the P—— family of G——, who in the heyday of Irvingism were led into such wild vagaries by a lying spirit in the mouths of their twin-children of seven years old. These little beings gave tongue most awfully, declaimed against Babylon and things appertaining. Their parents placed themselves entirely under the direction of these chits, who trotted about the house, and everything they touched was immediately to be destroyed or given away as Babylonish! Thus this poor deluded man's house was dismantled, his valuable library dissipated, and himself and family thoroughly befooled. At last the younglings pointed out Jerusalem as the proper place for immediate family emigration, and everything was packed up, and off they set. The grandfather of the sprites was infinitely distressed at all these goings-on and goings-off, and with a pretty strong power intercepted his son at the commencement of his pilgrimage, and confined him to the house, inducing him to write to Irving to inquire how they were to find out whether they were influenced by a true or a false spirit. Just before this letter reached him, a Miss B——, under whose care these chil-

dren first became possessed, had an interview with Irving, and instead of being received by him with open arms, heard the terrible sentence, "Thou hast a lying spirit!" She flew into a vehement rage, and such a "spirituelle" scene took place between them as is quite indescribable. His remark was perhaps deduced from the fact that he had been informed of the failure of many of her prophecies. So he was prepared to write Mr. P—— a sketch of an infallible ordeal for his young prophets. He was to read them the text "Try the spirits" and several others, and see how they acted. The letter was received by Mr. P—— in his library, Lord R——, Mr. W——, and some other Irvingites being assembled to receive it with due honour. The children, quite ignorant of the test preparing for them, were playing about the nursery. No sooner had the library party opened and read the letter, than little master in the nursery flew into a most violent rage, tore downstairs on his hands and feet like a little demon, uttering in an unearthly voice, "Try not the spirits, try not the spirits," and in this style he burst in upon his fond relatives, and found them engaged in conning the test act. This opened their eyes at last pretty wide, and the papa

said, "You're a bad boy, go up into your nursery and you shall be punished!" By a judicious discipline these two children were rescued from what is considered, with some show of reason, to have been a demoniacal possession. The father, however, became insane ultimately from what he had passed through, and died in that state.

August 19.—A beautiful evening at Helston. Some reference to infant schools drew Derwent Coleridge forth from his retirement in an easy-chair in a corner, and he launched out into a Coleridgean screed on education. He, no more than his father, admires the present system of mutual instruction and its accessories: the nearer you approach the old dame-school principle the better; from that system how many constellations arose, but what result have we yet had from those of Bell and Lancaster? All mechanical systems he holds as bad; wherever they appear to act well, it is from the influence of individual minds, which makes them succeed in spite of the system. To build up the intellectual man is the purpose of education, and this is not effected by giving him a knowledge of the way in which one mass of matter acts on another mass of matter—though he hopes he can

appreciate this branch of knowledge too—but first his memory is to be taxed and strengthened, even before his judgment; this is to be followed by the exercise of the will: for instance, let him, instead of being told the meaning of a word, search the lexicon and select from a number of synonyms the particular word which best suits his purpose; this induces a logical balancing of words. The advance made in knowledge of late years appears vast from being in the foreground of time, but compared with the immense mass before accumulated, how little it is! Knowledge, he holds like a true Coleridge, can be best diffused through concentration.

Having thus built up our intellectual man, we looked at him in his waywardness and vagaries. The Plymouth Brethren came first on the field, amongst whom, to his great vexation and grief, are many of his friends. He imagines their spiritual views to resemble closely those of the early Friends; he greatly doubts the verity of their self-denial, particularly in separating themselves from the ordinary world around them and consorting only with congenial spirits. He spoke very civilly of modern Quakerdom, congratulating them on their preference for the cultivation of the intellect rather than the

accomplishments of the person; also on having thrown aside the Puritanical spirit of their forefathers and distinguishing themselves instead by their own individual excellences and by their peculiar appreciation of the good and beautiful in others. Then we took sanctuary in the bosom of the Church from the hubbub of contending sectarians. She, it seems, ever since her first organisation has been in a progressive state; it would be too long a task to prove why it was not and could not be most perfect at its first arising. He took us into his library, a most fascinating room, heated by a mild fire, just up to the temperature of our poet's imagination; coffee for one on a little table, a reading-desk for the lexicon to rest on, and near it a little table covered with classic lore; in the centre the easy-chair of our intellectual man.

August 22.—With the Barclays of Leyton took luncheon at the Coleridges'. Mary Coleridge was bright and descriptive: she read a letter from Macaulay describing the state of feeling into which one of Samuel Wilberforce's sermons had thrown him, who is now on a tour westward for the S. P. G. Derwent Coleridge talked about architecture—the folly and antiquity of the phrase, of a man being

his own architect, an expression ridiculed by Livy but still claiming satire; he regrets that our family, having pretty places, have not houses regularly and professionally built to correspond. He spoke kindly of G. Wightwick, considering that scope is all he lacks for a display of his powers; dwelt on the advantage it is for a town to have a good style of building introduced, such as they have aimed at in Helston. He has just returned from Paris, but must visit it again to separate in his own mind between the new and the admirable; he thinks England vastly grander in every respect, and holds the Palais Royal to be the only really fine thing in Paris. We, however, borrow our ideas of taste from them, in patterns, dresses, furniture, &c. Throwing open the picture-galleries he conceives to be, not the cause, but the effect of a love of art: if the same system were pursued in England the monied population would be excluded, as nothing here is valued for which money is not paid.

September 3.—Mr. Gregory told us that, going the other day by steamer from Liverpool to London, he sat by an old gentleman who would not talk, but only answered his inquiries by nods or shakes of the

head. When they went down to dinner, he determined to make him speak if possible, so he proceeded, "You're going to London, I suppose?" A nod. "I shall be happy to meet you there; where are your quarters?" There was no repelling this, so his friend with the energy of despair broke out, "I-I-I-I-I-I'm g-g-g-going to D-D-D-Doctor Br-Br-Br-Brewster to be c-c-c-cured of this sl-sl-sl-slight im-impediment in my sp-sp-sp-sp-speech." At this instant a little white face which had not appeared before popped out from one of the berths and struck in, "Th-th-th-that's the m-m-m-man wh-wh-who c-c-c-c-c-cured me!"

Letter from E. Crouch, dated, like the negro when asked where he was born, "All along de coast."

October 4.—Though the weather was abundantly unfavourable, we started at eight for Penzance. At Helston found Sir Charles Lemon, who had got wet through, and after drying himself was glad to accept a place in our carriage instead of his gig, and we had an exceedingly pleasant drive to the Geological Meeting. He has just left the Bishop of Norwich, who is gradually converting his enemies into friends by his uniform straightforwardness and enlarged

Christian principle. One of his clergy who had been writing most abusively of him in the newspapers, had on one occasion some favour to solicit, which he did with natural hesitation. The Bishop promised all in his power and in the kindest manner, and when the clergyman was about to leave the room, he suddenly turned with, "My Lord, I must say how very much I regret the part I have taken against you; I see I was quite in the wrong, and I beg your forgiveness." This was readily accorded. "But how was it," the clergyman continued, "you did not turn your back upon me? I quite expected it." "Why, you forget that I profess myself a Christian," was the reply.

Of Dr. Lardner he mentioned that, having quarrelled with his wife and got a divorce, and his name being Dionysius and hers Cecilia, has gained for him the august title of—Dionysius, tyrant of Sicily!

October 8.—The Bucklands dined with us, after a Polytechnic morning. Mrs. Buckland is a most amusing, animated woman, full of strong sense and keen perception. She spoke of the style in which they go on at home, the dust and rubbish held sacred to geology, which she once ventured to have cleared,

but found it so disturbed the Doctor, that she determined never again to risk her matrimonial felicity in such a cause. She is much delighted at the idea of sitting in St. Michael's chair, that she may learn how managing feels. Davies Gilbert tells us that Dr. Buckland was once travelling somewhere in Dorsetshire, and reading a new and weighty book of Cuvier's which he had just received from the publisher; a lady was also in the coach, and amongst her books was this identical one, which Cuvier had sent her. They got into conversation, the drift of which was so peculiar that Dr. Buckland at last exclaimed, "You must be Miss —— to whom I am about to deliver a letter of introduction." He was right, and she soon became Mrs. Buckland. She is an admirable fossil geologist, and makes models in leather of some of the rare discoveries. Dr. Buckland gave a capital lecture at the Polytechnic this evening — a general, historic, and scientific view of the science of geology, beautifully illustrated by De la Beche's map. Sir H. Vivian was chuckling over the admirable Ordnance map. "I got that map for you; I was determined he should do my county first, and so I sent him down direct." Dr. Buckland compared the bursting of

granite through the Killas—which is the almost constant condition—to a shawl wrapped round you, and to illustrate the cracks in all directions, he must needs suppose it a glass shawl, which would split in rays. Such illustrations are very characteristic of his graceless, but powerful and comprehensive mind. He supports the igneous theory and compared the world to an apple-dumpling; the apple is the fiery flop of which we are full, and we have just a crust to stand upon; the hot stuff in the centre often generates gas, and its necessary explosions are called on earth, volcanoes. Some of those mineral combinations which can only be produced by heat, are even now being constantly formed by volcanic action. He tells us that some anthracite is to be found near Padstow, not enough, however, for commercial purposes. In announcing himself in part a Huttonian,[1] he cautioned his hearers against running away with an opinion or statement beyond what the lecturer had warranted. Speaking of the modern tendency to fancy danger to religion

[1] *Hutton* (James), M.D., born 1726, author of the "Plutonian Theory of Geology:" he published much, and upon some of his theories being vigorously attacked by Dr. Kirwan, they were as zealously defended by Professor John Playfair. He died 1797.

in the investigations of physical science, he remarked, "Shall we who are endowed by a gracious Creator with power and intelligence, and a capacity to use them—shall we sit lazily down and say, Our God has indeed given us eyes, but we will not see with them; reason and intelligence, but we will exert neither? Is this our gratitude to our Maker for some of His choicest gifts, and not rather a stupid indifference most displeasing in His sight?" He made some good allusions to Sir Charles Lemon's mining school, and mentioned the frequent evidence of the fact that barbarians of all nations (no allusion to Sir C. L. or Cornish miners) have hit on similar expedients for supplying their necessities; the old Celtic arms, for instance, are of precisely the same form as the axes and hatchets contrived by the New Zealanders. Speaking of the immense real value of iron, he remarked, "What a fortune for a man, cast into a country where iron was unknown, would the bent nail from the broken shoe of a lame donkey be!" and altogether the lecture was much more agreeable and less coarse than when he treats of the footsteps of animals and birds on the Old Red Sandstone. Davies Gilbert walked home with us, and was very bright after all the labours of the day.

Gave us instances of his mediation with papas in favour of runaway daughters, and mentioned as a good converse to his system the manner in which old Thurlow received the news of his dear daughter, who had taken her fate into her own hands. "Burn her picture! Break up her piano! Shoot her horse!"

October 9.—Snow Harris lunched with us; much pleasant conversation on different modes of puffing. He mentioned that Day & Martin used to drive about in a gig in their early days all over the country, one as servant to the other, and at every inn the servant would insist on having his master's shoes cleaned with Day & Martin's blacking, "as nothing else was used by people of fashion," and so induced large orders.

October 25.—G. Wightwick and others dined with us. He talked agreeably about capital punishments, greatly doubting their having any effect in preventing crime. Soon after Fauntleroy was hanged, an advertisement appeared, "To all good Christians! Pray for the soul of Fauntleroy." This created a good deal of speculation as to whether he was a Catholic, and at one of Coleridge's soirées it was discussed for a considerable time; at length

Coleridge, turning to Lamb, asked, "Do you know anything about this affair?" "I should think I d-d-d-did," said Elia, "for I paid s-s-s-seven and sixpence for it!"

October 26.—Poor J—— B—— in distressing delirium, having taken in ten hours the morphia intended for forty-eight. He was tearing off his clothes, crying out, "I'm a glorified spirit! I'm a glorified spirit! Take away these filthy rags! What should a glorified spirit do with these filthy rags?" On this E—— said coaxingly, "Why, my dear, you wouldn't go to heaven stark naked!" on which the attendants who were holding him were mightily set off.

November 5.—A pleasant visit to Carclew. E. Lemon told us much of the Wolffs: he is now Doctor, and has a parish near Huddersfield. She was Lady Georgina's bridesmaid, and the wedding was an odd affair indeed. It was to her that Lady Georgina made the remark, after first seeing her future husband, "We had a very pleasant party at Lady Olivia Sparrow's, where I met the most interesting, agreeable, enthusiastic, ugly man I ever saw!" She is a clever, intellectual woman, but as enthusiastic, wandering, and desultory in her habits

as himself. E. Lemon has been not long since at Venice. She told us that poor Malibran when she was there did not like the sombre regulation causing the gondolas to be painted black, and had hers coloured green; this, she was informed officially, would never do. "Then I won't sing!" was the prompt and efficacious reply, and the syren lulled to slumber the sumptuary law of Venice.

December 8.—Barclay brought home a capital answer which a Cornish miner made to Captain Head (when travelling with him), who, looking at the Alleghany Mountains, asked him, "Can anything be compared to this?" "Yes; them things at home that wear caps and aprons!" said the faithful husband.

December 13.—Papa and I were busy writing when, to our surprise, in walked Dr. Bowring. He is come to stand for this place, an enterprise in which Papa said what he could to discourage him. He promises to incur no illegitimate expenses, and therefore has not the least chance of success. He has just returned from a diplomatic visit to Berlin.

December 14.—Dr. Bowring dined with us after

addressing the Penryn constituency and being rather disgusted by their appearance. The only thing in his speech that at all touched them was his declaration that he was half a Cornishman, his mother being the daughter of the clergyman and schoolmaster of St. Ives, Mr. Lane, whose memory, he understood, is still held in the odour of sanctity. Three years ago he had a very pleasant interview with the present Pope. He and Mr. Herries, a Tory M.P., went together and found him alone in a small room, dressed in pure white from head to foot, without any ornament but the gold cross on his shoe which the clergy kiss. The etiquette is for cardinals to kiss the St. Peter's ring on his finger, bishops to kiss the knee, and the lower clergy the cross on the shoe. Dr. Bowring on this occasion had a cardinal's privilege. The Pope gave an immediate and amusing proof of his fallibility by addressing Mr. Herries as a champion of liberty of conscience, and protector of the rights of the Catholics, mistaking him for Dr. Bowring, whom he mistook for an Irish M.P. Dr. Bowring told him he was not a Roman Catholic but a heretic, a Scotch Presbyterian—which he then was. The Pope was very agreeable, and when Dr. Bowring spoke to

him of Free Trade he said, "It's all very good, but I think my Monopoly is a better thing."

Dr. Bowring had also formerly had an audience of Napoleon's Pope, a very pleasant man; they talked on poetry, each repeating passages from Dante, who, his Holiness informed the Doctor, had lived in the very same cell which he once inhabited in a Carthusian monastery. The Pope's secretary, who ushered him into his presence, was a lineal descendant of the Consul Publius, whose landed property had descended to him.

He knows the Buxtons and Gurneys, and received an interesting letter from Sarah Buxton acknowledging a nosegay of flowers gathered at Bethlehem and Nazareth. When in the Holy Land he felt himself completely thrown back into Gospel history and Gospel times, so stationary are the customs of the people. Often were passages of Scripture recalled to his mind by events passing around him, as when on the shore of the Lake of Tiberias one of those sudden storms arose so beautifully described in the Bible. He was once at Sychar in Samaria, just at the foot of Mount Gerizim, and had been recommended to the High Priest, with injunctions to show him everything in

his church. Amongst other treasures he showed him the oldest MS. extant, namely, the Samaritan version of the Bible, 3500 years of age. In this the High Priest pointed out to him a text, "On Mount Gerizim is the place where men ought to worship," which he said the Jews had purposely omitted in their version; he inveighed against them in the very same spirit described 1800 years ago. In accordance with this text all the Samaritans assemble annually on Mount Gerizim and perform their worship there. Damascus is an extremely interesting city, everything kept as of yore—the street called Straight, the house of Ananias, the prison in the wall, through whose window Paul escaped in a basket; every cherished event has here "a local habitation and a name" handed down by tradition. He was very anxious to see Lady Hester Stanhope, and wrote to her physician for leave to do so. Her reply was, "No, I won't receive any of those rascally English." She had a notion that the Scotch and Albanians were the only honest people to be found anywhere. She greatly blamed Joseph Wolff for apostatising from so old and respectable a religion as Judaism, and in a celebrated letter to him she says, "Can you for

an instant think anything of Christianity if it requires the aid of such a vagabond adventurer as yourself to make it known?" Many of the Druses are now becoming Christians, and as their doing so disqualifies them from certain civil offices, Dr. Bowring wrote to Mahomet Ali, begging him not to let them suffer for attending to the dictates of conscience, and received this message in reply, from the Prime Minister: "His Highness's principles of toleration may ever be depended on." In the Egyptian burial grounds repose millions of mummies, which any one may have for the trouble of digging. One which his boy opened slowly emitted, to their infinite horror, a live black snake. In Phœnicia the people eat cream just like the Cornish folk, which raised the question whether it was imported from Cornwall with the tin.

December 16.—A government messenger has persuaded Dr. Bowring to resign his parliamentary views in favour of another who has a long purse and is willing to use it. He was low and vexed about the business, having had the trouble and expense of coming here to no purpose; however, he does not wish to split the Falmouth Reformers,

and accordingly published his farewell address and retired.

December 28.—News arrived to-day in an indirect manner of the death of poor, dear, long-loved Davies Gilbert; no particulars, but that it came suddenly at last.

CHAPTER VI.

1840.

"He was indeed the glass
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves."
—SHAKESPEARE.

Falmouth, January 1.—Entered on another year. Happy experience emboldens us to look forward with joyful anticipations to the voyage of life; we have been hitherto in calm water indeed, and for this how thankful should we be, but we must expect some gales before we drop our anchor. May we be prepared to meet them!

Alexander Christey left us after dinner for Nice *viâ* London. He told us about Robert Owen (the Socialist), an old friend of his father's. He is making numberless converts amongst the manufacturing districts. He and his family dwell in New Harmony in the United States. William Fenwick spoke of his grandfather having fished out Sir John Barrow from behind a linen-draper's counter, discovered his latent talents, had him

taught mathematics, and finally introduced him to the world, in which he has made such good way.[1]

January 5.—After dinner Nadir Shah was announced, and in waddled this interesting *soi-disant* son of the late Sultan. He does not look nearly so distinguished as in native costume. He talks English beautifully, having been here three times, and described the manner in which he learned it in five months: took an English professor, made himself master of the alphabet, but resolutely

[1] Since the publication of the first edition of this book, the Editor has received the following correction of this statement from Mrs. Charles Fox of Trebah :—"This is a mistake. The person who discovered Sir John Barrow's enormous abilities was my great-grandfather, John Fell, an M.D. of some importance in Ulverstone, and who rescued him from an unwilling apprenticeship to an obscure shopkeeper in that place ; his father being a prejudiced, narrow-minded, albeit respectable, thrifty country tradesman. Dr. Fell laid the foundations of Sir John's education, and continued to help him, until he gained the notice of some influential local men, who were so much impressed by his talents, that they launched him into the world, Sir George Beaumont taking him to the East with his two young sons as their tutor. His good mother lived to an honoured old age, never quitting her humble thatched cottage half a mile from Ulverstone, whither as children we were often summoned to read to her her son's letters as they arrived from distant lands, and to see the wonderful gifts sent by him from Eastern courts."

resisted the idea of spelling, told his master, "I'll pay you ten times as much if you will teach me in my own way. I understand that Milton and Shakespeare are the finest writers in English, so you must now teach me in them." The plan succeeded, to the astonishment of the professor. He is acquainted with Edhem Bey, but speaks of his plan for artificial inundations of the Nile as not feasible, in consequence of its having so many mouths, each of which would require a separate embankment. The idea has been before started. Spoke of Mahomet Ali as a capital general, and a character of great penetration,—able, though not an original genius himself, to see and appreciate the talents, opinions, and advice of others, as useful a quality as originality. He shrugged his shoulders when Russia was talked of, and said he should act in the same manner as Nicholas if he had the power: he should try and extend his possessions. Spoke of the wonderful libraries they have in Turkey, old Arabic and Persian manuscripts; the Austrian Government has employed people to copy those in the various public collections for its own use, not for publication.

January 10.—Received my last frank to-day from

Sir Charles Lemon. What a happiness for the M.P.'s, that daily nuisance being superseded.

January 23.—Went to Perran[1] to breakfast, and found we had been preceded about five minutes by Derwent Coleridge and his friend John Moultrie. The first half-hour was spent in petting the cats; but I should begin by describing the Leo Novo. Moultrie is not a prepossessing-looking personage,—a large, broad-shouldered, athletic man, if he had but energy enough to develop his power—a sort of Athelstane of Coningsburgh—but his countenance grows on you amazingly; you discover in the upper part a delicacy and refinement of feeling before unrecognised, and in the whole a magnanimity which would inspire confidence. But certainly his face is no directing-post for wayfaring men and women: "Take notice, a Poet lives here!" He talks as if it were too much trouble to arrange his words, but out they tumble, and you gladly pick them up and pocket them for better or for worse; though, truth to tell, his conversation would not suggest the author of the "Three Sons." Derwent

[1] Then the residence of Charles Fox and his wife, who afterwards moved to Trebah, which at this period was only used as a summer residence.

Coleridge was bright and genial—his mobile, refined, even fastidious countenance, so truly heralding the mind and heart within. Breakfast was fully appreciated by our hungry poets: something was said about the number of seals lately seen sporting off Portreath, and the idea was mooted that the mermaids were nothing but seals, and their yellow locks the long whiskers of the fish. "Oh, don't say so," pleaded Moultrie. Then came some anecdotes of the mild old (Quaker) banker Lloyd, father to the poet, and himself a translator. Derwent Coleridge asked him why he had never translated the Iliad. "Why," answered the old Friend of seventy-four, "I have sometimes thought of the work, but I feared the martial spirit." Once a shopkeeper had sent his father some bad article, and he was commissioned to go and lecture him therefor; on his return home he was asked, "Hast thou been to the shop to reprove the dealer?" "Yes, father, I went to the shop, but a maiden served, and she was so young and pretty, that I could not rebuke her." One other, and a graver remembrance of the good old man: Derwent Coleridge when seventeen had some serious conversation with him, from which he suddenly broke off, saying,

"But thou wilt not understand what I mean by the *Unction*." Whenever he now hears the word this remark recurs to his mind, and with it the peculiarly deep and solemn feeling it inspired, and the recognition of that spiritual meaning which Friends attach to the word Unction, that which is indeed spirit and life. He read to Moultrie his brother Hartley's address to the Mont Blanc butterfly, and got as well as he could through certain difficult lines. He excessively admires the terseness of some of them, particularly—

> "Alas! he never loved this place,
> It bears no image of his grace;"

and the concluding line—

> "Where there's nothing to do, and nothing to love!"

this vacuity both of action and passion. He recognised the poem instantly as Hartley's when it appeared in the "Penny Magazine," and greatly prides himself on having seen Lamb's touch in four simple little lines, before he had ever heard of his writing poetry. Talked delightfully about "Elia," sees most genius in "New Year's Eve," and repeated some as it should be repeated. J. Moultrie wrote a sonnet for me, illustrating the

difference between the sister arts of Poetry and Painting, and read it; his voice and reading a painful contrast to the almost too dulcet strains of his beloved friend. But there is such honesty in his tones! He quarrelled with certain gilt scissors of Anna Maria's because they were a deceit in wishing to appear gold, and an unreasonable deceit, because gold is not the metal best adapted for cutting, and doubly unsuitable for Anna Maria, considering her religious principles, which bound her over to abhor alike gilding and deceit. He very properly lectured us for saying "thee,"[1] promised to *tutoyer* us as long as we liked, but not to answer to *thee*. Coleridge had mentioned to him as one of the attractions of the place that *thou* was spoken here. The mutual affection of these two men is very lovely. Never does Moultrie know of Derwent Coleridge being in troubles or anxieties but down he posts to share them. They give a very poor account of Southey. On his bridal tour a species of paralysis of the brain came on, and when they arrived at Keswick, Mrs. Southey begged his daughter to retain her place as housekeeper that

[1] Friends in familiar converse are apt to use *thee* ungrammatically, as if a nominative.

she might devote herself to nursing her husband. The family are delighted with her. Whenever they want his attention they have to rouse him out of a sort of stupor.

January 31.—L. Dyke was in the church at Torquay last Christmas Day, when a modest and conscientious clergyman did duty in the presence of the Bishop. In reading the communion service he substituted "condemnation" in the exhortation, "He that eateth or drinketh of this bread and this cup unworthily," &c. "Damnation!" screamed the Bishop in a most effective manner, to the undisguised astonishment of the congregation.

February 8. — Barclay has been much pleased with a Mr. Sterling, a very literary man, now at Falmouth, who was an intimate friend of S. T. Coleridge during the latter part of his life.

One of the most delicious *non sequiturs* that I ever heard was told by Leigh Hunt, where a Cockney declares, "A mine of silver! A mine of silver! I have seen the boys and girls playing in the streets; but, good heavens, I never even heard of a mine of silver."

Mrs. Mill with her daughters, Clara and Harriet, have been for some weeks nursing Henry Mill, who

is dying of consumption in lodgings on the Terrace. Mamma and Barclay have both seen him, and speak of him as a most beautiful young creature, almost ethereal in the exquisite delicacy of his outline and colouring, and with a most musical voice.

February 10.—The Queen's wedding-day. Neck ribands arrived, with Victoria and Albert and loves and doves daintily woven in. Falmouth very gay with flags. Mr. Sterling called—a very agreeable man, with a most Lamb-liking for town life. He went with Papa to Penjerrick.

February 13.—To Perran Foundry under Aunt Charles's guidance; met there Derwent Coleridge, and Barclay brought John Sterling to see them cast fourteen tons of iron for the beam of a steam-engine. This was indeed a magnificent spectacle, and induced sundry allusions to Vulcan's forge and other classical subjects. The absolute agony of excitement displayed by R. Cloke, the foreman, was quite beautiful. John Sterling admired his energetic countenance amazingly, and thought it quite the type of the characteristic Cornish physiognomy, which he considers Celtic. This beam was the largest they had ever cast, and its fame had attracted almost the whole population of Perran, who looked

highly picturesque by the light of the liquid iron. My regretting that we had no chestnuts to employ so much heat which was now running to waste induced a very interesting discourse from Sterling, first, on the difference between utilitarianism and utility, then on the sympathy of great minds with each other, however different may be the tracks they select. It is folly to say that a man of genius, or one in whom moral philosophy has lighted her torch, cannot, if he would, understand any object of human science. As an extreme demonstration, you might as well assert that a poet could not learn the multiplication table. Plato and Pythagoras held all philosophy to be included in the properties of numbers; on the other hand, Watt was a great novel-reader, and many others had similarly involved gifts. D. Coleridge joined us, and we continued a most delectable chat, to which poetry was added by the last-comer. The triumph of machinery is when man wonders at his own works; thus, says Coleridge—all science begins in wonder and ends in wonder, but the first is the wonder of ignorance, the last that of adoration. Plato calls God the great Geometrician. Sterling exceedingly admires our Hostess's face, fancying himself in company

with a Grecian statue, and in reference to the mind evolved in her countenance, quoted those beautiful lines from the opening of "Comus"—

> "Bright aerial spirits live insphered
> Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot,
> Which men call Earth!"

Surveyed the Foundry, almost everything eliciting something worth hearing from one of our genii. After luncheon we went to Barclay's cottage, looked over engravings, and listened to Sterling's masterly criticisms which kept almost every one silent. Sitting over the fire, a glorious discussion arose between Coleridge and Sterling, on the effect of the Roman Catholic religion; Sterling holding that under its dynasty men became infidels from detecting the errors and sophistry and not caring to look beyond, whilst women became superstitious because, in conformity with their nature, they must prostrate themselves before some higher power. Coleridge contended that women were naturally more religious and able to extract something good from everything. We had to drive off and leave this point unsettled. Spent a most happy morning.

February 16.—Saw Dr. Calvert[1] for the first time. John Sterling brought him in; a nervous suffering invalid, with an interesting and most mobile expression of countenance. They joined Mamma and Anna Maria in a pony ride, and left them perfectly enchanted with their new acquaintances. He is staying at Falmouth on account of ill-health. We afterwards had a delightful walk to Budock. Dr. Calvert described being brought up as a Friend, and he perfectly remembers riding on a little Shetland pony to be christened. He is very anxious to go to Meeting on the first favourable opportunity, to put himself in a position to prove the correctness of some of those tenets of Friends which he has been interested in studying. Spoke of his severe illness at Rome last winter, brought on by the excitement of his locality. John Sterling had to leave him on account of his baby's death, and he was brought to the brink of the grave. After three months' residence in Rome, he was carried out by his servant in a blanket, but he added, "I am very glad that I was brought to that state of lonely wretchedness, as it gives

[1] Carlyle gives much interesting detail of Dr. Calvert and his friendship with John Sterling in his biography of the latter.

me confidence that that Providence which then protected and consoled me, will not forsake me at any other crisis." He is still in very weak health and apparently quite resigned to this trial.

February 17.—Took a short walk with Clara Mill. Her eldest brother, John Stuart Mill, we understand from Sterling, is a man of extraordinary power and genius, the founder of a new school in metaphysics, and a most charming companion.

February 18.—Little visit from John Sterling, to the fag-end of which I became a witness. The talk was of Irving, who came up to town with a magnificent idea of being like one of the angels in the Apocalypse or prophets of old; had he followed out this idea with simplicity, he might have succeeded, for it was a grand one. Chalmers is a man of very inferior genius, but by working out his more modest ideas and directing his attention to the good of others rather than to his own fame, he has been much more useful. Fine ladies would go and hear Irving just as they would, to see Kean or anything good of its class, and his eloquence was singularly impassioned, though, through all, his love of admiration was distinguishable. Sterling holds that a man's besetting

sin is the means employed for his punishment; thus vanity acted in the case of Irving. Henry Melvill is considered the most eloquent clergyman of the present day, but of him, Stephen, son of the abolitionist and one of the hardest-headed men extant, says, it only reminds him of burning blue lights.

Wilberforce was likewise talked over, and the Clarkson controversy. The Wilberforce party quite own themselves defeated. When Clarkson's book on Slavery came out some thirty years since, Coleridge, though quite unknown to the *Edinburgh Review*, wrote to Jeffrey, described Clarkson as a sincerely good man, writing with a worthy object, and therefore begged that his work, though abounding with literary defects, might not be made ridiculous after the fashion of the *Edinburgh Review*. Jeffrey answered, entirely agreeing with him, and requesting him to undertake the work. This he did, and a most beautiful piece of writing it is, so different from the *jejune* spirit in which the *Edinburgh Review* articles are generally composed, as is most refreshing, and brings you quite into a new world. Sydney Smith's works then came on the tapis; Sterling considers them mere jest-books,

and though quite for extending the license of the clergy, would not favour a clergyman's doing what a man should not do, referring to the mince-meat he made of Methodists and Evangelicals. All this and more; but here I shall stop.

February 19.—Violent snowstorm through the day. In spite of it we walked with John Sterling and Clara Mill round Pennance; talked first of the education of the mind and how to train it to reflection. For this he would recommend the study of Bacon's Essays, Addison's papers, and Milton's tract on Education, and Pensées de Pascal. From these you may collect an idea of the true end of life; that of Bacon was to heap together facts, whilst Pascal's was to make conscience paramount. He considers Bacon's the best book in the English language. He would not recommend Milton's polemic works generally, as many of his controversies are on subjects which have drifted away on the sea of time. Talked over German literature, to which he is very partial. Of Stilling he told that, coming into a table-d'hôte room, all the young men began to ridicule his gaunt appearance, but a dignified-looking person checked them, desiring them not to ill-treat a stranger till

they had ascertained that he deserved it. This proved to be Goethe. He was on many occasions very kind to Stilling, to whom the above was his first introduction, and Stilling was heard to wonder that such a pagan as Goethe should exercise the kindly duties of nature towards him, when his own mystical brethren were content to leave him to his fate. Goethe affected to detest metaphysics in its higher branches; how truly, his works will best prove.

Sterling recommended Lessing's Fables for beginning German, or Schiller's "Thirty Years' War." He is himself, he says, condemned to idleness both of mind and body, without any promise of being in the end restored to intellectual vigour, which he feels a dreary sentence. All his clerical duty was performed near Eastbourne, as curate to Julius Hare; this continued but seven months, when his health drove him from the active duties of life. Hare possesses a wonderfully comprehensive mind, but never does himself justice—leads a recluse life, is little known, and has a very unfortunate address. He is one of our best German scholars, and has a glorious German library; to him Sterling's poems are dedicated.

Spoke of the mistake many make in objecting to the explosion of a favourite fallacy, or displaying the inaccuracy of a beautiful allusion (or illusion) on the score of its destroying beauty, whereas, if they would rather search for truth than beauty, they would always find the latter comprehended in the absolute former. He occasionally writes in *Blackwood,* though disagreeing in politics.

We geologised at the Elvan course and scrambled at Pennance; gave Clara Mill a thorough insight into the practicabilities of Cornish miners, and returned well pleased with our expedition. Discovered many mutual friends.

February 21.—Went this evening to a lecture written by Sambell, the deaf and dumb architect, and read by young Ellis. It was a good lecture, and beautifully illustrated, principally by subjects of Egyptian architecture—the Pyramids, as he conceived them to have at first existed, with an obelisk at the top, the temple of Isis, Palmyra's ruins, Luxor, Elephanta and Ellora, &c. He conceives Solomon's Song of Loves to the chief musician on Higgcoth, should be translated lilies, which includes a delicate compliment to his Egyptian bride, who came from the land of lilies,

and referred to the custom of all the singing-women wearing a lily in their hair. The Egyptians have a legend that their kingdom and monuments were to last 3000 years, and accordingly built for that period, unlike the Babylonians, who cared only for the present. The ruins of Palmyra indicate, by the beautiful surmountings of their columns, that it never was roofed in, but was an open temple. Next autumn he means to give a second essay on architecture.

February 22.—Took Clara Mill a nice blowing walk; joined by John Sterling, who declared himself a hero of romance, having just been robbed of his hat by Æolus, who forthwith drowned it in Swanpool; he tried to bribe a little boy to go in after it, but he excused himself upon the ground of not having been brought up to the water! Our talk was of Sir Boyle Roche, the bully of the Irish Parliament, who said the most queer things, and made the most egregious bulls, with, as some imagine, a deeper meaning than he would confess to. One on record was, wishing to say something civil to a friend, he expressed it thus, "I hope whenever you come within ten miles of my house, you'll stay there." When Curran (whose private character

was none of the best) had a dispute on some occasion with another Irish M.P., and it was waxing somewhat warm, honourable members interfered to prevent anything unpleasant, on which Curran rose and declared that he was the guardian of his own honour. Up jumped Roche with, "Mr. Speaker!" "Order, order." "But, Mr. Speaker." "Order; Mr. Curran is speaking." "But, Mr. Speaker, I only wanted to congratulate Mr. Curran on his sinecure!" Then many details of the Irish Parliament, of which Sterling's grandfather and great-grandfather were clerks. Those were the days of claret and conversation, and he spoke of one of the Speakers who always kept a strawberry at the bottom of his glass, and declared in the intervals between his first and seventh bottle that his physician ordered him to do so to keep the system cool! Grattan followed: his son makes the dullest speeches in the House. O'Connell's pathos on all occasions is the same; it is his perseverance and impudence, and the justice of his cause, that makes him the celebrated man he is. Macaulay's speeches are too much of essays for the House. He is the demigod of rhetoric, but often forgets his own argument and uses reasoning diametrically opposed to it. He is

too much devoted to quickly effective strokes and practical aims to be a philosopher, not caring to get at the principles of things if he can but produce an effect. His critique on Bacon, which so electrified the world a short time since, is very incorrect in its representation of his philosophy; it appears to him to have been only a collecting of facts with the object of making them practically useful, utterly eschewing all diving into the real essences and immutable principles of things, thus robbing him of the character of a philosopher: it was altogether, says Sterling, a brilliant falsehood. Macaulay's memory is prodigious. A great deal more transpired, but this is enough for the present.

February 23.—Directly after breakfast, Sterling and Dr. Calvert called to challenge us to a walk. Collected Clara, and Catherine Lyne, and Bobby (the pony), and sallied forth to Budock Rocks, and a great deal of interesting conversation made our time pass like "Grecian life-fulness," with very little intervals for the experience of "Indian life-weariness." Sterling says that Campbell is a man who more than any other has disappointed him in society —sitting in a corner and saying nothing. Coleridge is best described in his own words—

"His flashing eye! his floating hair!
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey dew hath fed,
And drank the milk of paradise."

John Sterling wrote the following impromptu to me by way of autograph—

"What need to write upon your book a name
Which is not written in the book of Fame?
Believe me, she to reason calmly true,
Though far less kind, is far more just than you."
—JOHN STERLING.

He dined with us. Thorough good conversation on the Catholics; German literature; intellectual and mundane rank compared; the Duke of Wellington; who, when in the Mysore, was considered unequal to the charge of a regiment, but in some mighty action thereaway showed his wondrous power in animating masses. Sterling is taking up geology as a counter-current for his mind to flow in, a subject so far removed from humanity that he considers it one of the least interesting of human sciences. The nearer you approach humanity, the more the subject increases in interest. Papa and he settled down to the artificial veins, which he is very anxious to

understand; then he joined us in a capital game of Question and Noun. One of his questions was, "How can you distinguish between nature and art in the complexion of a negro chimney-sweeper?" He brought me some charming autographs of Hare, Carlyle, Milnes, and others.

February 24.—Sterling, Calvert, Anna Maria, and I took Clara out. She spoke of Sterling having been invaluable to them, and can quite fancy him reading prayers with old women, from what they have lately known of his most feeling nature. Sterling on Napoleon remarked, "Il a la tête grande mais l'ame étroite," which some would apply to Byron, but he thinks unjustly, as he possessed a fine mind and very deep emotions, but altogether diseased, such ostentatious vanity running throughout; he never forgot his rank, and had that peculiar littleness of extreme sensibility to the least and lowest ridicule from even the obscurest quarter. Wordsworth he considers the first of the modern English poets; Shelley the complete master of impassioned feeling, and such an instinctive knowledge of music—Harmony ever waited his beck and loved to cherish and crown her idolatrous son. Talked about Friends: we are the first he ever encountered;

he had formed a very incorrect notion of them, conceiving that they never smiled—a slight mistake. Thinks that the ladies of the Society must very often marry out of the bounds; thinks it a grievous thing for husband and wife to be of different religious sentiments, not however to be compared to the horrors of a union between Catholic and Protestant, the former imagining the latter to be lost irremediably. The Church of England expressly acknowledges her fallibility, which reconciles her members to take refuge under her wing with just a general assent to her doctrines. The Church of Rome was peculiarly adapted for the Middle Ages, when the people had not got to a state beyond being guided by others; and the priesthood, he conceives, was the best guide. He particularly recommends Keightly's "History of Rome," which gives many new views on old subjects, such as, that the plebeians were not the mob of Rome, but a distinct class, for the time degraded, but ever desirous and striving to break their fetters. As we neared home Bobby got his bit out of his mouth, and it was delicious to see the ignorance of common things manifested by our Transcendentalists. "You'd better let him go, he'll find his way home," said

Sterling, with a laudable knowledge of natural history and a confused recollection of the instinct of brutes. We, thinking it would go probably to Kergillack, thought it best to lead him; so Sterling took his forelock and I his tail and marched the little kicking beast homeward. "Calvert, just put the bit in his mouth, can't you; it's very easy." "Oh yes, perfectly easy," said Calvert; "do *you* do it, Sterling."

February 25.—Sterling sat by the fireside and read some of Coleridge in his own manner, very rhythmical but somewhat monotonous. Dr. Calvert and Barclay wandered in, and at last we all wandered out, on a day made for basking, and we so employed it on the rocks. The raised beach and the arch much admired; a pastile to be burned before Anna Maria to propitiate her into a sketch. Ontology talked of: "I suppose there are only about five hundred persons in the country who have the faintest idea of this science," said Sterling. Mathematics a step towards metaphysics; if the first cannot be mastered, you have not the least chance of reaching the second. Talked about music as a language addressed directly to the feelings, which they can understand without calling

up any corresponding image. When they took Dr. Dalton into King's College, Cambridge, and had the great organ played, he exclaimed, after a few moments of profound thought, "What a remarkable echo is thrown from the floor!" Sterling has no sympathy with his method of reducing emotions to formulæ. Dr. Calvert had wretched toothache and talked little; spoke of his pleasure in seeing the true levelling principle, sea-sickness, triumphant over all Sterling's philosophy, and reducing him to a situation below humanity!

February 26.—John Sterling and Dr. Calvert strolled in at breakfast; on a something being offered to the latter he said, "No, I'll do anything with my friends but eat with them. I'll quarrel as much as they like, but never eat with them." Something or other induced him to say, "I conceive mankind to be divided into men, women, and doctors—the latter a sort of hybrid." A spirited argument on capital punishments, ended in John Sterling's hope that if ever he committed murder he should be hanged, and Dr. Calvert's that he should be mad before, rather than after the solitary confinement.

A delightful Pennance and Penrose walk with the

two gentlemen, everything looking glorious in the sunshine of reality and imagination. Dr. Calvert talked about the fine arts; he cannot remember the names of the painters, but only the principles evolved in their works. Those before the time of Raphael interest him the most, for though very defective in drawing they yet evidently laboured to enforce a genuine Idea. Since Raphael's time the execution is often exquisite, but the Idea seems to him to have vanished. He talked on politics, and sympathises most with the philosophical Radicals, who think it right to throw their weight into the scale of the weak—with those who advocate progression, yet he would be very sorry to see their measures now carried into practice. They would put power into the hands of those who would doubtless at first abuse it, but experience would gradually bring things right, and keep real Conservatism in existence. Of the Princess Galitzin, who gave over her moral government into the hands of her confessor, Overburg, she represents a large class in England who put their consciences into the keeping of others—a favourite clergyman, for instance—and let reason and conscience bow before authority. This must interfere with living faith,

for having a sort of intermediate agent between man and his God destroys the sense of real immediate dependence on Him. Then God casts down your idols, and wills that you should exert for yourself that Reason which He has given to be an active, not a merely passive principle, in man. You must analyse your Faith before you can combine its truths, and so make every point the subject of your own convictions, and further the progressive state which it is the Divine will that man should experience. This may probably involve you in intense suffering; but go on in Faith and Faithfulness. Dr. Calvert has a sister, of whom he is very fond, who devotes herself to charitable objects. Sometimes, when he has been going on philosophising at a great rate, she stops him with, "Well, if I understand you right, what you mean is just this," and then she'll mention an English truth, perhaps a very trite one, and he is obliged to acknowledge, "Yes, it is just that."

February 27.—A walk and ride to Penjerrick, which looked eminently lovely basking in the sunshine. Sterling was, as usual, our life, so I'll try to remember some of the heads of his talk. Well, at Tregedna we all sat down and listened like sen-

sible people. His talk was of the Jesuits, who are governed by a Superior always obliged to reside in Rome. The present incumbent is a Dutchman. The order has risen to the height of veneration in Rome from their devoted conduct during the cholera, nursing the sick indefatigably as an act of faith and effect of their principles. All the scholars at their schools have daily registers kept of every particular in their character and conduct, which is annually sent to the Superior; thus those who would join the brotherhood are often astounded at the knowledge he shows of their private history; and this knowledge is a powerful agent in his hands. No deep or original thinkers have ever sprung from this Order, freedom of thought is so at variance with their principles and discouraged by their Superiors; their clever men are generally great bibliologists, and addicted to the physical sciences. When Coleridge was in Rome in 1815, a friend of his, a Cardinal and one of the Piccolomini family (of Wallenstein notoriety), came to him one night, and said, "Get up and dress yourself, and jump into the carriage that's waiting." In vain did the soporific Transcendentalist demand the reason; he was to dress first and know after. It then seemed

that Buonaparte had written an order to the Pope to take up all the thirty or forty English then in Rome and put them in prison until further orders. Coleridge was to be sent direct to Paris, because he had written in the *Morning Post* some articles very offensive to Napoleon's dignity. Only a day and a half were allowed for the execution of the order, so the Pope told the Cardinal, "If you can get your friend Coleridge out of the place to-night, you may; but, guarded all round by French as I am, I cannot longer protect him." Accordingly Coleridge was despatched as an attaché to Cardinal Fesch, and was mightily amused at the great respect shown him throughout the journey. On reaching Genoa, he so delighted an American by his conversation, who had never heard anything like it since he left Niagara, that at all risks, and with many subtleties, he got him on board, and brought him safe to England. This S. T. Coleridge never mentioned in his "Biographia Literaria." Sterling and I walked home together. Talked much about Friends; analysed and admired many of their principles; discussed learned ladies. Talked over Bentham's and Coleridge's philosophy, and Mill's admirable review. When a certain conceited peer, who pro-

fessed the right of appearing before Royalty with his hat on, actually took advantage of it and appeared hatted at a Drawing-room, George III. said, "It is true, my lord, that you may wear your hat in the presence of the King, but it is not usual to wear it in the presence of ladies," at which he appeared much confounded.

February 28.—Found Sterling at Perran, where he had spent the last day or two. On hearing the bad account of Henry Mill a struggle between duty and inclination took place, and the former triumphed. Though he felt that he could not be of the least real use, he thought his presence might possibly be some comfort; and we accompanied him some part of the way. We brought him his letters. So he went away, and we had the satisfaction of finding our Uncle and Aunt quite as enthusiastic about him as we could wish, observing that though we had had no outward sunshine, yet there had been abundance of sunshine within.

February 29.—Sterling came and walked with us to Pennance Cave on a day as brilliant as his own imagination. Some of our subjects were the doctrine of Providential interference and the efficacy of prayer as involved in this question. His view

of prayer is that you have no right to pray for any outward manifestations of Divine favour, but for more conformity of heart to God, and more desire after the imitation of Christ. He would not, however, dogmatise on this subject, but would that every one should act in this matter (as in every other) according to conscience. He views sincerity as the grand point; and a sincere, however erroneous, search after Truth will be reviewed with indulgence by the Father of spirits. Spinosa is an illustrious example, a truly good, conscientious, honest man, who recognised a Deity in everything around him, but omitted in his system the idea of a presiding and creating God. A long interesting and eloquent summary of the opinions of the Pusey party—the question first arising was, "Where shall we find an infallible rule of conduct?" The answer was, "In the life of Christ." Then, "Where is this most clearly developed?" "In the Gospel, and the writings of those immediately succeeding that period." This brought them to the Fathers, who, though abounding in error, are thus made the infallible exponents of the Christian religion. He is exceedingly delighted with Uncle Charles, and has been writing enthusi-

astically to his wife about him and Perran and all; he says he never spent happier days in his life. Gave many details of his experience of the Roman Carnival, whose origin was a rejoicing in the few last days when meat was allowed before the great dearth of Lent. He would always trust to the practical judgments of women, and thinks it the greatest mistake and perversion to educate them in the same manner as men; they have a duty equally clear and equally important to perform, but quite distinct. He has been reading Talfourd's Lamb (in consequence of my recommendation— Hem!), and has been perfectly delighted, and has come to the conclusion that his letters are better than Cowper's, and his essays than Addison's. Oh! there was such a vast deal more. I trust it remains in some measure in the spirit, though lost in the letter.

March 1. — Sterling and Clara called, and I joined them in a famous walk. Reviewed the poets, with occasional illustrations well painted. Shelley's emotions and sympathies not drawn forth by actual human beings, but by the creations of his own fancy, by his own ideal world, governed by his own unnatural and happily ideal system. This

species of egotism very different to Byron's, who recognised and imprinted George Gordon, Lord Byron, on every page. Shelley fragmentary in all his pieces, but has the finest passages in the language. Wordsworth works from reflection to impulse; having wound up to a certain point, he feels that an emotion is necessary and inserts one—the exact converse of the usual and right method. Coleridge had no gift for drawing out the talent of others, which Madame de Staël possessed in an eminent degree. She was by no means pleased with her intercourse with him, saying spitefully and feelingly, "M. Coleridge a un grand talent pour le monologue." She would just draw out from people the information she required, which her champagne and her wit never failed to do, and then let them return to their dusty garrets for the remainder of their existence, and live on the remembrance of an hour's beatitude. Sterling considers the female authors we have lately had very creditable to this country, though they have produced nothing that the world could not have done very well without. Mrs. Carlyle the most brilliant letter-writer he has met with.

March 2.—Found John Sterling waiting to

challenge us to a walk, so with this right pleasant addition we went to Crill, collected money and ideas, the former to the amount of one shilling and fourpence, the latter to an extent irreducible to formulæ, so I'll barely glimpse at anything therewith connected. Talked about eloquence, of which he thinks Jeremy Taylor the greatest master; he had enough genius to ennoble a dozen families of the same name. It is very odd that so few of our great men should have left any sons—Taylor, Shakespeare, Milton, &c. Talked over Coleridge—"The Friend," his best prose work; a terrible plagiarist in writing and conversation. Particularly addicted to Schlegel. Described Dr. Calvert's character beautifully as one of pure sympathy with all his fellows, who delights to trace the outlines of the Divine image in even the least of His creatures. Talked over the mental differences between the sexes, which he considers precisely analogous to their physical diversities, her dependence upon him—he the creative, she the receptive power.

March 3.—Invited Sterling for this evening, preparatory to a visit to Kynance; and he came, and we had a pretty evening of it. Now for my notes. Socratic irony, common irony, but em-

ployed by Socrates against the Sophists for the purpose of ridiculing pompous error and eliciting simple truth. On physiognomy. He conceives that the features express the type of character, the forehead its force, compass, and energy. Lord Herbert, brother to the poet, a refined Deist, but inconsistent; he wrote a book utterly denying signs and miracles, and then prayed that he might be assured whether or no it was right to publish it by some trifling sign, he thinks it was of a bit of paper blowing in or out of the window. The sculptor Canova an accurate depicter of a certain low species of nature, voluptuous, addressed to the comprehension of the animal part of our nature. Flaxman the head of English art. Chantrey's power in physiognomy wondrous in busts and likenesses, but no poetry or composition: he can't arrange a single figure decently. Stothard gave the design for the Lichfield Cathedral monument. Thorwaldsen one of the greatest geniuses and clearest intellects in Europe. When engaged over his Vulcan, one of his friends said to him, "Now, you must be satisfied with this production." "Alas!" said the artist, "I am." "Why should you regret it?" asked his friend. "Because I must be going down-hill when

I find my works equal to my aspirations." Talked enthusiastically about his friend Julius Hare. Invites us to meet him at Clifton this summer; spoke of a coach journey with Landor, who was travelling incognito, but made himself known by the strange paradoxical style of conversation in which he indulged; this wound Sterling gradually up to the point of certainty, and he said, "Why! this sounds amazingly like an Imaginary Conversation." He just started at this remark, but covered his retreat. He afterwards met him at one of Hare's breakfasts, and got into a hot dispute with him and a Frenchman concerning the Evangelicals, whom they were running down most unfairly; so he supported their cause, showing that there was much good in them. Talked of Lamb; one idea evolved in a letter would have stamped him a man of genius: he speculates on the feelings of a man in the lowest state of servile degradation, to whom the thought suddenly came that he might revenge himself and plunge those who he fancied had oppressed him, in ruin and death by setting fire to their habitation. Bacon's idea finely commented upon, that whilst the whole physical universe underwent a change, no stream of time could wash out one of Homer's poems. He

and Papa had a very spirited argument on the progress of civilisation since the Christian era. Papa contended that there were intervals when it retrograded; the other that there was a constant zig-zag progress. The Crusades, Sterling considers a convincing proof of the reality of their belief and faith in the Christian religion; and in carrying them on, they acted up to the lights they had. We, of the nineteenth century, should place ourselves in their circumstances before judging of the right or wrong of conduct, as standards alter so materially with time. Papa showed him the Polytechnic medal with Watt's head, when he wrote the following lines on a slip of paper and handed them to me:—

> "I looked upon a steam-engine, and thought,
> 'Tis strange, that when the engineer is dead,
> A copy of his brains, in iron wrought,
> Should thus survive the archetypal head."

March 5.—Dr. Calvert joined us; we did not at first recognise him, as he was mightily muffled up, which he accounted for by remarking, "Why, inside I'm Dr. Calvert, but outside certainly Mr. Sterling," being enveloped in a cloak of that gentleman's. He is tenderly watching over Henry

Mill from time to time, who is fast fading from the eyes of those who love him.

March 15.—Mamma had an interesting little interview with Henry Mill, and took him a bunch of *Bignonia sempervirens* which he exceedingly admired, and thanked her warmly for all the little kindnesses that had been shown him. He peculiarly enjoys looking into the flowers, and wanted to have them explained, so we sent him Lindley as a guide. Mamma led the conversation gradually into a rather more serious channel, and Henry Mill told Clara afterwards that her kind manner, her use of the words *thee* and *thou*, and her allusions to religious subjects quite overcame him, and he was on the point of bursting into tears. She gave him a hymn-book, and Clara marked one which she specially recommended—"As thy day, thy strength shall be." For the last few evenings they have read him a psalm or some other part of Scripture.

March 16.—His eldest brother John is now come, and Clara brought him to see us this morning. He is a very uncommon-looking person—such acuteness and sensibility marked in his exquisitely chiselled countenance, more resembling a portrait of Lavater than any other that I remember. His voice is re-

finement itself, and his mode of expressing himself tallies with voice and countenance. He squeezed Papa's and Mamma's hands without speaking, and afterwards warmly thanked them for kindnesses received. "Everything," he said, "had been done that the circumstances of the case admitted." Henry received him with considerable calmness, and has at intervals had deeply interesting and relieving conversation with him. On Dr. Bullmore's coming in he sent the others out of the room, and asked him how long he thought he should last. "Perhaps till the morning," he answered. When the morning was past, and he was still in the body, he remarked to the doctor, "I wish your prophecy had come true."

March 17.—Saw John Stuart Mill after a morning spent in his brother's room, when they again had very interesting conversation as his strength permitted, particularly in giving many directions about his younger brother and sister, which from his own experience he thinks may prove useful to them. Indeed, his brother says, "We have all we could desire of comfort in seeing him in this most tranquil, calm, composed, happy state." He begs me to keep them informed of any autographs I

wish to have, as he has great facilities for getting them. To-day he was to have met Guizot at the Grotes'.

March 20.—J. S. Mill says that Henry has passed another tranquil night; he delights in everything that speaks of life, watching the boys at play and the men with their telescopes, and sympathising with all. Cunningham is taking a likeness of him and trying to convey some sense of the beauty, refinement, and sentiment of the original. He was a good deal fatigued by the exertion of sitting. John Mill speaks thankfully of the tissue of circumstances which had located them here: amongst others, he said, was the pleasure of making John Sterling and us known to each other; for, said he, it is very delightful to introduce those who will appreciate each other. He talked enthusiastically of him; I remarked on his writing being much more obscure and involved than his conversation even on deep subjects. "Yes," he said, "in talking you address yourself to the particular state of mind of the person with whom you are conversing, but in writing you speak as it were to an ideal object." "And then," said I, "you can't ask a book questions;" which, I was proud to be informed, was

what Plato had said before me, and on that ground accounted books of little value, and always recommended discussions. "Certainly," he added, "it is of little use to read if you can form ideas of your own" (I suppose he meant on speculative subjects), "but there is an exquisite delight in meeting with a something in the ideas of others answering to anything in your own self-consciousness; then you make the idea your own and never lose it." He is a great botanist, so Anna Maria excited him about the luminous moss found in the cave at Argall; he informed us that the nature of all phosphoric lights is yet unknown, but it is generally believed to be an emission of light borrowed from the sun. We made a walking party to Pendennis Cavern, with which they were all delighted. Sterling is charmed with Elia's Quakers' Meeting. Talked about Crabbe's one-sided pictures of life, inferior to "Boz." A critique on the arts: he cannot bear the colouring of the Bolognese school; likes distinct, broad, decided colouring; mentioned a curious case of an amateur who was collecting pictures of animals, and bought one, which, upon examination, he found scrapable; he scraped and developed a Correggio, which is considered something first-rate, the subject

a Magdalene. Those of whom he purchased it for a mere trifle brought an action against him, declaring that they did not sell a Correggio but only the inferior painting. He thought we had better have the passage in the cavern excavated, "as you may very likely find the Regalia, for Charles II. was a very careless fellow."

J. S. Mill proposed leaving the lighted candles there as an offering to the gnomes. He was full of interesting talk. A ship in full sail he declared the only work of man that under all circumstances harmonises with nature, the reason being that it is adapted purely to natural requirements. Of the infinite ideas the ancients had of the world we do inhabit, and how they are limited and exactly defined by modern discoveries; however, it still remains for you to look above, and there is Infinity. The whole material universe small compared to the guileless heart of a little child, because it can contain it all, and much more. Described some of his time in Italy, and the annoyances experienced from the narrow policy of the Pope. The Roman Catholic religion and customs held in great and ever-increasing contempt amongst the people. When the Pope bestowed his benediction in the Piazza, only the

official people took off their hats, which was a strong symptom of public opinion. I asked what they had to fall back upon if they felt such contempt for the faith they professed. This he said he could only speculate on; possibly the spirit of Protestantism would be infused into their present faith, or, as most serious Roman Catholics feel and acknowledge the need for a reform, they might call a general council. Speaking of the women in France being those who kept up the appearance of religious zeal more than the men, he in part accounted for it by the sort of premium which the Bourbons would offer on regular attendance and support of established forms. This induced a shrinking from the service in the stronger minds from a dread of the imputation of hypocrisy; and though the effect is bad, the cause is creditable to human nature. Superstition and ceremony are the last things abandoned in a departing faith, because the most obvious and connected with the prejudices of the people. Then we got to Luther and the Reformers. Luther was a fine fellow, but what a moral is to be drawn from the perplexity and unhappiness of his latter days. He had taught people to *think* independently of their instructors, and had imagined that their opinions would all

conform to his; when, however, they took so wide and various a scope, he was wretched, considering himself accountable for all their aberrations; and though so triumphant in his reform, shuddered at the commotion he had made, instead of viewing it as the natural and necessary result of the emancipation of thought from the trammels of authority, which he himself had introduced. "No one," he said with deep feeling, "should attempt anything intended to benefit his age, without at first making a stern resolution to take up his cross and to bear it. If he does not begin by counting the cost, all his schemes must end in disappointment; either he will sink under it as Chatterton, or yield to the counter-current like Erasmus, or pass his life in disappointment and vexation as Luther did." This was evidently a process through which he (Mill) had passed, as is sufficiently attested by his careworn and anxious, though most beautiful and refined, countenance. He sketched the characters of some of the Reformers contemporary with Luther. Erasmus sincerely fancied that he promoted the Reformation by that bending smoothness of deportment and that popularity of manner which characterised him; this, indeed, recommended him to kings and emperors,

but his friends were deeply cut by his flexibility and his "laisser faire" principle. Melanchthon's vocation was not to be a leader in any great movement, but to be a faithful follower to the last—and this he truly was to Luther. Amongst other great contingent effects of the Reformation was the influence it had on the German language; Luther's Bible stamped it, and gave it a force, an energy, and a glory with which it has not parted. The Bible and Shakespeare have done more than any other books for the English language, introducing into the soul of it such grand ideas expressed with such sublime simplicity.

March 21.—At breakfast Sterling heartily thanked Papa for the discussion of the other night; he had continued thinking on the subject, and had at last discovered a law for it, of which he had long been in search. The highest power of civilisation of any age can only be determined by contemplating the best minds of that age. Descanted finely on the strength and energy of character which we had derived from our Teutonic ancestry. He somewhat depreciates the Italians, and had much rather be an American, where independence of thought and physical freedom prevail.

John Mill joined us at dinner, and Sterling came to tea. Looked at the Dresden lithographs: the introduction of a Cupid or Minerva or other myth into a Dutch painting much like the sudden appearance in a flat modern prosaic logical poem of some flight of fancy, some trope, or classical allusion. On Hope's architecture, Sterling holds that the different styles were the result of the natural constitution of the different peoples, rather than a gradual imitation and adaptation of natural objects. Talked of Wheatstone. He was very glad to hear that there were such minds going, and adding by their researches to the infinite facts of existence. Many paintings finely discussed, Sterling as usual glorying in his ideal theory which went out when beauty of colouring came in; he loves the old Germans and the Italians of Masaccio and Perugino's time, whose souls were so imbued with the idea they strove to realise on the canvas, that all beyond its simple and forcible expression was considered of little consequence. In Claude's pictures each distance has a single prominent object, which marks it and is truly effective. The evening was then devoted to a glorious discourse on Reason, Self-Government, and subjects collateral, of which I can

give but the barest idea. Sterling was the chief speaker, and John Mill would occasionally throw in an idea to clarify an involved theory or shed light on a profound abysmal one. The idea of a guiding principle has been held by the best minds in all ages, alike by Socrates and St. Augustine, though under different names. There has ever been a cloud of witnesses to this moral truth, and the sun shining brightly behind them even in the darkest age; and a superhuman light in every one that has been or that is, and in it there is a distinct vision, a glorious reality of safety and happiness. There is also a guide to the path you should take in the intellectual and active world. Carlyle says, "Try and you'll find it." Mill says, "Avoid all that you prove by experience or intuition to be wrong, and you are safe; especially avoid the servile imitation of any other, be true to yourselves, find out your individuality, and live and act in the circle around it. Follow with earnestness the path into which it impels you, taking Reason for your Safety Lamp and perpetually warring with Inclination; then you will attain to that Freedom which results only from obedience to Right and Reason, and that Happiness which proves to be such, on retrospection. Every

one has a part to perform whilst stationed here, and he must strive with enthusiasm to perform it. Every advance brings its own particular snares, either exciting to ambition or display, but in the darkest passages of human existence a Pole Star may be discovered, if earnestly sought after, which will guide the wanderer into the effulgence of Light and Truth. What there is in us that appears evil is, if thoroughly examined, either disproportioned or misdirected good, for our Maker has stamped His own image on everything that lives." Oh! how much there was this evening of Poetry, of Truth, of Beauty; but I have given no idea of it on paper, though it has left its own idea engraven on my memory.

March 22.—Took the pony to the Mills for Clara, who is troubled with asthma and a little cough; and joined by her brother, we went to Lake's to get a keepsake which Henry wanted for his little niece, something that would amuse her now but will be valuable afterwards. So we chose two volumes of the Naturalist's Library with coloured plates. He has sat again to-day to Cunningham with admirable result, though he feels it an exertion; he says, "I think you would like to have it now." He has

been dividing all his things amongst his family, a deeply-affecting employment to them all. They think him growing decidedly weaker, and take it by watches to sit up with him; he'll just make a little remark sometimes, and then sink away again into sleep or its semblance; so their nights pass. Clara has been collecting flowers, and they have been together pressing many of them: he says, "this belongs to us two, and she is going to make it the foundation of a herbarium and the study of botany." J. S. Mill gave a very interesting sketch of the political history of India, the advantages derived by its princes from our supremacy there; preventing intestine wars, dethroning and pensioning sovereigns and princes, and thus preventing their extinction by rival powers. There is very little if any nationality in India, which must ever impede civilisation; the provinces, states, and kingdoms are not clearly defined; the languor of the people hinders every species of improvement; but it is a curious fact that their effeminacy of constitution and habit is accompanied by a quickness and delicacy of perception generally known only amongst women. The difficulty of doing justice in India is great, in consequence of the involved terms of our alliances with

the princes, and the pledges we make to all parties which it seems all but impossible to redeem. The progress of Christianity in those parts is slow, from the natural want of energy in the character of the people, as well as from their first samples of Europeans being those connected with politics, instead of, as in other parts of the world, men who gave the whole energy of their characters to the work of promoting Christianity and civilisation, as the missionaries in the Pacific Islands. Sketched a curious character, the Begum Saumarooz, who, with the idea of taking Heaven by storm, has given large sums to the Protestants, Roman Catholics, and Mahometans. He gave many details of that horrid people the Thugs, "that black passage of history." It is a religious bond that unites them, all being votaries of the goddess of Destruction; none but her peculiar worshippers are allowed to make the sacrifices, and these are under certain limitations to the initiated; they may kill neither a sweep nor a woman. They are fatalists and believers in omens, some of which they have recently disregarded; and supposing therefrom that their time is come, they make no difficulty in delivering themselves up to the English. They are now almost eradicated.

The absence of a postal system and of the practice of writing made the work of these wretches much easier, and concealment of the number almost secure; so much for the indirect benefits of civilisation. Henry has been sketching a little to-day, and displayed his work to Cunningham. He said afterwards, "I wonder why I showed my sketch to him. I suppose it was to show the feeling of a fellow-artist." Good conversation with Papa on the state of things in China, but too complicated for me to chronicle. Sterling described Count D'Orsay coming to sketch Carlyle: a greater contrast could not possibly be imagined; the Scotch girl who opened the door was so astonished at the apparition of this magnificent creature that she ran away in a fright, and he had to insinuate himself the best way he could through the narrow passage. He is the most fascinating person that ever was, can make anything of anybody that he takes in hand; and the grand mistake of Sir Robert Peel, when the Lady-question was agitated, was not putting in his hands the business of negotiating it with the Queen!

March 23.—Took Clara a ride. Spoke much of her father and how he had entirely educated John and made him think prematurely, so that

he never had the enjoyment of life peculiar to boys. He feels this a great disadvantage. He told us that his hair came off "when you were quite a little girl and I was two-and-twenty." He has such a funny habit of nodding when he is interested in any subject.

March 24.—John Mill joined us at dinner. Last night for an hour and a half Henry Mill conversed at intervals, partly about his past life, in which he thought he might have done more and done better; now, however, he hopes that his death may be of some use to others: he feels perfect confidence in looking to the future. Talked of the misery of family separations, the uprooting of the tender plants and their transplantation to foreign soils: they have experienced it in their brother James's case, who is gone to India. Talked of Christian names: in Catholic countries they never put a surname in that position, but always attach a string of saints to their person. "Now, you see, I should have the protection of St. John the Evangelist, and the Baptist, and many others; but as they have so much to do, it is well to court the favour of some more obscure saints." Of Conversation Sharp he spoke with much interest: "It was a fine thing

for me to hear him and my father converse; some of these confabs are published in Sharp's 'Essays and Conversations'—a favourite good thing would often make its appearance." Asked him whether he was going to write a review of Coleridge as a poet (he has lately written a wonderfully lucid article on his philosophical character); he said, "No, those who would read Coleridge with pleasure seldom mistake his meaning or his character. Wordsworth prepared people's minds for the higher flights of Coleridge, and now that his fame is recognised by the second generation, the true umpires, it must be permanent."

March 25.—John Mill drew a parallel, by way of contrast, between his own character and Carlyle's; they are very intimate without much association. "Mill has singularly little sense of the concrete," says Sterling, "and, though possessing deep feeling, has little poetry. He is the most scientific thinker extant—more than Coleridge was, more continuous and severe. Coleridge's silken thread of reasoning was sometimes broken, but then it was for the sake of interpolating a fillet of pure gold."

March 26.—Dr. Calvert at breakfast in specially good spirits, and saying all sorts of funny things.

He brought the portrait that Cunningham has taken of him—a beautiful thing, but, says he, "not the Dr. Calvert that I shave every morning." He was at Oriel College when he took his degree, where they were said to drink nothing but tea; nevertheless, they kept up the gentlemanly appearance of good living by rolling about in the quads, as royally as the men of Christchurch. Oriel has always been a famous college for rows and diversities of opinion, because they had a very clever head who taught all the students to think for themselves; this naturally made them very troublesome. Talked over some absurd college regulations, and of some of the founders, "for whom," he remarked, "I am especially bound to pray." This induced a spirited discussion on the practice of prayer for the dead, carried on more for fun and practice than for conviction.

March 27.—Barclay desperately busy winding up affairs and acquaintance. He did, however, manage to meet us at Penjerrick, where Sterling, John Mill, Clara Mill, Anna Maria, and I prepared an elegant luncheon *al fresco*. Walked back not unpleasantly. My own experience only shall I thus perpetuate: First, with Sterling on Germany and the Germans;

he is very anxious for all in whom he is interested to study German, for he thinks it contains the principles of knowledge more than any other language. He has, after much thinking, reduced this subject to a law: to handle the abstract ideas as real beings, and earnestly to believe in and reason from them, is the way to arrive at clear, definite conclusions, after the manner of the Germans. They have made a great start in the last fifty years. The love of thinking he partly derives from their geographical situation, so inland and so uncommercial that they are little called out from their quiet contemplations. He was much tickled last evening, when eating the body of Dr. Calvert's Heron, to see the bird stuffed and looking like life, standing solemnly by viewing the proceeding. J. S. Mill says his acquaintance with Sterling began with a hard fight at the Debating Society at Cambridge, when he appeared as a Benthamite and Sterling as a Mystic; since then they have more and more approximated. They all went to Glendurgan; they were excessively delighted with the drive, and in one part, where there were a few trees, Sterling said, "Why, really, this reminds one of England." He has heard from the Carlyles;

Mrs. Carlyle's letter was to this effect:—"Do come and see us! Here are many estimable families. —J. C." She plays all manner of tricks on her husband, telling wonderful stories of him in his presence, founded almost solely on her bright imagination; he, poor man, panting for an opportunity to stuff in a negation, but all to no purpose; having cut him up sufficiently, she would clear the course. They are a very happy pair. Carlyle and Edward Irving were schoolmasters at Annan, formed an intimacy there, and Carlyle loved Irving to the last, with all the ardour of an early affection; he deeply regretted the weakness which he exhibited, and considered that vanity was his friend's quicksand. He, like too many others, preferred shining immediately, when he himself could witness the blaze which would then go out in obscure darkness, to the gradual development of a clear, bright, steady light, fixed for ever in the firmament of Truth. This preference destroys all that is truly great, and has held back we know not how many from the noble ends for which their Maker designed them. When Irving was at one of Coleridge's soirées (where John Mill saw him) he looked as if trying to appear a disciple of the great sage, but it looked only like

hypocrisy. People are very apt to form an ideal of their own character, and then their constant aim is to act up to it and to look it. On the difference between conceit and vanity: the first makes people very happy, it being the result of an independence of the opinions of others or almost an opposition to them; vanity, on the other hand, always causes unhappiness and discontent, because it is dependent upon others, and the more it is ministered to, the more it will require. They talked on politics. I asked if they would really wish for a Radical Government. Sterling explained that under existing circumstances it was impossible such a thing could be. John Mill sighed out, "I have long done what I could to prepare them for it, but in vain; so I have given them up, and in fact they have given up me." He spoke of the extreme elation of spirits he always experienced in the country, and illustrated it, with an apology, by jumping.

On consumption, and the why it was so connected with what is beautiful and interesting in nature. The disease itself brings the mind as well as the constitution into a state of prematurity, and this reciprocally preys on the body. After an expressive

pause, John Mill quietly said, "I expect to die of consumption." I lectured him about taking a little more care of himself. "Why, it does not much signify in what form death comes to us." "But time is important to those who wish to help their fellow-creatures." "Certainly," he replied, "it is pleasant to do some little good in the world." When Barclay joined us the first question agitated was the influence of habits of business on literary pursuits. John Mill considers it the duty of life to endeavour to reconcile the two, the active and the speculative; and from his own experience and observation the former gives vigour and system and effectiveness to the latter. He finds that he can do much more in two hours after a busy day, than when he sits down to write with time at his own command. He has watched the development of many young minds, and observed that those who make the greatest intellectual advances are of the active class, even when they enjoy fewer advantages than their contemplative friends; and nothing promotes activity of mind more than habits of business. Barclay was lamenting his sense of incapacity to attain, in his intellectual being, to the mark which was evidently set forth in his own mind. "This,

with very few exceptions," rejoined John Mill, "was the case with all who ever reflected: men's strivings were divided by Carlyle into two classes—to be and to seem: the former aimed high, and though they cannot attain to it, yet this very striving gives energy to their characters; the latter go about, deceiving and being deceived, using terms in speaking of themselves, and believing that those terms represented realities—these are doomed to a stationary position. Self-deception and the deception of others act reciprocally in increasing the delusion. Then on discouragements in intellectual pursuits. Here, too, you should ever aim high; work on, even when nothing you do pleases you; do it over again without admitting discouragement: at the same time you must curb your fastidiousness, and not let your judgment and taste get too far in advance of your power of execution, or your ardour will be damped and you will probably do nothing."

March 28.—A walk with John and Clara Mill to Pennance and Penrose. The first subject I remember is Unitarians in America. These, it seems, are greatly increasing in number, so many of the Presbyterians having gone over and swelled their ranks. The Congregationalists form the largest

body in America. He thinks in time the Republican Government in the country will be changed—perhaps for a Monarchy. What especially fosters the spirit of Toryism there, is the feeling of the richer class that there is not the same deference shown them that there would be in other countries; also, the hunger for a literature, a history, and a romance, which other lands can produce, but not America. Talked about Barclay (who left for Wales this morning), and I said how glad I was that they had such open talk together yesterday. "Why," said he, "yesterday's conversation made just the difference between my knowing and not knowing your brother. Often it is an amazing assistance to detail a little of one's own experience when one has passed through similar discouragements yet come out of them." I remarked on the pleasure it must be to help others in this way. "I had much rather be helped!" he answered. The process of unhooking a bramble made him philosophise on the power of turning annoyances into pleasures by undertaking them for your friends—a genuine alchemy.

Then we went to Germany, inquired into the reason for the contemplative character of its in-

habitants: he lays great stress on the influence of the domestic affections, which are so strong there, and so much called out by circumstances; then they are not continually striving either to become rich or to appear so, as the English are, but settle down into quiet, contemplative habits, without an idea of happiness but what is subjective to themselves: this constant habit of carrying in themselves the elements of their happiness increases and gives a tranquil tone to it; and then at the universities the studious men give the tone of feeling and superinduce a love of knowledge for its own sake; and Schelling being the president, has its influence. He therefore likes the plan, now so much followed, of sending young men to German universities. Talked a good deal about Italy: the Italians carry with and in them such a sense of native dignity, the result of associating themselves with remembrances of Rome in its glory. They are exactly the figures that Raphael, Titian, and others delineated, and serve in great measure to account for the cultivation of the Arts being so successful there. Their great sensibility and emotion he ascribes to the general prevalence of music, and to the magnificence of their ceremonies. He wound up with

Conversation Sharp's enumeration of the true accomplishments for ladies—a love of reading and a love of walking.

March 29.—John Mill is going to concoct for me an almanack of the odours that scent the air, to be arranged chronologically according to the months, beginning with the laurel and ending with the lime. Speaking of motives, he said it is not well for young people to inquire too much into them, but rather let them judge of actions, lest seeing the wonderful mixture of high and low they should be discouraged: there is besides an egotism in self-depreciation; the only certain mode of overcoming this and all other egotisms is to implore the grace of God. Young things cannot thoroughly know themselves; nothing but experience and anxious examination can teach them their powers and their weaknesses; they should therefore not feel independent of the opinions of others about them till they are matured enough to judge for themselves. Our characters alter exceedingly in going through life, and this alteration enlarges our capacity of sympathising with others, remembering what struggles we have encountered, and therefore appreciating their difficulties in passing through the

same ordeal. When the change in character has been an extraordinary one, men are often observed to maintain a sort of personal hatred to their former errors and weaknesses, and then, forgetting their struggles, they shut themselves out of the pale of sympathy.

Perran, April 1.—Dr. Calvert rode over, and spent an hour or two here. He saw Henry Mill yesterday, who asked him how soon Death was likely to appear. "My dear fellow, I can't pretend to say, but I may tell you that you are not likely to suffer any more pain." (When Dr. Calvert began to practise, a celebrated physician gave him this valuable piece of advice, "Never say when you think a patient is going to die; nothing can be more dangerous, and you cannot predict with certainty.") Last night John Mill sat for hours at the foot of Calvert's bed, who had a racking headache, expatiating on the delights of John Woolman (which he is reading) and on spiritual religion, which he feels to be the deepest and truest. In this Dr. Calvert thoroughly delights. Talked about the state of the heathen and their hope of salvation; Calvert would give the argument for sincerity its full weight, yet he added, "I should be very sorry

to have the government and judgment of ten cities confided to me."

April 2.—George Mill has arrived. John sitting for his portrait; fell first into a reverie, and then into a doze; nevertheless the artist is hopeful. To-day he spoke of Teetotalism; on first thoughts it seems such a ridiculous idea that people should associate and pledge themselves *not* to do a thing, but the rationale of the experiment develops itself afterwards. Glorious collection of autographs from Sterling with a kind note, and an exquisite little autograph poem of Wordsworth's.

April 4.—On returning from Truro, found that Henry Mill had quietly departed this morning at half-past ten; very sudden it was at the last.

April 5.—A great parcel arrived in the evening with John Mill's kind regards, containing all the *London and Westminster Reviews* from their beginning, with notes in his own hand, and the names of the writers attached to the articles—a most valuable and interesting gift.

April 6.—Dr. Calvert, in speaking of the great humility compatible with high metaphysical research, spoke of John Mill standing on one side, and himself on the other, of his brother's deathbed.

Dr. Calvert remarked, "This sort of scene puts an end to Reason, and Faith begins;" the other emphatically answered, "Yes;" the conversation which followed displaying such humility and deep feeling, and, as coming from the first metaphysician of the age, was most edifying.

Dr. Calvert talked of the aid metaphysics might afford to religion, and did afford in many cases; for many minds required more opportunity for the exercise of faith, and this the study of metaphysics and demonstrative theology afforded them. Then the Friends became our topic; he again extolled their code of laws, partly because they do not dogmatise on any point, do not peremptorily require belief in any articles. As to particular scruples, he would hold that circumstances should have the greatest effect in giving them a direction: in his own case, for instance, when living in a county where hunting is ruinously in vogue, he bore his testimony against it by neither riding nor lending his hunter; here he would not object to do either. So in George Fox's time, dress was probably made a subject of great importance; "but," he added, "Satan probably tempts the Foxes of Falmouth in a very different way to that in which he attacked

their spiritual ancestors; he is vastly too clever and fertile in invention to repeat the same experiment twice."

April 7.—John Mill wanted to know all about the constitution and discipline of our Society (*à propos* of a quarterly meeting which is taking place here, some of our guests having, to our deep disappointment, scared them away, when they crept over last evening), then dilated on the different Friends' books he was reading; on John Woolman he philosophised on the principle that was active in him —that dependence on the immediate teaching of a Superior Being, which gave him clear views of what was essentially consistent or inconsistent with Christianity, independent of and often opposed to all recorded or common opinion, all self-interest. He had read Sewell and Rutty before he was ten years old. His father much admired Friends, thinking they did more for their fellow-creatures than any other Body. He was a warm coadjutor of William Allen's in promoting the Lancastrian Schools. He much admires the part Friends have taken about tithes, and values that testimony against a priesthood as at present organised. In a statistical table he has seen, the longest-lived professions

are the Catholic priests, and the Protestants come very near them; the shortest are kings and beggars.

The *London and Westminster Review* is to be continued by Mr. Hickson under the title of the *Westminster:* he declares himself a disciple of Mill's—"the first disciple I have ever had," said John Mill; but he believes his opinion to be very different in reality from his own, and therefore the spirit of the *Review* will probably greatly change. The *Review* has been much more influential than profitable, only about 1200 copies usually being sold; but that number represents many more than 1200 readers.

April 9.—I received from Sterling letters from Trench, Carlyle, and Coleridge. That of the latter was as follows:—

"My dear Sterling,—With grief I tell you that I have been, and now am, worse—far worse than when you left me. God have mercy on me, and not withdraw the influence of His Spirit from me! I can now only thank you for your kind attentions to your most sincere and afflicted friend, S. T. Coleridge.

"*P.S.*—Mr. Green is persuaded that it is gout, which I have not strength enough to throw from the nerves of the trunk to the extremities.

"*Monday Afternoon.*"

The date is March 18, 1833.

Sterling says he would not part with this except to a person he valued and who values S. T. C. All things considered, I thought it too precious a relic for me to keep, and returned it, (a moral conquest!)

Talked with the Mills over their father, and of many of their friends. Bentham was long their next-door neighbour — such a mild good-natured person, always so kind to children. He and their father were very intimate, and they tried educational experiments on John! Many anecdotes of Carlyle; he has a peculiar horror of lion-hunting ladies. He will talk in a melancholy strain; entering with earnestness into the abuses, grievances, and mistakes into which men fall; deeply commiserating alike the oppressor and the oppressed—the former gaining rather more of his pity, as being further removed from what must constitute happiness.

April 10.—John Mill is summoned to town, and goes to-night; the rest leave to-morrow. They feel

leaving Falmouth deeply, and say that no place out of London will be so dear to them. Now for some last glimpses at Truth through those wonderfully keen, quiet eyes. On education: his father's idea was to make children understand one thing thoroughly; this is not only a good exercise for the mind, but it creates in themselves a standard by which to judge of their knowledge of other subjects, whether it is superficial or otherwise. He does not like things to be made too easy or too agreeable to children; the plums should not be picked out for them, or it is very doubtful if they will ever be at the trouble of learning what is less pleasant. For childhood, the art is to apportion the difficulties to the age, but in life there is no such adaptation. Life must be a struggle throughout; so let children, when children, learn to struggle manfully and overcome difficulties. His father made him study Ecclesiastical History before he was ten. This method of early intense application he would not recommend to others; in most cases it would not answer, and where it does, the buoyancy of youth is entirely superseded by the maturity of manhood, and action is very likely to be merged in reflection. "I never was a boy," he

said; "never played at cricket: it is better to let Nature have her own way." In his essays on French affairs he has infused more of himself than into any of his other writings—the whole subject of that country so deeply interests him. The present tone of feeling there indicates a great progressive change, not only amongst the thinking men, but the most influential—the middle class. They have reached the point of earnest seeking after what is good and true and immutable. Their first opinions —those which they have simply imbibed from tradition and prejudice—they have forsaken, and their minds are anxiously open to truth. A Republic, even if right on the abstract principle of men being trustworthy of the charge of self-government, would never suit them; they must follow a leader, so an Elective Monarchy will be their probable form of government in after-years. The French care most for persons, the English for things; therefore, much must be done in our country in the way of mental enlargement before any great progress can be witnessed. England in the time of Charles I., and France before the Revolution, were in much the same state; they believed in the infallibility of their own belief, and therefore felt warranted in

persecuting others. Now, however, we believe nothing certainly, and cannot therefore venture to persecute for difference of opinion. Every one who, as Carlyle expresses it, "looks beyond eating his pudding," feels that he has a great warfare to accomplish; some there are who had rather die than continue the struggle, their sense of right just leading them to self condemnation. Every one has an infallible guide in the sanctuary of his own heart if he will but wait and listen; some continue for years in a state of unrest, but with few does it continue till the end without physical disease inducing it: at this point a judicious friend or a book has often a wonderful and delightful effect in opening truth, a clear belief, and a peaceful conscience to him who had sought them with such earnestness. Different men arrive at different points and views of truth by this process; none know Truth in its fulness, nor can know it whilst bound down to earth and time. Then to America: he is thankful that the experiment of a Republic has been tried there; it has failed, and ever must fail, for want of the two contending powers which are always requisite to keep things in proper order—Government and Public Opinion. America subjects her-

self to the latter only, and public opinion there having decided in favour of one particular type of character, all aim at a resemblance to it, and a great sameness is the result. There is as much of tyranny in this process as in that more commonly so called. These two counteracting motive powers are essential to the well-being of a State; if either gains supremacy, it becomes, like all self-willed, unsubdued, spoilt beings, very troublesome. Its existence in excess changes its nature from good to evil. On capital punishments: to which he entirely objects, and thinks with Carlyle that the worst thing you can do with a man is to hang him. John and Clara had been to visit Henry's grave; it is to have just his name and age inscribed on the stone, no eulogy or epitaph. "*Henry Mill, aged* 19" is surely expressive enough for any one who will rightly read it. J. S. Mill gave me the calendar of odours, which he has written for the first time:—

A CALENDAR OF ODOURS, BEING IN IMITATION OF THE VARIOUS CALENDARS OF FLORA BY LINNÆUS AND OTHERS.

The brilliant colouring of Nature is prolonged, with incessant changes, from March till October; but the fragrance of her breath is spent before the summer is half ended.

From March to July an uninterrupted succession of sweet odours fills the air by day and still more by night, but the gentler perfumes of autumn, like many of the earlier ones here for that reason omitted, must be sought ere they can be found. The Calendar of Odours, therefore, begins with the laurel, and ends with the lime.

March.—Common laurel.

April.—Violets, furze, wall-flower, common broad-leaved willow, apple-blossom.

May.—Lilac, night-flowering stocks and rockets, laburnum, hawthorn, seringa, sweet-briar.

June.—Mignonette, bean-fields, the whole tribe of summer roses, hay, Portugal laurel, various species of pinks.

July.—Common acacia, meadow-sweet, honeysuckle, sweetgale or double myrtle, Spanish broom, lime.

In latest autumn, one stray odour, forgotten by its companions, follows at a modest distance—the creeping clematis which adorns cottage walls; but the thread of continuity being broken, this solitary straggler is not included in the Calendar of Odours.

To Miss Caroline Fox, from her grateful friend,

J. S. MILL.

Talked of Uncle Charles; something about both his person and manners reminds him of Southey. Dr. Calvert sees it also. Mill was much pleased to come to such a little oasis as Perran, a spot so different to the general character of Cornwall. Much Eastern

talk; he recommends Shore's India, but begs us to ask him before believing anything Shore says about the India House, and especially the political department thereof. When Shelley was at Oxford, he and Hogg supported each other in their negative views, and Shelley asserted that Bacon thought with him on religious subjects, quoting passages to prove it. At length it was whispered that Hogg was his Bacon, and so he was. Leave-takings had to be got through, and they were gone.

Cunningham showed us his portrait of J. S. Mill, which is very beautiful; quite an ideal head, so expanded with patient thought, and a face of such exquisite refinement.

April 11.—Dr. Calvert says he prefers Hartley Coleridge's poetry to his father's, because he finds in it more thought and less imagination. Speaking of Dr. Schleiermacher, whom he enthusiastically admires, he described his death-hour, of which he was so conscious that he begged for the Sacrament, calling out, "Quick, quick!" He administered it to himself and his family, and expired. This may be compared with Goethe's dying exclamation, "Light, more light!"

April 13.—Dr. Calvert described old Lord Spen-

cer (whose travelling and family physician he was) looking over and burning one after another of the letters his wife had received from the most eminent persons of the day, because he thought it a crying modern sin to make biographies piquant and interesting by personalities not necessary to them; he therefore resolved to leave nothing of which his executors might make this ill use. At length he came to one from Nelson, written just after a great victory, and beginning with a pious ejaculation and recognition of the Arm by which he had conquered. Dr. Calvert snatched it out of his hand—it was on its way to the fire—and put it in his pocket, saying, "My lord, here is nothing personal, nothing but what everybody knows, and burn it must not." His lordship was silent. A few hours after, he said, "Doctor, where is that letter which you put in your pocket?" "Gone, my lord." "Indeed? I was wanting it." "I thought you probably would, so I immediately put it in the post-office and sent it to a young lady who is collecting autographs."

April 17.—In the evening the Rev. T. Pyne was announced, introduced by the Buxtons, who proved to be the tutor and travelling companion of William

Quantamissa and John Ansah, Princes of Ashantee, whose father had killed Sir C. MacCarthy (a particular recommendation). They had just arrived at Falmouth and came to consult about plans, so Papa recommended them to go on to-morrow to Penzance and return here to stay next week. They are youths of seventeen and nineteen, tolerably intelligent, quite disposed to be haughty if that spirit is fostered, have been educated in England, and are now travelling with their eyes wide open. But more anon of "these images of God cut in ebony."

April 18.—Parcel and note from John Sterling. He encloses the letter from S. T. Coleridge, on which he has written, "Given to Miss Caroline Fox by John Sterling," to oblige me to keep it, and other letters of his to read; also his memoranda of his first conversation with S. T. C., which Hare considers the most characteristic he has seen.

April 21.—Met their Royal Highnesses and many others at Consols Mine; they were much delighted with the machinery. In Ashantee they have copper mines as well as gold and silver, but they are not much worked. Yesterday they went sixty fathoms down Huel Vean and were much tired, but their Cornish exploration has charmed them. Each one

keeps a journal, and a certain red memorandum-book which occasionally issues out of Mr. Pyne's pocket is a capital check on our little members. The Princes have unhappily imbibed the European fashion of sticking their hands through their hair, which, says Dr. Calvert, they might just as well try to do through velvet. Every one was pleasant and witty according to their measure.

April 22.—Took them up the river to Tregothnan. T. Pyne gave interesting details of a visit to Niagara, and the inquiries he instituted there concerning poor F. Abbott. These were very satisfactory. His servant said that he used to sit up very late reading his Bible, and then meditate in silence for a long time. He also spoke of his extremely eccentric habits, hanging by his feet on a branch over the Falls.

April 23.—Dr. Calvert talked about those who, in intellectual pursuits, will not be at the pains of looking over the present or to the brighter future, who love not to sow their seed in faith, and leave posterity to reap the fruit; this was induced by a remark on missionaries being so often forbidden to witness any effect of their efforts.

April 24.—Our Ashantee friends enjoyed them-

selves thoroughly at Glendurgan, playing at cricket and leap-frog, and fishing. In the evening many joined our party, and all were amused with galvanism, blow-pipe experiments, and such like scientific pastimes until between eleven and twelve. The Princes concocted some autographs and were much amused at the exploit, adding to their names "Forget me not" at William Hustler's instigation. They talked a great deal about Ashantee and what they meant to do there on their return, the schools they are to found, and the people they are to send to England for education. Their remembrances of their own country are, I should fancy, rather brighter than the actual fact. They speak of their father's palace as a magnificent piece of architecture, and of the costume of the ladies being generally white satin! and other things in keeping. They really seem very nice intelligent lads, gentlemanlike and dignified. When too much puffed up, Quantamissa refuses to take his tutor's arm, which sorely grieves T. Pyne!

April 25.—We were a large party at breakfast, after which we had a capital walk to Pendennis. Mrs. Coope was in her chair, which the Princes seized and galloped off with up the steep hill. They

mightily enjoyed playing with the cannon-balls; their own Ashantee amusements consist in watching gladiatorial combats. They laugh in a knowing manner when slavery is alluded to, and they left us this afternoon after a really pleasant visit.

April 26.—Barclay forwarded us the following letter from John Stuart Mill:[1]—

"INDIA HOUSE, 16*th April* 1840.

"MY DEAR FRIEND (if you will allow me to adopt this 'friendly' mode of address),—Your kind and sympathising letter has given us great pleasure. There is no use in my saying more than has been said already about him who has gone before us, where we must so soon follow; the thought of him is here, and will remain here, and seldom has the memory of one who died so young been such as to leave a deeper or a more beneficial impression on the survivors. Among the many serious feelings which such an event calls forth, there is always some one which impresses us most, some moral which each person extracts from it for his own more

[1] The continuation of this correspondence will be found in the Appendix, having been discovered since the publication of the first edition.

especial guidance; with me that moral is, 'Work while it is called to-day; the night cometh in which no man can work.' One never seems to have adequately *felt* the truth and meaning of all that is tritely said about the shortness and precariousness of life, till one loses some one whom one had hoped not only to carry with one as a companion through life, but to leave as a successor after it. Why he who had all his work to do has been taken, and I left who had done part of mine, and in some measure, as Carlyle would express it, 'delivered my message,' passes our wisdom to surmise. But if there be a purpose in this, that purpose, it would seem, can only be fulfilled in so far as the remainder of my life can be made even more useful than the remainder of his would have been if it had been spared. At least we know this, that on the day when we shall be as he is, the whole of life will appear but as a day, and the only question of any moment to us then will be, Has that day been wasted? Wasted it has not been by those who have been for however short a time a source of happiness and of moral good, even to the narrowest circle. But there is only one plain rule of life eternally binding, and independent of all variations in creeds, and

in the interpretations of creeds, embracing equally the greatest moralities and the smallest; it is this—try thyself unweariedly till thou findest the highest thing thou art capable of doing, faculties and outward circumstances being both duly considered, and then DO IT.

"You are very kind to say what you have said about those reviews; the gift of unsold copies of an old periodical could under no circumstances have called for so warm an expression of thanks, and would have deserved an opposite feeling if I could not say, with the utmost sincerity, that I do not expect you to read much of it or any of it unless thereunto moved. My principal feeling in the matter was this, You are likely to hear of some of the writers, and judging of your feelings by what my own would be, I thought it might be sometimes agreeable to you to be able to turn to something they had written and imagine what manner of persons they might be. As far as my own articles are concerned, there was also a more selfish pleasure in thinking that sometimes, however rarely, I might be conversing with my absent friends at three hundred miles' distance.

"We scribblers are apt to put not only our best

thoughts, but our best feelings, into our writings, or at least if the things are *in* us they will not *come out of us* so well or so clearly through any other medium; and therefore when one really wishes to be *liked* (it is only when one is very young that one cares about being admired), it is often an advantage to us when our writings are better known than ourselves.

"As to these particular writings of mine, all in them that has any pretension to permanent value will, I hope, during the time you are in London, be made into two little volumes, which I shall offer to no one with greater pleasure than to you. The remainder is mostly politics—of little value to any one now—in which, with considerable expenditure of head and heart, an attempt was made to breathe a living soul into the Radical party, but in vain—there was no making those dry bones live. Among a multitude of failures, I had only one instance of brilliant success. It is some satisfaction to me to know that, as far as such things can ever be said, I saved Lord Durham,—as he himself, with much feeling, acknowledged to me, saying that he knew not to what to ascribe the reception he met with on his return from Canada, except to an article of mine which came out immediately before. If you were to

read that article now, you would wonder what there was in it to bear out such a statement; but the *time* at which it appeared was everything; every one's hand seemed to be against him, no one dared speak a word for him; the very men who had been paying court and offering incense to him for years before (I never had) shrunk away or ventured only on a few tame and qualified phrases of excuse—not, I verily believe, from cowardice so much as because, not being accustomed to think about *principles* of politics, they were taken by surprise in a contingency which they had not looked for, and feared committing themselves to something they could not maintain; and if this had gone on, opinion would have decided against him so strongly, that even that admirable Report of his and Buller's could hardly have turned the tide; and unless some one who could give evidence of thought and knowledge of the subject had thrown down the gauntlet at that critical moment, and determinedly claimed honour and glory for him instead of mere acquittal, and in doing this made a diversion in his favour, and encouraged those who wished him well to speak out, and so kept people's minds *suspended* on the subject, he was in all probability a lost man; and if I had

not been the man to do this, nobody else would. And three or four months later the Report came out, and then everybody said I had been right, and now it is being acted upon.

"This is one of only three things, among all I attempted in my reviewing life, which I can be said to have succeeded in. The second was to have greatly accelerated the success of Carlyle's 'French Revolution,' a book so strange and incomprehensible to the greater part of the public, that whether it should succeed or fail seemed to depend on the turn of a die; but I got the first word, blew the trumpet before it at its first coming out, and by claiming for it the honours of the highest genius, frightened the small fry of critics from pronouncing a hasty condemnation, got fair-play for it, and then its success was sure.

"My *third* success is that I have dinned into people's ears that Guizot is a great thinker and writer, till they are, though slowly, beginning to read him, which I do not believe they would be doing even yet, in this country, but for me.

"This, I think, is a full account of all the world has got by my editing and reviews.

"Will you pardon the egotism of this letter? I

really do not think I have talked so much about myself in the whole year previous as I have done in the few weeks of my intercourse with your family; but it is not a fault of mine generally, for I am considered reserved enough by most people, and I have made a very solemn resolution, when I see you again, to be more *objective* and less *subjective* in my conversation (as Calvert says) than when I saw you last.—Ever yours faithfully,

"J. S. MILL.

"It seems idle to send remembrances; they saw enough to know I am not likely to forget them."

April 28.—Visit from Dr. Calvert, who has been translating some of Schleiermacher's sermons, which he lent to us to illustrate the aid which metaphysics may yield to religion. They were very useful to a lady in Madeira, to whom he administered them. He (Schleiermacher) did more than any one to evangelise Germany, especially by letting Scripture constantly illustrate the different points of faith and practice for which he would claim a primary Ideal Reality. This just suits the Germans. Dr. Calvert has been examining the principles of Friends. He

thinks that as much was done by George Fox as could be done at the time at which he lived, but it is not enough for the present time; forms and words are still too apt to be accepted instead of ideas, and a new prophet is wanted to give reality to the abstract. Fox's work was to lead man from his fellow-man to Christ alone; and how great an aim was this! Talked of Darwin and his theory of the race being analogous to the individual man; having in the latter form a certain quantum of vitality granted for a certain period, he would extend the idea to the race, and thus would regard the Deluge, for instance, as simply the necessary conclusion of our race because it had lived the time originally appointed for it: this, though abundantly conjectural, is interesting as a theory, and probably originated with Herder. Then on the growth of religion in an individual mind and in the mind of the species as precisely similar; the first idea of God excited by the Wonderful, afterwards by the Terrible (Mount Sinai), and only Christianity points it out as specially legible in the small and little-noticed events of human life, or objects of creation. On prayer: social prayer useful and necessary to satisfy the gregarious nature of man, though less attractive

to fastidious natures than silent and solitary communion with God. The plan of specific prayer, for changes in the weather, &c., is useful in giving an object for prayer in which the multitude can heartily unite, but certainly showing a want both of faith (trust) and enlargement of apprehension; still he would never call that absurd which is the conscientious belief of any, even the weakest Christian, who is indeed a Christian.

May 2.—Dr. Calvert dined with us on the lawn at Penjerrick, amidst a party of schoolboys. He spoke of having made up his mind not to expect anything positive in life, and he has found great comfort in this conclusion. He believes that the exertion of our powers and energies to effect an object is always of much greater importance than the objects themselves.

May 7.—He says that at Falmouth he has met with two new and most interesting facts, John Mill and Grandmamma. The satisfaction he derives from finding that the experience of the latter—an aged and earnest Christian—tallies often with his own theories, is extreme.

London, May 19.—We had heard much of Thomas Carlyle from enthusiastic admirers, and his book on

Chartism had not lessened the excitement with which I anticipated seeing and hearing him. These anticipations were realised at the lecturing-room in Edward Street. We sat by Harriet Mill, who introduced us to her next neighbour, Mrs. Carlyle, who kindly asked us to come to them any evening, as they would both be glad to see us. The audience, amongst whom we discovered Whewell, Samuel Wilberforce and his beautiful wife, was very thoughtful and earnest in appearance; it had come to hear the Hero portrayed in the form of the Man of Letters.[1] Carlyle soon appeared, and looked as if he felt a well-dressed London crowd scarcely the arena for him to figure in as popular lecturer. He is a tall, robust-looking man; rugged simplicity and indomitable strength are in his face, and such a glow of genius in it—not always smouldering there, but flashing from his beautiful grey eyes, from the remoteness of their deep setting under that massive brow. His manner is very quiet, but he speaks like

[1] These lectures on "Hero Worship" are of course now known and read *in extenso* by every one, but it is interesting to compare them as published with the *resumé* here given from memory by Caroline Fox, who had no knowledge of stenography, and yet reproduces so much almost in the words they were given.

one tremendously convinced of what he utters, and who had much—very much—in him that was quite unutterable, quite unfit to be uttered to the uninitiated ear; and when the Englishman's sense of beauty or truth exhibited itself in vociferous cheers, he would impatiently, almost contemptuously, wave his hand, as if that were not the sort of homage which Truth demanded. He began in a rather low nervous voice, with a broad Scotch accent, but it soon grew firm, and shrank not abashed from its great task. In this lecture, he told us, he was to consider the Hero as Man of Letters. The Man of Letters is a priest as truly as any other who has a message to deliver; but woe to him if he will not deliver it aright! He has this function appointed him, and Carlyle would even have his fraternity organised like the members of other professions, though in truth he could ill chalk out the plan; but their present mode of existence is a sad and uncertain one, unprotected by that world for which they are often so unfit. As they are the teachers of men, he thinks them well worthy of a university. He spoke of education, and resolved it into the simple elements of teaching to read and write; in its highest, or university sense, it is but the teaching

to read and write on all subjects and in many languages. Of all the teaching the sublimest is to teach a man that he has a soul; the absolute appropriation of this fact gives Life and Light to what was before a dull, cold, senseless mass. Some philosophers of a sceptical age seemed to hold that the object of the soul's creation was to prevent the decay and putrefaction of the body, in fact a rather superior sort of salt. It is the province of the Man of Letters, if he be a true man, to give right views of the world, to set up the standard of truth and gather devotees around it. Goethe was the type of a Man of Letters—all that such a man could be; there is more in his writings than we can at present see into. He, however, preferred taking Johnson, Rousseau, and Burns as illustrations of his subject; the common point of resemblance is their being *sincere* men: defined sincerity as the earnest living belief in what you profess to believe. He considers that every real poet must have a power in him to *do* the thing of which he sings, or he cannot treat it with effect, nor stir the sympathies of others. He exceedingly deprecates logic as giving a semblance of wisdom to a soulless reason—dry, and dull, and dead argumentation. Thus he holds Bentham's

theory of human life to be one degree lower than Mahomet's. He would nevertheless call him an honest man, believing what he says, little as he can himself sympathise with his naked half-truths: his being a sincere, prevented his being a useless, man. Then we got to Johnson, who was born in an age of scepticism, when minds were all afloat in a miserable state of unrest, and their language indicating their belief that the world was like a water-mill working up the stream with no miller to guide it. His youth was one of extreme poverty; yet when a person who knew of his condition had a pair of old shoes placed in his lodging, as soon as Johnson discovered them he flung them out of the window. This incident is an expressive type of the man's conduct through life; he never would stand in another's shoes; he preferred misery when it was his own, to anything derivable from others. He was in all respects a ponderous man; strong in appetite, powerful in intellect, of Herculean frame, a great passionate giant. There is something fine and touching too, if we will consider it, in that little, flimsy, flippant, vain fellow, Boswell, attaching himself as he did to Johnson: before others had discovered anything sublime, Boswell had done it,

and embraced his knees when the bosom was denied him. Boswell was a true hero-worshipper, and does not deserve the contempt we are all so ready to cast at him. Then Rousseau was turned to: he too was a warm advocate for reality, he too lived in an age of scepticism; he examined things around him, and found how often semblances passed for realities among men. He scrupled not to analyse them with unsparing hand, and soon discovered that you may clothe a thing and call it what you will, but if it have not in itself the idea it would represent, you cannot give it a substantial existence. And so he opposed himself to kingship as then existing. That man from his garret sent forth a flame that blazed abroad with all its horrors in the French Revolution, and was felt and recognised beyond garrets. Carlyle does not much sympathise with his works; indeed, he said, "The Confessions are the only writings of his which I have read with any interest; there you see the man such as he really was, though I can't say that it is a duty to lay open the Bluebeard chambers of the heart. I have said that Rousseau lived in a sceptical age; there was then in France no form of Christianity recognised, not even Quakerism. In early life he was unhappy, feeling that his

existence was not turning to account; every one does or ought to feel unhappy till he finds out what to do. Rousseau was a thorough Frenchman, not a great man; he knew nothing of that silence which precedes words, and is so much grander than the grandest words, because in it those thoughts are created of which words are but the poor clothing. I say Rousseau knew nothing of this, but Johnson knew much; verily, he said but little, only just enough to show that a giant slept in that rugged bosom." Burns was the last of our heroes, and here our Scotch Patriot was in his element. Most graphically did he sketch some passages in the poet's life; the care with which his good father educated him, teaching him to read his Bible and to write: the family was in great poverty, and so deeply did anxiety about rearing his children prey on the mind of old William Burns, that he died of a broken heart. He was a sincere man, and, like every sincere man, he lived not in vain. He acted up to the precepts of John Knox and trained his son to Immortality. When Robert's talents developed themselves, the rich and the great espoused his cause, constantly sent for him when they would be amused, and drew him out of his simple habits, greatly to

his own woe. He could not long stand this perpetual lionising unblighted; it broke him up in every sense, and he died. What a tragedy is this of Robert Burns! his father dying of a broken heart from dread of over-great poverty; the son from contact with the great, who would flatter him for a night or two and then leave him unfriended. Amusement they must have, it seems, at any expense, though one would have thought they were sufficiently amused in the common way; but no, they were like the Indians we read of whose grandees ride in their palanquins at night, and are not content with torches carried before them, but must have instead fireflies stuck at the end of spears. . . . He then told us he had more than occupied our time, and rushed downstairs.

Returned with Harriet Mill from Carlyle's lecture to their house in Kensington Square, where we were most lovingly received by all the family. John Mill was quite himself. He had in the middle of dinner to sit still for a little to try and take in that we are really here. A good deal of talk about Carlyle and his lectures: he never can get over the feeling that people have given money to hear him, and are possibly calculating whether what they hear

is worth the price they paid for it. Walked in the little garden, and saw the Falmouth plants which Clara cherishes so lovingly, and Henry's cactus and other dear memorials. Visited John Mill's charming library, and saw portions of his immense herbarium; the mother so anxious to show everything, and her son so terribly afraid of boring us. He read us that striking passage in "Sartor Resartus" on George Fox making to himself a suit of leather. How his voice trembled with excitement as he read, "Stitch away, thou noble Fox," &c. They spoke of some of the eccentricities of their friend Mrs. Grote, whom Sydney Smith declares to be the origin of the word "Grotesque." Several busts of Bentham were shown, and some remark being made about him, John Mill said, "No one need feel any delicacy in canvassing his opinions in my presence;" this indeed his review sufficiently proves. Mrs. Mill gave us Bentham's favourite pudding at dinner!

After a most happy day we walked off, John Mill accompanying us through the Park. He gave his version of John Sterling's history. In early life he had all the beautiful peculiarities and delicacies of a woman's mind. It at length dawned upon him that he had a work of his own to accomplish; and ear-

nestly, and long unsuccessfully, did he strive to ascertain its nature. All this time he was restless and unhappy, under the sense that doing it he was not. This lasted till his returning voyage from the West Indies, where his patience and perseverance, his earnestness and sincerity, received their reward; he saw the use he might be to others, in establishing and propagating sound principles of action, and since that time he has known quietness and satisfaction. Though his writings are such as would do credit to anybody, yet they are inferior to his conversation; he has that rare power of throwing his best thoughts into it and adapting them to the comprehension of others. John Mill wrote him the other day that he would gladly exchange powers of usefulness with him. Talked on the spirit of Sect as opposed to that of Christianity and subversive of it. Friends in their essential character must have less of it than any others; though, of course, in theirs as well as in all sects, the *esprits bornés* will exalt the peculiarities and differences above the agreements—the very spirit of sect.

May 22.—To Carlyle's lecture. The Hero was to-day considered as King, and Cromwell, Napoleon, and French Revolutionism were the illustrations

chosen. Every ruler has a divine right to govern, in so far as he represents God, but in no other: the discussion on the divine right as commonly understood is too dull and profitless to be ever resumed. He soon got to his beloved antithesis, Reality *versus* Speciosity—that which is, and that which seems; and that to call a man king, if he have not the qualities of kingship, can never give him real power or authority. Men have long tried to believe in a name, but seem now to be abandoning this attempt as fruitless. Goethe says that the struggle between Belief and Unbelief is the only thing in the memoirs of humanity worth considering. The most futile attempt to represent the idea of a king should nevertheless be treated with loyalty, or its attempts at right government will be rendered only the more futile. In matters of positive conscience alone can rebellion be justified, and here it requires a just balancing of the true ideal principle of loyalty. Cromwell comes before us with a dark element of chaos round about him; for he, in common with Johnson, lived in an unbelieving age, and the chaos would not take form till he had given it one. "He is said to have had a vision, which greatly impressed him, of a nymph, who informed him that

he would be a great man; but I doubt that this vision was only the constant sense of his power, to which a visible form was given. I believe Cromwell not to have been ambitious—no really great man is so: no, he had the ideas of Heaven and Hell within him, and Death and Judgment and Eternity as the background to every thought; and gilt coaches don't much affect these. Men say that he had the Protectorate in his eye from the beginning of his career, but this I deny; he, like others, became what he did through circumstances. Men do not, as is so often assumed, live by programme; historians can't make a greater mistake than in tracing, as they so cleverly do, the steps which he they write of took to gain the point of eminence which he reached. Cromwell came out direct from Nature herself to deliver her message to England. To establish a Theocracy was, I believe, the great celestial idea which irradiated all the dark conduct of him. When he came to the Long Parliament, he looked for one fit to carry out this idea, but he could not find one: he would, I believe, have preferred being a lieutenant could he have found another man worthy to be a king, but he could not; and so, having tried two Parliaments and found

they wouldn't do, he was obliged to have recourse to despotism. He was in a situation similar to that of the present Ministry—he *could* not resign." He gave a most graphic sketch of the dissolution of the Long Parliament, and Cromwell taking Colonel Hutchinson aside and imploring him to love him still, to examine and understand his motives, and not to abhor him as a traitor: but it was all in vain; a narrow confined mind like Hutchinson's could not take in anything so grand, and he too left him. After many other most effective touches in this sketch, which compelled you to side with Carlyle as to Cromwell's self-devotion and magnanimity, he gave the finishing-stroke with an air of most innocent wonderment—"And yet I believe I am the first to say that Cromwell was an honest man!" Then we had a glimpse at French Revolutionism. In the eighteenth century men worshipped the things that seemed; it was a quack century and could not last. The representatives of kingship increased in imbecility and unreality, till the people could bear the delusion no longer; so they found out Truth in thunder and horror, and would at any cost have Reality and not Speciosity. So they had it and paid its price. It is ill, even in metaphor, to

call the world a machine; to consider it as such, has ever been a fatal creed for rulers. Napoleon was brought up, believing not the Gospel according to St. John, but the Gospel according to St. Diderot, and this accounts for his fundamental untruthfulness and moral obliquity. His bulletins were so full of lies that it became a proverb, "as false as a bulletin." No excuse can ever be valid for telling lies, and this indifference of his must prevent him from coming up to the standard of true greatness. But he was a good governor; he went thoroughly into things, understood their bearings and relations, and took advantage of every opportunity. When he went to see the Tuileries, which was being very splendidly fitted up for him, he quietly cut off one of the gold tassels and put it in his pocket. The workmen were astonished, and wondered what might be his object. A week afterwards he came again, took the tassel out of his pocket, gave it to the contractor, and said, "I have examined the tassel and find it is not gold; you will have this mistake rectified." Such a man could not be taken in. In the midst of all his splendour he had little enjoyment; there is much pathos in the fact that many times a day his mother would say, "I want

to see the Emperor; is he still alive?" No wonder, poor woman, when there were such constant attacks made on his life. One thing that would prevent Napoleon's taking a high place among great spirits was his thinking himself in some way essential to the existence of the world. Many a time at St. Helena would he wonder how Europe *could* get on in his absence. When a man believes himself the centre of the world, he believes in a poor Ego and loses his manhood. Napoleon exhibited a sad tragedy in trying to wed Truth with semblance, and nothing but tragedy can ever result from such an attempt. . . . He then told us that the subject which he had endeavoured to unfold in three weeks was more calculated for a six months' story; he had, however, been much interested in going through it with us, even in the naked way he had done, thanked us for our attention and sympathy, wished us a cordial farewell, and vanished.

Upton, May 24.—The Buxtons dined here to-day, and after dinner Thomas Fowell Buxton addressed the assembly on the subject of the Anti-Slavery Meeting next month, which he thinks it is the duty of Friends to attend. Prince Albert has become President, the first Society which he has patronised.

Afterwards, walking in the garden with Barclay and me, he talked much more about it, regretting the scruples of many as to the armed vessels which are to accompany the Niger Expedition; he thinks their arguments apply equally to mail-coach travelling. In going to meeting he gave a picture of his interview with the Pope, and other pleasant glimpses of people and things in the Eternal City. Wolff's bust of Uncle George Croker Fox especially delights him. John Pease gave us a striking sermon this evening, on which Fowell Buxton remarked that he exceeded in true eloquence—that is, in fluency, choice of language, and real feeling—any man he had ever heard.

May 25.—This afternoon the young Buxton party returned from Rome; their advent was performed in characteristic fashion. Fowell Buxton was sauntering in the Park when a bruit reached him that they were approaching; so he flung his legs across the back of a coach-horse which crossed his path, with blinkers and harness on but no saddle, and thus mounted flew to the house shouting, "They are come!" so the family were fairly aroused to give such a welcome as Gurneys well know how to give.

London, May 28.—Met Dr. Calvert in Finsbury, and had some quiet talk in the midst of that vast hubbub. He has been seeing Sir James Clark about John Sterling, and has written the latter a letter, which will drive all Italian plans out of his head. In his case it is the morale rather than the physique that must always be attacked, and a quiet winter in Cornwall with his family would be vastly better for him than the intoxication of Italy. Went with him to meet the Mills at the India House; met Professor Nichols and his wife, and Mr. Grant. Surveyed the Museum, wherein are divers and great curiosities: the confirmation of the Charter to the East India Company in Cromwell's own hand; four pictures representing the seasons, by a Chinese artist, in very fair perspective (many are glad to take advantage of English instruction in this and other arts, which is a great advance); the tiger crushing and eating the unfortunate Christian, who is made to groan mechanically (this was a favourite of Hyder's, as representing the Indian power crushing European interference!); Tippoo's own Koran; models of Chinese gardens; a brick from Babylon, inscribed with characters which none have been able to decipher; numberless snakes, insects, fish,

beasts, and birds, some of rare beauty; the horrid vampire especially fascinating. Then to the apartment of our host, where in all comfort he can arrange the government of the native states, raising some and putting down others. The political department of the East India House is divided into six classes, of which this is one. They have their Horse-guards in another part of the same immense building, which was built for the accommodation of four or five thousand, the population of the capital of Norway, to which number it amounted in its most prosperous days; now there are but two or three hundred. As we had a few hours at our disposal, we thought it a pity not to spend them together, so we travelled off to the Pantheon. John Mill very luminous all the way, spite of the noise. He considers the differences in national character one of the most interesting subjects for science and research. Thus the French are discovered to possess so much nationality; every great man amongst them is, in the first place, essentially a Frenchman, whatever he may have appended to that character. The individuality of the English, on the other hand, makes them little marked by qualities in common; each takes his own road

and succeeds by his own merits. The French are peculiarly swayed by a leader, and so he be a man of talent, he can do anything with them. Custom and public opinion are the rulers in England. Any man of any pretension is sure to gather some disciples around him in this country, but can never inspire a universal enthusiasm. The French take in all that is new and original sooner than others, but rarely originate anything themselves; and when they have sufficiently diluted it, they re-introduce it to Europe. Thus almost all new doctrines come from France, in consequence of their being such clear statists; but if they find a subject too deep for them, they entirely give it the go-by. To the Germans a new idea is but an addition to their list of speculative truths, which at most it modifies, but creates little disturbance, so essentially are they a speculative people. The English, on the other hand, being equally in their essence practical, and whose speculative opinions generally bear reference to the conduct of life and moral duty, are very shy of new truths, lest they should force them to admit that they had hitherto lived in vain; few have courage to begin life *de novo*, but those who have, do not lose their reward. The Germans are the

most tolerant people breathing, because they seem to form a community entirely for the development and advancement of truth; thus they hail all as brothers who will throw any light on their demi-god, through however obscure and discountenanced a medium. The spirit of sect is useful in bringing its own portion of Truth into determined prominence, and comfortable in the repose it must give, to be able to say—I am sure I am right; on the other hand, it not only walls up the opinions it advocates within the limits of its own party, but it is very apt to induce a pedantry of peculiarity and custom, which must be injurious to Truth. He thinks that the principles of Friends would have been more influential in the world, and have done it a greater proportionate good, had they not been mixed up with sect. On the great share self-love has in our appreciation of the talents of others, he said, it is indeed delightful to see the gigantic shadow of ourselves, to recognise every point in our own self-consciousness, but infinitely magnified. Without self-love you may also account for this; you are best able to appreciate those difficulties in which you have been yourself involved, and are therefore in a better position than others

for recognising the merit of having overcome them. The macaws and gold-fish of the Pantheon prevented further settled conversation, but I think I had my share for one day.

May 29.—The Mills, Mrs. King, and W. E. Forster to breakfast. We had a snug time till eleven, and took advantage of it. Talked of the influence of the love of approbation on all human affairs; Mill derives it from a craving for sympathy. Discussed the value of good actions done from mixed or bad motives—such as dread of public opinion: this dread is a very useful whipper-in, it makes nine-tenths of those affected by it better than they would otherwise be, the remaining tenth worse; because the first class dare not act below the standard, the second dare not act above it. On the use of differences of manner when in company or at home; when a man assumes his everyday manners in society, it generally passes for affectation. Society seems to be conducted on the hypothesis that we are living amongst enemies, and hence all the forms of etiquette. He can always judge from handwriting whether the writer's character is a natural or artificial one. On truth in things false: he holds that though right conclu-

sions may be occasionally elicited by error, they can never in the nature of things be grounded on it. Then the Grecian character was dissected; there was no chivalry in it, it never cared to protect the weak; Christianity first taught this duty, but amongst the Greeks, strength was the highroad to fame and credit: he has searched in classic lore, and the only passage he can find at all bearing a higher meaning was one in Thucydides which says, "It is nobler to combat with equals than inferiors." John Mill has a peculiar antipathy to hunting the hare; it is such a striking subversion of this fine Christian innovation of which we had been speaking: he has never attended races either. We all went off together, John Mill going with us to the door of Devonshire House, evolving his "clear because profound truths (as he calls Guizot's) in a crystal stream, his spirit's native tongue." Talked about party spirit, and how inadmissible it was except where subjects of vital import were concerned. In Geneva all the party spirit, all the Conservatism and Radicalism, turns upon pulling down the city wall, or leaving it; and on this subject all the vagaries are acted which we know so well in this England of ours under the name of

party spirit. It might be well to send the leader of a faction thither, to convince him of the poverty of his motive power.

June 3.—Spent the evening at the Mills', and met the Carlyles and Uncle and Aunt Charles. Conversation so flowed in all quarters that I could not gain any continuous idea of what took place in the most remarkable ones, but what I did catch was the exposition of Carlyle's argument about the progressive degeneracy of our lower classes, and its only obvious remedies, education and emigration: about Ireland and its sad state, and how our sins towards it react on ourselves; but it was to the Condition-of-England question that his talk generally tended. He seems to view himself as the apostle of a certain democratic idea, bound over to force it on the world's recognition. He spoke of George Fox's "Journal:" "That's not a book one can read through very easily, but there are some deep things in it, and well worth your finding." They had some talk on the teetotal societies, and his laugh at some odd passages was most hilarious. Mrs. Carlyle was meanwhile giving Aunt Charles some brilliant female portraiture, but all in caricature. Speaking of her

husband in his lecturing capacity, she said; "It is so dreadful for him to try to unite the characters of the prophet and the mountebank; he has keenly felt it; and also he has been haunted by the wonder whether the people were not considering if they had had enough for their guinea." At last we were going, but our postillion was fast asleep on the coach-box. Barclay gave him an intimation of our presence, to which he languidly replied, "All right," but in a voice that showed clearly that it was all wrong. We asked for a hackney coach, but J. S. Mill was delightfully ignorant as to where such things grew, or where a likely hotel was to be found; and as our culprit was now a little sobered by fright and evening air, and passionately pleaded wife and children, we ventured forward, Barclay and J. Mill walking for a long way beside us.

June 13.—Went with the Mills to the Anti-Slavery Meeting at Exeter Hall, and had capital places assigned us. It was soon immensely crowded, and at eleven we were all ordered to take off our hats, as Prince Albert and an illustrious train appeared on the platform. The acclamations attending his entry were perfectly deafening, and he bore

them all with calm, modest dignity, repeatedly bowing with considerable grace. He certainly is a very beautiful young man, a thorough German, and a fine poetical specimen of the race. He uttered his speech in a rather low tone, and with the prettiest foreign accent. As the history of the meeting is in print, I need not go into details of the brilliant set of speakers to whom we listened. Fowell Buxton's was a very fine, manly speech; and the style in which he managed the public feeling on O'Connell's entrance greatly raised my notion of his talent and address. Samuel Wilberforce's was a torrent of eloquence, seeking and finding a fitting vent. The Prince's eyes were riveted upon him. Sir Robert Peel's demeanour was calm, dignified, and statesmanlike; the expression of his face I did not like, it was so very supercilious. He was received with shouts of applause, and truly it is a fine thing to have him enlisted in the enterprise. Lord Northampton was very agreeable, speaking as the representative of British science, which he hoped might have a new field opened in Africa. Sir Thomas Acland was manly and energetic, and would make himself heard and felt. Lord[1] Ashley, a very

[1] The present Earl of Shaftesbury, K.G.

handsome young noble, spoke well and worthily. Guizot was on the platform; his face is very interesting, illustrating what John Mill said the other day about every great Frenchman being first essentially French, whatever else might be superadded. Guizot's head and face are indisputably French, but "de première qualité." He entered with much animation into the spirit of the occasion, nodding and gesticulating in unison with the speakers. O'Connell seemed heartily to enjoy the triumph of his own presence; though not permitted to speak, a large minority of the audience would hardly allow any one else to address them whilst he was silent. The meeting was altogether considered a most triumphant one; the Prince's appearance, the very first as patron of any benevolent enterprise, is likely to tell well on other countries; and the unanimity of so many parties in resolving to try this great commercial experiment in Africa was most encouraging.

Clifton, July 17.—Whilst driving we met a fly, which hailed us right cheerily, and to our no small delight and surprise, John Sterling issued forth and warmly greeted us. So Anna Maria got in with his wife, and he joined us; they had been paying

Mamma a visit at Combe, and were now wandering forth in search of us. He looks well, and was very bright. He has been more with the Carlyles than any one else in London, and reports that he is writing his lectures for publication—the first time he has done so.

July 18.—We went off to the Sterlings'. He did the honours of a capital breakfast very completely, during which conversation, even on high matters, was not suspended. Methinks Sterling's table-talk would be as profitable reading as Coleridge's. His discussion with Samuel Wilberforce at the Sterling Club was alluded to. Wilberforce quoted and argued on Pascal's first principle—that men begin life with perfect credulity, proceed to universal scepticism, and then return to their first position. If this statement were correct, the middle term would be altogether useless, though considered a natural road to the conclusion. Sterling examined this afterwards, and thinks its significance may be understood thus: you begin by believing things on the authority of those around you, then learn to think for yourself without shrinking from the closest, severest scrutiny which may probably bring you to be *convinced*, not *persuaded*, of the things you first

believed, unless these were erroneous, in which case they may not stand the test. On Carlyle; his low view of the world proceeding partly from a bad stomach. The other day he was, as often, pouring out the fulness of his indignation at the quackery and speciosity of the times. He wound up by saying, "When I look at this, I determine to cast all tolerance to the winds." Sterling quietly remarked, "My dear fellow, I had no idea you had any to cast." Sterling views him as one of the old prophets who could see no good, no beauty, in former institutions or beliefs, by which his mind might have been called off from its intense devotion to a better belief and purer institutions. He has all their intensity and their narrowness. Spite of all his declamations against men as now existing, he weakens his theory sadly by uniformly addressing the higher feelings of humanity and expecting to work successfully through them. This proves that he must give them credit for possessing something with which he can sympathise. In comparing Carlyle with Jean Paul, you will find them each more like the other than any other man, but there is the difference of prophet and poet between them. Carlyle with all his ideality and power of words never

creates an ideal character, rather the test of a poet; he is never affected, as a prophet—he dare not be so, it would neutralise his earnestness and reforming energy: Jean Paul as an artist can venture to treat a subject as imaginatively and as fancifully as he likes. Sterling would define Carlyle's religious views as a warm belief in God, manifested in everything that is, whose worship should be pursued in every action. He religiously believes everything that he believes, and sees all things so connected, that the line of demarcation between belief in things spiritual and things natural is not by any means distinct. Sterling then showed us portfolios of engravings, out of which he gave Anna Maria a beautiful Rubens, and me a drawing of an ideal head by Benedetto, Guercino's master. On my remonstrating against such overpowering generosity, he said, "As that is the only drawing I have, my collection will be much more complete without it." His engravings of Michael Angelo's pictures are sublime. He has that wonderful figure of Jeremiah and another hung up in the drawing-room. He was saying something about them one day to Julius Hare, who answered, "Yes, I should admire those two pictures of him as much as you do, only they remind

me of two passages in the life of W. S. Landor which I have witnessed: the first, Landor scolding his wife; the second, his lamentation over the absence of a favourite dish of oysters!" Then we looked over a book of portraits of the German Reformers. The only mild founders of new opinions on record are Swedenborg and the Moravian Father. He has that most beautiful engraving of Melanchthon which expresses all that his biography teaches. On the German poets: Klopstock believed, although contemporary with Goethe and Schiller, that Bürger was the only German poet living designed for worldly immortality! Julius Hare was the translator of those tales from Tieck which I have. Hare met Tieck once, and reference being made to his translation, Tieck thought that he would have found some of the rhapsodical parts very difficult to render, but afterwards agreed with Hare that the soft, delicate touches and shades of feeling and opinion with which he abounds must have required the more careful handling. Madame de Staël was regretting to Lord Castlereagh that there was no word in the English language which answered to their "*sentiment*." "No," he said, "there is no English word, but the Irish have one that cor-

responds exactly—'blarney.'" Considering who the interlocutors were, this was inimitable. It is supposed to be Lord Castlereagh's one good thing. Then he showed a beautiful portrait of Guizot, so like him. The other day Guizot was sitting at dinner next a Madame M——, who has just written a novel, on which she imagines herself to have founded a literary reputation. She wished to extend a little patronage to her next neighbour, so began, "Et vous, Monsieur, est-ce que vous avez écrit quelque chose?" "Oui, Madame, quelques brochures," was the cool reply. He walked with us part of the way, greatly rejoicing in the elevation of Thirlwall to Episcopal dignity—a man every way worthy.

July 20.—Papa went on to Combe and left us in Clifton; so, accompanied by our good friend Sterling, we explored the Cathedral of Bristol. Talked about the great want of taste for the arts amongst the English, though they have the finest paintings (the Cartoons) and noblest sculptures (the Elgin Marbles). Yet, only the educated, and they often only from the spirit of dilettantism and fashion, attempt to admire with judgment. Wandered into the Institution and contemplated some fine casts from

the Æginetan Marbles of the wars of the Amazons, also of those from a Grecian temple, the originals of which are at Munich. Some of the learned consider them to be in masks, to account for the unimpassioned expressions of their faces in perilous circumstances. Sterling dissents from this idea—masks were not at that time invented—but reconciles matters by considering masks to be merely a form of speech used to express the absence of any attempt to render the human face in marble, which was, in those modest self-mistrusting times, considered as above and beyond the province of Art. He introduced us to Bailey's "Eve," considered the best specimen of modern sculpture, and truly a most lovely, expressive, altogether womanly creature. She is in the act of contemplating her charms reflected in the water, as hinted at by Milton. Then, the Dying Gladiator called forth some good remarks; this figure is the perfection of the animal man, a perfect mechanical example of the species. To increase the love of Art in England he would have good engravings and casts, if not paintings, attached to Mechanics' Institutes.

Talked about J. Wilson Croker. He is a worshipper of chandeliers and wealth in all its forms,

and withal is the supposed author of that article in the *Quarterly* of which John Keats died. Talked about sculpture and pictures in churches, which he rather likes than otherwise, thinking them calculated to fix the attention and give a direction to the devotion of the uneducated. On the "No Popery" cry: there is thus much in it by way of groundwork; all positive forms of religion are, in this thinking age, preferred to indifference; hence Roman Catholicism extends its influence and infidelity likewise. On the probable ultimate religious faith of countries, now professedly Catholic, but really unbelieving in a great measure: he thinks they will become rather of the creed of *la giovane Italia*, a belief poetical and German, of which Silvio Pellico is a worthy representative. Carlyle was not a little astonished the other day at a man informing him with deep gratitude that his works had converted him from Quakerism, in which he had been brought up, to Benthamism, and from that to Roman Catholicism! Talked about the Mills. It is a new thing for John Mill to sympathise with religious characters; some years since, he had so imbibed the errors which his father instilled into him, as to be quite a bigot against religion. Ster-

ling thinks he was never in so good a state as now.

He told us a story which Samuel Wilberforce mentioned to him the other day. The Archbishop of Canterbury was examining a Girls' National School, and not being a man of ready speech, he ran through the gamut of suitable openings: "My dear young friends—My dear girls—My dear young catechumens—My dear Christian friends—My dear young female women:" the gamut goes no higher.

July 21.—John Sterling appeared at breakfast. Last night he was very much exhausted, for, as it was his birthday, his children expected him first to play wolf, and afterwards to tell them stories. He and Papa discussed the Corn Laws, in which Papa is much more Conservative than he is. He talked extremely well about popular education. It is not those who read simply, but those who think, who become enlightened. Real education had such an effect in restraining and civilising men, that in America no police force is employed where education is general. In a Democracy it is all-important; for, as that represents the will of the people, you must surely make that will as reasonable as possible. Looked over some portfolios of drawings—

the angular style of drapery, picturesque because not statuesque. Asked him concerning his belief in ghosts: "Of course I believe in them. We are all spectres; the difference between us is that some can see themselves as well as others. We are all shadows in the magic lanthorn of Time." When S. T. Coleridge was asked the same question, he replied, "No, ma'am, I've seen too many of them." Then we gravely discussed the subject: he imagines the number of cases in favour of the common belief in ghosts to bear no proportion to those where ideal ghosts have been seen and no answering reality or coincidence to be found. As in the temple of Neptune, where the votive offerings were displayed of many who had been saved from shipwreck on praying to Neptune. "But where," asked the sceptic, "are the records of those who prayed to Neptune and were drowned?" And so Sterling went away, leaving us many tangible proofs of his kind remembrance in portfolios full of engravings, "to keep for three years if you like."

August 3.—J. Sterling has made up his mind not to go to Italy.

Falmouth, August 7.—Dr. Bowring paid us a charming little visit. He spoke of the National

Convention: he has been much blamed for countenancing such a political union, but he thinks the enthusiasm manifested therein not only excusable but necessary, as it rouses the quiet philosophical thinkers to do well what they see would otherwise be done in a very unsystematic fashion, and so the work makes progress. He spoke of Mill with evident contempt as a renegade from philosophy, Anglicè—a renouncer of Bentham's creed and an expounder of Coleridge's. S. T. Coleridge's mysticism Dr. Bowring never could understand, and characterises much of his teaching as a great flow of empty eloquence, to which no meaning was attachable. Mill's newly-developed "Imagination" puzzles him not a little; he was most emphatically a philosopher, but then he read Wordsworth, and that muddled him, and he has been in a strange confusion ever since, endeavouring to unite poetry and philosophy.

Dr. Bowring has lately had to look over multitudes of James Mill's, Bentham's, and Romilly's letters, in which there are many allusions to the young prodigy who read Plato at five years old. The elder Mill was stern, harsh, and sceptical. Bentham said of him, "He rather hated the ruling few than loved the suffering many." He was for-

merly a Scotch farmer, patronised for his mental power by Sir John Stuart, who had the credit of directing his education. For Carlyle Dr. Bowring professes a respect, in so far as he calls people's attention, with some power, to the sufferings of the many, and points out where sympathy is wanted; but he regards him as ignorant of himself and sometimes of his meaning, for his writings are full of odd, unintelligible entanglements, and all truth is simple. "The further men wander from simplicity, the further are they from Truth." This is the last of Dr. Bowring's recorded axioms. He is Bentham's executor, and is bringing out a new edition of his works. He lives in the Queen's Square, where Milton's house still stands, and the garden in which he mused still flourishes, as much as London smoke will let it.

August 18.—At Helston; called on the Derwent Coleridges. He is much interested in Carlyle, though of course he does not sympathise with him in many things. He thinks his style has the faultiness peculiar to self-taught men—an inequality; sometimes uttering gorgeous pieces of eloquence and deep and everlasting truths, at others spending equal strength in announcing the merest trivialities.

Then, again, he thinks that he hardly ever modifies his manner to suit his matter—an essential to excellence in art.

August 20.—Dined at the Taylors' to meet a very agreeable Prussian family, the Count and Countess Beust, with their sister and cousin. The Countess talked about Schlegel, whom they know very well at Bonn. He gives a course of lectures every year, sometimes for gentlemen only, with a license to a few to bring their wives; at others only for ladies, with a similar proviso for some husbands. The last series was on German Criticism. She had not met Elizabeth Fry, but heard her spoken of with enthusiasm by one of her friends who had made her acquaintance. The Count is a most energetic, clever, bright person, and full of laudable curiosity. He was vastly entertained at our making such a fuss about the miners' ascending troubles, and yet he is Government Mine Inspector of the Hartz! Also, he was very merry at the English plan of drinking healths with the adjunct "Hip! hip! hip!" which they are accustomed only to hear applied to the Jews.

CHAPTER VII.

1841.

"I see the lords of humankind pass by."—GOLDSMITH.

Falmouth, January 27.—To our great surprise and pleasure, Dr. Calvert suddenly appeared amongst us; though only an hour landed, he declared himself already better for Falmouth air: certainly he looks better.

January 30.—He spent much of the morning with us, and he proved to us most satisfactorily that mankind, up to those who take wooden meeting-houses to kangaroo districts, and ranging downwards without limitation, are not exempt from that sorrowful consequence of Eve's improper and useless conduct—a tendency to deceive and a liability to be deceived.

January 31.—Dr. Calvert has been taking a malicious pleasure in collecting primroses and strawberry flowers to send to his sister as evidences of climate. Talked of Carlyle. He found it would not do to be

much with him, his views took such hold on him and affected his spirits. None but those of great buoyancy and vigour of constitution should, he thinks, subject themselves to his depressing influences. Carlyle takes an anxious forlorn view of his own physical state, and said to him one day, "Well, I can't wish Satan anything worse than to try to digest for all eternity with my stomach; we shouldn't want fire and brimstone then."

February 2.—Dr. Calvert descanted on the vicarious nature of the system in physical life; the balancing power which exists in the body; if one part is weak, another is proportionally strong; if the cutaneous action goes on too vigorously, it draws on the stomach and there is bad digestion, and *vice versâ*. If the brain is too much worked, the health gives way; the only method of adjusting this is, when you devote yourself to head-work, be doubly careful about diet, exercise, cleanliness, &c. He entered into much illustrative comparative anatomy. He described a curious old record he has lately picked up, the apocryphal books of the New Testament, containing an Apocalypse of St. Peter, divers epistles, and the germs of certain strange Roman Catholic legends. There is a fine tone of primitive

Christianity discernible throughout, but after much grave debate it was not deemed of canonical authority. He talked with a certain Carlylesqueness of the clergy *versus* men of letters, and says that in Holland education is conducted on more liberal principles than in any other country, and there not a single clergyman has even a little finger in the pie.

February 8.—A thaw came on, and Dr. Calvert crept in. Talked much of the Germans: Goethe's definition of the pure *Mährchen* as a tale in which you are to be in nowise reminded of the actualities of existence; every passage must be supernatural, the persons all inhabitants of a witch-world. This he has illustrated in the one which Carlyle has translated. He made me a present of "Hermann and Dorothea." Papa and he agree in believing that the doings of this world, and the phenomena we call action and reaction, are but manifestations of some great cyclical law, profoundly unknown but not unfelt.

February 12.—Instructive exhibition of the comparative anatomy of the stomachs of a Brent goose and a diver: the former lives on fuci, and is accordingly provided with amazingly strong muscles of

digestion; the other depends on fish, and though a much larger bird, its stomach is far smaller and less muscular. Dr. Calvert took seventeen fish out of it.

February 18.—Our afternoon visit to Bank House was enlivened by Dr. Calvert's presence and occasional outbreak into words. He talked on medical subjects; the prescription of red cloth for smallpox and some other diseases has only been discontinued quite lately. Dr. Jephson is no quack, he only trains the stomach to perform its functions rapidly; the patient must take beef-steaks and porter, but then he must take plenty of exercise too: on leaving Leamington he is apt to remember only the first part of the prescription, and accordingly falls into a very sorry state of oppression and discomfort. I am exceedingly enjoying Boz's "Master Humphrey's Clock," which is still in progress. That man is carrying out Carlyle's work more emphatically than any; he forces the sympathies of all into unwonted channels, and teaches us that Punch and Judy men, beggar children, and daft old men are also of our species, and are not, more than ourselves, removed from the sphere of the heroic. He is doing a world of good in a very healthy way.

March 3.—Dr. Calvert announces the coming of his friend Sterling next week. He talked of their first intercourse in Madeira. John Sterling had heard of him as eccentric and fancied him Calvinistic, and in fact did not fancy him. They met at the house of a very worthy lady, who argued with Sterling on points connected with Calvinism. Dr. Calvert was a silent listener, but at last shoved a German book which he was reading right under John Sterling's nose, the significance of which made him start and see that he had read him wrongly. A warm friendship almost instantly resulted, and they soon took up their abode together.

March 6.—Dr. Calvert told us interesting things of the Jesuits. When he was ill in Rome, one came to him and begged to be made useful in any way. "Thank you, sir, I have a servant; pray don't trouble yourself." "Sir, my profession is to serve." They are picked men from childhood, and brought up at every stage in the strictest school of unquestioning submission to authority and a fixed idea. The Roman Catholic priests are always better or worse than the Protestant clergy—either intensely devoted to God and their neighbour, or sly, covetous, and sensual.

March 7.—Little Tweedy and Bastian, two beautiful boy-children, to dinner; the theory of the latter concerning his majority is that in twenty months from this time (he being now of the mature age of four) he shall awake and find himself a man. He concludes he shall have to pass three days in bed whilst new clothes are being made.

March 8.—In our ride to-day, Dr. Calvert talked of Savonarola, his influence over all the highest minds at Florence and elsewhere. Luther was the first who revived the conviction that it was the inward principle, rather than the outward manifestation of forms or ceremonies, to which Christ claimed man's loyalty; the heart rather than the senses which should do Him homage. This sublime and all-important truth was only revealed to him by degrees: he began attacking abuses, and was mightily startled at finding that the Principle was in fault: he was frightened at the work before him, and not less alarmed as the work proceeded, fancying that he did more harm than good by the stir of thought which he had impelled throughout Europe. This alarm was perfectly natural, and it was natural too that evil should be evolved in the process—natural and almost necessary. There has

been through all time a constant hankering after the Law as opposed to the Gospel; it has been perpetually restored in some form or other: one Form wears itself out, then a master-mind arises, teaches a pure principle, and can only transmit it by a new Form, which in its turn wears out and dies, and another takes its place. Form is in its nature transitory, but the living Principle is eternal.

March 13.—The Doctor at breakfast again; he actually drinks tea like any other Christian. He talks of going to Kynance or somewhere to rusticate for a little, probably as a place of refuge. He described the present Lord Spencer's mode of proceeding when his good-nature has been grossly imposed on. A confidential butler was discovered to have omitted paying the bills for which he had received about £2000; this came to light in an investigation preparatory to settling a life annuity on him. Dr. Calvert asked Lord Spencer, "Well, what shall you do now?" "Oh, I shall settle the annuity on his wife: I can't afford to lose £2000 and my temper besides." In early life Lord Spencer was accustomed to give full sway to his passions, and his love of popularity was very conspicuous. He has taken a true estimate of his own

character and made a fine stand against the evil part of his nature; thus, an act like this was port wine and bark to his moral system. On the question being mooted, "Is such conduct morally right in a social system?" the Doctor replied, "Why, charity begins at home: if I should lose my temper in punishing a man, it would be an evil hardly counterbalanced by the advantage his suffering would be to society. I would never punish a man till I was sure it would not disturb my temper, nor unless it were likely to do him good." This is, of course, very liable to abuse from weak, kind-hearted people, but what principle is not? The difficulty of ascertaining the narrow line of safety may never be a sound argument against a principle: the highest are the most beset with perils.

March 16.—A nice long gossiping breakfast visit from Dr. Calvert. He has made up his mind to go to Penzance and see how it suits him. We shall miss him much. He talked with some enthusiasm of the true *Mährchen* nature of Tom Thumb, Jack the Giant-Killer, &c. "As I have none to talk nonsense with but the dead, let me have such things as these to amuse some of my idleness.

When a sedate friend has caught me thus employed, and sharply rebuked me for such mal-occupation of my time, and I have gone home with him into his family and heard h'm talking the veriest nonsense to his children, I have felt fully countenanced in continuing my amusement."

March 18.—The Doctor went away this morning, leaving a farewell note. He speaks of half envying a simple friend of ours who told him this morning that she had never been further than Redruth, and on his asking her if she were born here (meaning Falmouth, not his house), she answered, "Oh no, sir, down below in the town."

March 29.—Barclay heard from Sterling on his way to Torquay. He writes in the highest terms of Carlyle's volume of lectures; thinks it more popular, and likely to do more good than any of his other books.

April 1.—Charming letter to Anna Maria from J. Sterling, in which he compares the contemporary genius of Michael Angelo and Luther; something of the Coleridge *versus* Bentham spirit: both fine, original, and clear, though opposite and apparently contradictory poles of one great force.

April 10.—At about seven o'clock, what was our

delight and astonishment to meet John Sterling in the drawing-room, just come per *Sir Francis Drake* steamer, looking well, though anything but vigorous, and going almost directly to Dr. Calvert. We exchanged the warmest, kindliest greetings, and he agreed to lodge here; so we had an evening with plenty of talk. I wish I could preserve something of the form of Sterling's eloquence as well as the subject of it. To begin with a definition, Sterling is derived from Easterling, a trading nation of Lombards who settled in England; hence pounds sterling, &c. He doubts whether there was one murder in Ireland on strictly religious grounds. With respect to the present condition of the Irish, he remarked, "It is a hard thing to convince conquerors that they are responsible for the vices of the conquered. More infidelity has been learned from the reading of Church history than from any other source — from the weak and futile attempts to prove too much and to brand all dissentients with quackery or heresy." Guizot's "Civilisation in Europe," the highest history that has appeared in modern times; a thorough acquaintance with that work alone would constitute an educated and cultivated man. Michelet, a much more impulsive

writer; falls in love with his own thickcoming fancies, and dallies with them to the fatigue of third parties! Knows George Richmond well: he is painting portraits till he can afford to devote himself to historical painting and live in Italy. He has lately done one of Christ and the disciples at Emmaus, but there is not incident enough in the scene to explain itself without the words—an essential consideration.

April 11.—Got up at six o'clock to make coffee for Sterling. As the talk fell on Luther, he sketched a fine imaginary picture of him at the moment of seeing his friend struck by lightning. It must happen at the junction of two roads—one dark, but for the tree to which the lightning had set fire; frightened animals peering through the flames, painted indistinctly to remind us of fiends—his friend lying in this road dead: the other road, which Luther takes, the sun shines upon, and you see it winding in the distance till it ascends to the monastery, at the top of which is a shining cross which the rays of the sun have caught. He spoke of Savonarola as a Roman Catholic Puritan, a hard and narrow-minded enthusiast. His influence over the high spirits of his age was the effect of his con-

scientiousness simply; conscience ever must and will command reverence, and influence without limit; it was curious enough that he should be the great destroyer of pictures, and a portrait of him by Raphael[1] was the *amende honorable* which the next Pope paid to his memory. Talked of the dry, hard spirit of modern Unitarianism, and recommended Wordsworth's poetry or Barclay's "Apology" for such a case. Carlyle has been staying in the Isle of Wight with his brother, Dr. Carlyle, who is a man of no paradox, prejudice, or genius like his brother, but possesses strong sense and sound judgment. With reference to the miraculous power pretended for some of the Fathers and their relics, it is curious that none of the Fathers themselves ever assumed the power; it was left for tradition and their bones.

April 19.—Between the hours of nine and ten, Sterling returned from Penzance. He is come to look at some habitations with an eye to inhabitancy. He told us Dr. Calvert has been depressed and poorly for some time. Spoke of ladies taking notes at Carlyle's lectures, of dates, not thoughts, and

[1] Query: Fra Bartolommeo?

these all wrong. On the law having a right to inquire about belief in future rewards and punishments with reference to administering the oaths. The idea of connecting religious belief with the law of the land, utterly preposterous; yet Sir Matthew Hale's narrow-minded dictum, that whoever would not subscribe to the Creed could not be a good subject, has been a precedent for after lawyers. A drawing of Shelley being produced, he remarked, "What an absence of solidity in the expression of that face!" When at college, Sterling had venerated and defended Shelley as a moralist as well as a poet, "being rather youthy." Whenever Shelley attempted to enter into a real human character, it was a monstrous one—the Cenci, for instance. He was only at home and freely breathing in a quite abstract empyrean. Shelley's head was most strangely shaped—quite straight at the back.

April 20.—Sterling asked if we had seen "Trench on the Parables," a very interesting work, though he cannot sympathise with the idea that every expression and every feature in the parables is intended to bear a moral significance, but thinks they are often added for the completeness and picturesqueness of the story. Some talk on capital punishment;

his views much more worthy of him than last year. Of the many mysteries in Germany and elsewhere: after thoroughly examining the subject, he believes that Kaspar Häuser was an impostor. The Iron Mask much more fascinating, but unluckily there was no prince in Europe missing at that time. Spoke complainingly of the critical spirit super-induced by trying to perfect his own writings. Of Mrs. Carlyle's quizzeries, he thinks she puts them forth as such evident fictions, that they cannot mislead with reference to the characters of others. Talked about men of science; he does not wish to attend the British Association; such would be the hurry and bustle, that it would only be like intercourse on a treadmill. He called Whewell (with whom he is well acquainted) a great mass of prose, a wonderful collection of facts. Whewell once declared that he could see no difference between mechanic and dynamic theories, and yet the man reads Kant, has domesticated some of his ideas, and thinks himself a German. Sedgwick he owns to be of a different stamp, a little vein of genius running through his granite. He knows the Countess Beust well; she was the woman at Bonn whose manners he thought most calculated to make society agreeable. Schlegel

had clear poetic feeling and a fine insight, which enabled him to give those masterly criticisms on Shakespeare, till Madame de Staël came in his way, and by her plaudits of "société, esprit," &c., he learnt to think that for such things man was to live! He has therefore turned his energies all that way, and is now about the vainest man in Europe. Beau Brummel once plaintively remarked, "The ladies! they ruin all my wigs by begging locks." When Calvert reads "Tom Thumb," he (Sterling) betakes himself to Molière. He thinks "The Misanthrope" his best, and considers that all the din and stir of French Revolutionism is prefigured in it. Speaking of the advantage of reading on familiar subjects in foreign languages, he said he knew a lady who learnt German on purpose to read Luther's Bible. At last the word was "Farewell," as he went to Perran with Aunt Charles.

April 26. — At about one o'clock J. Sterling entered and announced that he had bought Dr. Donnelly's house! How little did we think of such a climax a month since, and even now I can't realise it. They intend moving early in the summer. We talked about motives; he does not like too much self-scrutiny, and would rather advise,

"Take the best and wisest course, do what you know is right, and then don't puzzle yourself in weighing your motives: forget yourself in the object of your striving as much as possible; any examination that brings Self under any colours into the foreground is bad." I don't altogether agree with him here, for a hearty sincere inlook tends, I think, in no manner to self-glorification. He talked of the strange breaking-up of sects and bodies everywhere remarkable, with a half-melancholy sagacity, mixed with wondering uncertainty. There is so much of the destructive spirit abroad, that the creative, or at least the constructive, must be cherished. After a very interesting hour or two, we separated.

April 29.—Very bright note from Sterling with reference to his talk with Mamma about dress. He says, "I would cut off all my buttons to please her."

May 5.—J. Sterling arrived last evening. We went all over his comfortable house with him, and were his assistants in choosing papers, positions of store cupboards, and other important arrangements. He spent the evening here. Much pleasant conversation, but little to record. Spoke of the influence of books, and of Carlyle's remark, "that

every one who read a novel from the Minerva Press had his or her life more or less coloured by it;" this he made more precise by saying, "Though the pattern of the mind may not be changed, yet its tinting probably is, by every object that even temporarily takes hold on the feelings." He has such a genuine enthusiasm for Art, and traces his love of sculpture to two figures in their Paris dining-room, which rooted themselves into his sympathies when quite a boy. How he revelled in the casts from the Elgin Marbles this evening!

May 6.—Busy gardening at "Sterling Castle;" after which its Governor joined us in a sauntering ride. He was talking much to-day of his own early life, when he took a step which he has never regretted. His parents designed him for the Bar, and raised their hopes high on this foundation; but when he decided that he could not honestly accept this for his profession, because he knew well how specially dangerous to his temperament would be the snare of it, he had to disappoint them by telling them he must absolutely give up all thoughts of the Law for his career. He thinks Barclay's poetical power is deepening perceptibly; a greater steadiness of aim and less verbosity are

its growing characteristics. Spoke of J. S. Mill and his wonderful faculties: "he is like a windmill, to which he can always apply water power;" this he attributes in great measure to his early education, when mental control was the thing aimed at.

May 7.—J. Sterling busy gardening with us: talked over many people. Of Buxton's Civilisation Scheme: he has little faith that the savages of Africa will perceive the principles of political economy, when we remember the fact that the highly educated classes of England oppose the alteration of the Corn Laws. What he would recommend is the establishment of British Empire in Africa, to be accomplished by alliances with the natives in their different international wars, though he does not expect us to agree with him here. Much discourse on special providences, a doctrine which he totally disbelieves, and views the supporters of it as in the same degree of moral development as Job's comforters. Job, on the contrary, saw further; he did not judge of the Almighty's aspect towards him by any worldly afflictions or consolations; he saw somewhat into the inner secret of His providence, and so could say, "Though He

slay me, yet will I trust in Him." We must look for the hand of His providence alike in all dispensations, however mysterious to us. Every movement here has its first impulse in Heaven; though, like a pure ether, it may be contaminated or altogether changed by collision with the atmosphere of this world, yet its origin is Divine. Thus, on the ruins of the doctrine of particular providences, may be built up our belief in the constant superintendence and activity of our Infinite Father; and though some highly extolled species of faith may lose their value for us, we shall, instead of them, see our entire dependence on Omnipotence for every gift, however trifling, and feel that He doeth all things transcendently well.

May 8.—To-day Father received a letter from Captain James Ross, informing him that they have discovered the South Magnetic Pole, a result they could not have attained without Papa's Deflector.

On Hartley Coleridge and his beautiful introduction to Massinger: S. T. Coleridge once said to Sterling that Hartley often exhibited a sort of flat-sharpness, which he did not think he derived from him, but probably picked up from Southey. He thinks that about "Genius not descending like

Scrofula" is a signal instance of it. On the horrible in Painting and Poetry: Sterling thinks it inadmissible in the former, because you can't get clear of the painful impression by subsequent pleasing ones, as you can in Poetry. For this reason he thinks the Crucifixion an unsuitable subject for a picture, as physical suffering must be the prevailing sentiment. He has just been reading "Mémoires sur Mirabeau," and increasingly thinks with Carlyle that his sins are greatly exaggerated, that his circumstances were so unfavourable for the cherishing of virtuous sensibilities, and so many influences urged, nay, almost drove, his proud spirit the other way, that we should be lenient in our judgment.

May 10.—Amusing day. J. Sterling has a friend and connection here, a Mr. Lawrence,[1] an Indian judge, and he brought him to call. India the principal topic. Lawrence was describing an illness he had, in which he was most tenderly nursed and borne with by his native servants. "Yes," said

[1] *Lawrence* (John Laird Mair), Baron of the Punjaub and Grately. Born at Richmond in Yorkshire, 1811. For his services in repressing the Indian Mutiny he was created a Baronet, also receiving a G.C.B. and a grant of £2000 a year. In 1863 he was created a Peer. Was Viceroy and Governor-General of India, and dying in 1879, is buried in Westminster Abbey.

Sterling, "Patience, Submission, Fortitude are the virtues that characterise an enslaved nation; their magnanimity and heroism is all of the passive kind." Lawrence spoke of the stationary kind of progress which Christianity was making amongst them. When a native embraces this new creed he retains his old inveterate prejudices, and superadds only the liberty of the new faith. This Lawrence has repeatedly proved—so much so, that he would on no account take one of these converts into his service; all his hope is in the education of the children, who are bright and intelligent. The Indians will, from politeness, believe all you tell them; if you speak of any of Christ's miracles they make no difficulty, but directly detail one more marvellous, of which Mahomet was the author, and expect your civility of credence to keep pace with theirs. If you try to convince them of any absurdities and inconsistencies in the Koran, they stop you with, "Do you think that such an one as I should presume to understand it?" Sterling remarked, "Have you never heard anything like that in England?"

May 13.—Of his friend Julius Hare, and the novelties of spelling which he has ventured on, Sterling remarked that his principle is to keep up

the remembrance of the original root of the words; thus, he would retain the *u* in honour, to remind us of its French extraction. Our language wants weeding greatly, and the right meaning of words should be restored by any one able and willing for the task. Voltaire did wonders for French in this way.

May 16.—Pleasant visit from Sterling and Lawrence. Dr. Calvert has had a sad illness, and is coming here: Sterling will stay and nurse him. He has just heard from Carlyle, who says that the problem which of all others puzzles him is whether he is created for a Destroyer or a Prophet. (Is he not both, and must not every great man, if a Destroyer, be also a Builder?) Sterling does not at all support his view of Cromwell as a man without ambition, filled to the last with the one idea of the presence and government of God, but takes the common and more rational view, that his aim was pure, but that circumstances turned his head. What one thing has Cromwell done for England, when he had it in his power to do so much?

May 20.—After a busy morning at Falmouth and Flushing, Sterling offered to take us back to Penjerrick in his car. He said, "You must see

many eminent persons; why don't you make notes of their appearance as well as their conversation?" The idea being good, I'll try my hand.—John Sterling is a man of stature, not robust, but well-proportioned; hair brown and clinging closely round his head; complexion very pale, eyes grey, nose beautifully chiselled, mouth very expressive. His face is one expressing remarkable strength, energy, and refinement of character. In argument he commonly listens to his antagonist's sentiments with a smile, less of conscious superiority than of affectionate contempt (if such a combination may be)—I mean what would express, "Poor dear! she knows no better!" In argument on deep or serious subjects, however, he looks earnest enough, and throws his ponderous strength into reasoning and feeling: small chance then for the antagonist who ventures to come to blows! He can make him and his arguments look so small; for, truth to tell, he dearly loves this indomitable strength of his; and I doubt any human power bringing him to an acknowledgment of mistake with the consequent conviction that the opposite party was right. Sterling possesses a quickness and delicacy of perception quite feminine, and with it a power of originating deep and

striking thoughts, and making them the foundation of a regular and compact series of consequences and deductions such as only a man, and a man of extraordinary power of close thinking and clearness of vision, can attain unto. He is singularly uninfluenced by the opinions of others, preferring, on the whole, to run counter to them than make any approach to a compromise.—We found no lack of conversation; but really, as he has become a resident, I dare not pledge myself to continue noting. He offered to-day to have readings with us sometimes, in which his wife would join. This will be a fine chance for us. He spoke of there being but three men in England in whom he could perceive the true elements of greatness—Wordsworth, Carlyle, and the Duke of Wellington. We took poor Billy, the goat, a walk with us, when Sterling chose to lead it, and presented a curious spectacle—his solemn manner with that volatile kid!

May 24.—Dr. Calvert appeared at our Penjerrick tea-table to our great surprise, and talked very much as if he meant to remain at Falmouth. He says, "I know when I come to you I need not talk unless I like it." Certainly he has rather lost ground during his stay at Penzance, but he has

come to the conclusion that he is not to be well in any climate, which he says teaches him to make the best of, and be thankful for, the one he is in. He does not agree with Carlyle and others who think that we all have a message to deliver. "My creed is, that Man, whilst dwelling on the earth, is to be instructed in patience, submission, humility." He and H. Molesworth dined with us, with John Lawrence—Dr. Calvert's mild wisdom flowing as usual in its deep and quiet channel.

Joseph Bonaparte, his son, and grandson, in the Harbour. Barclay and Lawrence visited them under the shade of the American Consulate. Shook hands and conversed with the old man for some time, and admired exceedingly the little boy, who is the image of Napoleon. His father, the Prince Charles Bonaparte de Canino, a fine-looking man.

May 25.—The Suttons, Macaulays, and J. Sterling dined with us. Sterling quoted the Italian lady who was asked by Napoleon whether all the Italians were thieves—"Non tutti, ma buona parte!"

June 2.—We had a nice talk with Sterling about Frederic II. of Prussia, whom he greatly admires, and thinks the greatest man that was ever born a

king. In the controversy with Voltaire, Frederic shines in every respect. Voltaire's blackest spot was his hatred and jealousy of Rousseau.

June 6.—Uncle and Aunt Charles paid the Carlyles a delightful little visit when in town, the most interesting point of which was, that Carlyle ran after them and said, "Give my love to your dear interesting nephew and nieces!" which had better be engraved on our respective tombstones. I walked *tête-exaltée* the rest of the day consequentially! On consulting Sterling on the singular fact of Carlyle remembering our existence, he said, "Oh! he's interested about you; he likes your healthy mode of Quakerism; it's the sort of thing with which he can sympathise more than any other." Sterling is deep in Emerson's "Essays," and said, "It would answer your purpose well to devote three months entirely to the study of this one little volume; it has such a depth and originality of thought in it as will require very close and fixed attention to penetrate."

June 8.—J. Sterling showed me Emerson's book, and drew a parallel between him and Carlyle; he was the Plato, and Carlyle the Tacitus. Emerson is the systematic thinker; Carlyle has the

clearer insight, and has many deeper things than Emerson.

June 9.—Anna Maria and I paid Dr. Calvert a snug little visit by special invitation. He is growing sadly weak, and every day more sleepy. "I used to find it a difficulty," he says, "to sleep one hour; now I find it none in the world to sleep twenty-four." He has formed an intimacy with a cheery-hearted old woman, Nancy Weeks, who busies herself with the eggs of Muscovy ducks; they exchange nosegays, and he sits for much of his evenings with her and her husband. He has stuck a portrait of Papa over a painting to which he has taken a great antipathy, and spite of the incision of four pins, his landlady quite approves of the arrangement. He is still often able to shoot curious little birds, which he brings to Anna Maria to draw and stuff.

June 14.—On leaving the bathing machine, Dr. Calvert joined us; he is extremely weak and tottering, ready to fall off little Z's back (so he has named a recent purchase of his, thinking it the last of ponies both in size and price —£5). However, he brightened up and was quite cheerful.

June 15.—Dr. Calvert joined us at dinner, and we all lounged under our drooping spruce, with Balaam the ape, which I had borrowed for the afternoon, in the foreground, and the kid near by, quite happy in our companionship. The Doctor told us a good deal about the peasantry in Madeira, and how much they are generally maligned: so strong a class feeling exists in that island that they seem quite cut off from sympathy; no doctors attend them when ill, and they are only represented as a most degraded set of people, shut out by nature from communion with their fellow-men. When he was there he determined to find them out for himself: some fever was very prevalent, so he used to ride out and give them physic and money, and sit with them, and enter into their interests; they soon got much attached to him, and when he was going away he received all sorts of little presents from the poor ill-used creatures, whose loud laments accompanied him to the ship: his gratis practice among the poor had soon excited the ill-will of the Portuguese doctors, who actually laid an information against him. "Here's a fellow who has no right to practise amongst the Portuguese, physicking the poor gratis; all confounded

quackery, with some ultimate object, of course: he must be stopped." When he heard of these proceedings he went to the head physician, and told him that though he had nothing to do with Portuguese colleges, he had his English M.D. degree with him, that if they interfered with his practising amongst the poor, he should take his revenge and practise amongst the rich. This was a final check for them. The medical art, as well as every other, is in a lamentably low state there. Wherever Spain or Portugal has influence, there pride and indolence form barriers to all improvement. After a good deal more talk, he declared, "Now I'm tired of ladies' society;" but as all the servants were gone out haymaking, he had to submit to it a little longer, whilst I enacted groom and brought out his little pony; in consequence of which, when we met next at Trebah, he gave me a delicious piece of soap, which he thought would surely be useful in my new office. John Sterling's wisdom and Aunt Charles's wit seemed to do him good, but he speaks of himself as physically very miserable. She has given him a Neapolitan pig which is an amusement to him; he has it washed and shampooed every morning.

June 16.—All the Trebahs dined with us. J. Sterling joined us at dessert in famous spirits. Barclay spoke of women's veneration for power; he amended it to a universal veneration for all that was high and good.

June 21.—Called on the Sterlings. Found Dr. Calvert squatting in a corner at the prospect of a call from the Candidate for Falmouth; J. Sterling sitting bolt upright, anxious to give every support to the Liberal Candidate; but, alas! we had not our expected diversion, for a card was the only candidate for our favour. Sterling talked excellently on the Corn Laws; he would amend them at once and for ever. Statistics are mightily in his favour respecting the rise and fall of wages with the price of bread; in Ireland and Holland, the result is precisely the converse of what the landholders here predict. Much fun about Dr. Calvert's Neapolitan pig, which has shown no marks of civilisation so far. Sterling considers it a crying error of the day to make one's own individuality one's own circle of consciousness, one's own convictions the standard by which we judge those of others—their greater or less approximation to which decides their value in our eyes.

We cannot, without a mental effort too vast for the majority, look at Truth as a congeries of Light, of which no human eye can bear more than a part. Then Heaven forbid we should condemn or hardly judge our fellow-man, to whom the same point of Light is not granted, by which we see; he may behold a larger portion or an intenser light, which would utterly dazzle and put out our quite human eyes. "Judge not, and ye shall not be judged;" and, above all things, "have fervent charity amongst yourselves." John Sterling is not answerable for the above outbreak of morality.

June 25.—A pelting afternoon, nevertheless it brought us the Sterlings. He spoke of seeing two madmen employing themselves in painting in some Italian asylum; it was the strictest copying work: he does not remember an instance of poetic imagination simply inducing madness; it is the presence of a solitary, all-absorbing passion or emotion that has such result.

June 27.—Saw the Sterlings. Looked at some interesting portraits: remarkable contrast between S. T. Coleridge and Schleiermacher—such restless energy and penetrating acuteness in the latter, such

contemplative indolence and supineness in the other. He wishes me to translate some of Schleiermacher's sermons, which I think I shall attempt.

June 28. — To breakfast with Grandmother. William Ball very eloquent on the subject of Wordsworth; they never heard him praise any poetry but his own, except a piece of Jane Crewdson's! To strangers whom he is not likely to see again he converses in the monologue style as the mood is upon him, but with his friends he is very willing, and indeed desirous, of hearing them state their own opinions. He makes no secret of his view that Poetry stands highest among the arts, and that he (William Wordsworth) is at the head of it. He expresses such opinions in the most naïve manner, pleasant to witness. He so feels the importance of high finish as not to begrudge a fortnight to a word, so he succeed at last in getting a competent one.

We wandered down to Dr. Calvert's. He has now given up all thoughts of being better, and only considers whether he is more comfortable one day than another. He watches his various symptoms with perfect calmness, and pronounces them manifest proofs of a breaking up of the constitution.

Conversation turned to church matters, and the importance of even children going regularly, were it only to cherish those reverential feelings which unite one with all in worship. Long after he himself gave up going to church on account of his health, he continued to take the sacrament, because that is a ceremony on the force of which none dares to dogmatise; the wisest and best are divided concerning its true meaning, so that each may take it according to his own conscience.

July 19. — An interesting evening at the Sterlings'. Time spent in looking at Raphael's heads from his frescoes in the Vatican. Certainly the wondrous scope of vision and feeling displayed in the infinite variety of type in these heads raises Raphael far higher as a philosophical painter, that is, possessing an open sense and a deep sympathy with man in all his phases. Sterling's critique was most interesting. He spoke of them being far inferior in grandeur to Michael Angelo's, but then Michael Angelo's were perpetual transcripts of himself. Now Raphael was able to look quite out of himself, alike into the faces of his fellows and their opposites, and to render them truly on the canvas. He called Cruikshank the Raphael of Cockney-

dom. We examined a portrait of him which he has just given forth. It is not known if it be a genuine likeness or a capital joke, but it is quite what one might fancy him to be.

Webster, the American, after being three months in town, was asked what his feeling was about London. "The same as it was at first," he replied. "Amazement!"

July 27.—The Doctor has brightened up a little since the arrival of the Stangers,[1] and to-day crept out with us on "Z" to Penjerrick; he gave a beautiful little glimpse of some of the analogies between Society and the Individual. Each must, he holds, be left more to itself and its God; there are epochs and diseases and difficulties through which each must pass, but for these there is a remedy deeper than restraining and constraining laws. Plato discovered this analogy, and accordingly created the words Microcosm and Macrocosm; yet the world will not learn that Society cannot fall to pieces if left to right itself. He went into some of the intricacies of his own character—

[1] Dr. Calvert's only sister and her husband, who now came to nurse him in what proved his fatal illness.

his want of self-esteem, which, though it does not hinder him from objecting to the theories of all others, prevents his confidence in his own, unless built up on indisputable, reasonable, manifest truth. Rumball, the Phrenologist, has been examining his head, and he is quite willing that his character of him should be seen, because he thinks it an instructive one, just as he would have his body examined after death for the benefit of medical science.

Plymouth, July 30.—Attended the British Association Meeting here. Sir Henry de la Beche was President of the Geological Section, which was by far the most popular, and certainly very interesting. He was a most spirited president. This evening, as we were taking tea at Colonel Mudge's, he wandered in, and was forcibly reminded of old times in seeing us all. On education in general, and popular education in particular, he spoke in a tone and dialect not foreign to Carlyle. "Say honestly, education they want and education they shall have, and the thing is done, but let it be said honestly or not at all." He talked with strong sympathy of Carlyle's "Chartism," and remarked concerning the fallacies discoverable therein, "Why, no perfect book, any more than

a perfect character, can exist whilst the world and we are human."

August 3.—Dined at the W. S. Harris's, and met a very pleasant party. My lot at dinner was cast with Henry de la Beche. He talked of the all-importance of an honest belief. I see he is very careful not to give his opinion until he has really studied the subject, he so dreads and deprecates untrue statements both of opinion and fact. He was complimented on the way in which he had performed his duties as chairman, and confidentially told me that the secret of pleasing in that department was to bring others forward and keep yourself in the background.

Falmouth, August 7.—Professor Lloyd[1] and his wife appeared after breakfast; we took shipping and went to Trelissick. Talked about Quetelet: he is a sort of universal genius, his present object the investigation of cycles. Babbage has been

[1] *Lloyd* (Rev. Humphrey), D.D., D.C.L., F.R.S., born in Dublin 1800. He was especially devoted to the sciences of Light and Magnetism, and in 1838 the newly-founded Magnetical Observatory in Dublin was placed under his direction. He was made Provost of Trinity College in 1867, and died in 1881. He wrote many valuable works on the subjects in which he took so especial an interest.

attempting to form statistics of suicides, but remarked, "We must have many more examples before we can get at an accurate result." When the Franklins and Sabines were excursing in Ireland, they went through some difficult pass. Professor Lloyd was with them, and vastly amused at Lady Franklin again and again saying, "John, you had better go back, you are certainly giddy." At last, poor woman, she had to change her feint, and could proceed no farther. Sir John found it advisable to carry her back, and asked Colonel Sabine to assist him. The Colonel thought it nervous work and hesitated, until encouraged in a grave matter-of-fact way by the excellent husband. "Don't be afraid, Sabine; she never kicks when she's faint!"

August 8.—Took a calm little walk with Professor Lloyd, in which he beautifully analysed Whewell's character, sermons, and scientific standing. To each the objections are rather negative than positive, but nevertheless they are objections. Charming evening over poetry, ghosts, &c. He recommends Taylor's "Physical Theory of Another Life." His own belief in ghosts extends thus far —At the moment at which the soul is separated

from the body, he thinks the spirit may range for any definite purpose, our comprehension of which is by no means necessary for its reality.

August 10.—Went to Grove Hill, where we found Ritter, a most remarkable object, with a most Goethean countenance and grand forehead. He was much interested in hearing Sterling talk on Germany and the Germans. His own part in the dialogue was very "So! So!" Speaking of Bettina's mode of bringing up her children, he said, "She does no ting to dem, but let dem go, and yet dey all turn out well." Professor Owen was of our party. He said, with reference to an analogy he spoke of last night, "It is only the first step to a boundless field of analogies; there are many I have discovered of a most profound nature, of which that is merely a hint." He is a very interesting person, his face full of energetic thought and quiet strength. His eye has in it a fixedness of purpose, and enthusiasm for that purpose, seldom surpassed.

August 12.—Breakfast made most joyous by Colonel Sabine[1] announcing that he had got

[1] *Sabine* (General Sir Edward), K.C.B., F.R.S., born 1788. Took a part in the explorations in the Northern Seas with Ross

glorious news for us, which he set us to guess. His wife looked keenly at him, and asked, "It is about Captain Ross?" Such is the sympathy between these married magnetists; for in very truth it was about Captain Ross—that he had reached 78° South lat., being 11° further than any one before him. He had discovered snow-capped mountains. Twenty-two years since (in 1818) Colonel Sabine and he had stood upon the North Pole Ice, and the former said, "Well, Ross, when you become a post-captain and a great man, you must go through the same work at the South Pole." Colonel Sabine's excitement is delightful, and the spirit of reverent thankfulness with which he receives the tidings truly instructive. They are so charmed at the coincidence of the news arriving here, when Lloyd, Sabine, and Fox are assembled together.

To Hunt's lecture in the evening, on "The Influence of Poetry and Painting on Education." John Sterling in the chair, where he sat with

and Parry in 1818. Was secretary to the Royal Society from 1827 to 1830, and to him we owe the establishment of Magnetic Observatories. He succeeded Sir Benjamin Brodie as President of the Royal Society in 1861.

tolerable composure till the conclusion. He then thanked our Lecturer for the pains he had taken to instruct us, and added a few impressive words: "Guard against self-deception of every species. True poetry is not the plaything of an idle fancy, nor the pursuit of a vacant moment, but the result of concentrated energy and the offspring of untiring perseverance."

August 18.—Breakfasted at the Joseph Carne's and met Conybeare, who was very interesting about his theological lectures and some of their effects. He once attended a Unitarian Chapel, and was much astonished at their prayer at the end; it was no petition, but a sort of summary of the perfections of the Deity. He went with Dr. Pritchard to one of J. J. Gurney's meetings, and listened to a kind of apologetic discourse for the peculiarities of our Body. He was especially tickled at his mention of women's preaching. "Shall we silence our women? We cannot do it! We dare not do it!" He takes a very bright impression of the present race of scientific men, so much religious feeling among them. Told us of Sedgwick's listening to a party of ladies talking phrenology. He joined in with, "Do you know I have been much interested in watching

X—— lecturing. He begins with rather a barrenness of ideas, but as he proceeds his views enlarge and spread themselves, till at last his wig becomes quite uncomfortable."

August 30.—John Sterling is extremely pleased with his visit to Carclew, and the society there of two men of European celebrity. He characterises Lloyd as a highly cultivated and naturally refined abstract thinker, living and dreaming in his abstractions, feeling "the around him" as nothing, and "the beyond him" everything; his course, therefore, very naturally takes the direction of pure mathematics. Owen, with his strong perceptions, vigorous energy, and active will, chooses organic matter for his investigations, and dwells rather in what is and what has been, than in what may be. It is interesting to observe how these antithetical characters have alike arrived at the fact of the extreme importance of analogies.

A large party met on Meudon beach to draw a seine for Professor Owen, the result of which was one cuttle-fish, which he bore back in triumph on his stick. We all lounged on the beach most peacefully, John Sterling reading some of Tennyson to us, which displays a poetical fancy and intense

sympathy with dreamy romance, and withal a pure pathos, drawn direct from the heart of Nature.

Owen was very delightful; he is such a natural creature, never affecting the stilted "philosophe," and never ashamed of the science which he so ardently loves. He is passionately fond of scenery; indeed, all that the Infinite Mind has impressed on Matter has a charm and a voice for him. A truly Catholic soul! He is delighted with the Cornish character of independence, kind-heartedness, intelligence, and energy.

Interesting ride home; talked much of Sterling: the struggle he had in his voyage from the West Indies was an emancipation from the authority of man, and a conviction that thenceforth he must live according to conscience. Grandly as that Divine fiat stands forth, "Let there be Light," by which a material world was revealed, how infinitely more sublime is the act of Deity when "Let there be Light" is again spoken, and a human soul beholds its Maker!

September 1.—Went to the Sterlings', where he talked of Poetry. Milton and Shakespeare, Schiller and Goethe, are illustrious antithetical examples of Lyric and Dramatic Poets. John Milton was

legible throughout all his writings, and Schiller painted himself in all his characters. The other two are world-wide, addressing the sympathies of the race. This higher tone of feeling, and expression of feeling, not to be attained by any cultivation, affectation, or sudden leap, but by a conscientious and loving sympathy with all. Wilson, the landscape-painter, when he first looked on Tivoli, exclaimed, "Well done water—by God!"

September 2.—With Sterling, who professes himself quite happy with society, philosophy, scenery, and Cornish cream. He delights in Owen, with all his enthusiasm for fossil reptiles; and then he so cordially acknowledges Shakespeare as one of the hugest amongst organised fossils! Dora Lloyd asked Sterling what Kant thought. "He thought fifteen octavo volumes," was the reply.

September 4.—Mrs. Owen gave us many sketches of her own life and experiences. She has been a great deal with the Cuvier family, and considers Cuvier an infinitely great man—so great, indeed, that you could never approach him without feeling your own inferiority. Her husband strongly recommends Cuvier's "Eloges" as very beautiful pieces of biography. He thinks him the greatest man

since Aristotle, not to be repeated for two thousand years. He has great faith in cycles applied to great men, such regular intervals occurred between the Epic Poets. Mrs. Owen told us about her education, which was very much left to herself. She said, "I determined to get to myself as much knowledge as possible, so I studied languages, even Russian; music, drawing, and comparative anatomy. My father being Curator at the College of Surgeons, I had great facilities for this latter branch. I determined I would never love any but a very superior man, and see how fortunate I have been." She is a very perfect little Fact in the great history of the world.

September 5.—Professor Owen talked about phrenology, which he considers the most remarkable chimera which has taken possession of rational heads for a long time; his strongest argument was that animals have no room for what are called the animal organs, therefore the intellectual ought to be placed at the back of the head. Talked enthusiastically of Whewell and his "Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences," a book which he thinks will live by the side of Bacon's "Novum Organum." He considers him as deep as he is universal. A rare

eulogy. He is delighting in Carlyle's "French Revolution." Carlyle reminds him of Milton in his prose works, whence he thinks he derived much of the peculiarity of his style. Talking of Carlyle's message of sympathy with the entire race, Owen dissents, from adopting Johnson's principle, "I like a good hater." We battled this, and the result did not weaken my faith in the premises. In the evening Owen gave us the individual adventures of different specimens of heads and a foot of the Dodo now existing in this country, the history of the Oxford one traceable from Elizabeth's time. In Ashmole's time it was a whole bird, but his executors finding it dusty, broke off the head and burnt the rest, and successive naturalists have chanted a loud miserere. He gave a lecture on going to bed early: the two hours before midnight the most important for health.

September 6.—On the Pennance Rocks in a *dolce far niente* state; the Professor perfectly happy. He gave me lesson No. 1 on the primary divisions in Natural History. John Sterling joined us there, and we had some talk over Wordsworth, Carlyle, and collateral subjects. Lady Holland has established a sort of tyranny over matters of literature

and criticism. Henry Taylor, dining one day at Holland House, Lady Holland asked him what he was doing now. "I am writing a review of Wordsworth for the *Quarterly*." "What!" exclaimed her Ladyship, "absolutely busied about the man who writes of caps and pinafores and that sort of thing!" Taylor replied in the gravest, quietest way, "That is a mode of criticising Wordsworth which has been obsolete for the last ten years." And Taylor has not since been asked to Holland House.

Sterling attributes the obscurity often met with in Wordsworth to his unavailing attempt to reconcile philosophical insight with those forms of opinion, religious and political, in which he had been educated, and which the majority around him held. Owen thinks that Coleridge had a bad effect on the young literary men about him, in teaching them to speak, instead of write, their thoughts. His delight in Carlyle is refreshing to witness.

The Owens and Sterlings joined us this evening to listen to a very beautiful lecture on Light which Professor Lloyd was so good as to give us. He felt great difficulty in his task, being shut out from mathematics for this evening, but told us wonderful

facts and exhibited beautiful phenomena, and gave an interesting sketch of the progressive views of Light which have been held by our greatest men. Newton considered it to consist of an infinite number of molecules flung in all directions from the bright body, and reflected or refracted according to the nature of the substance with which they came in contact. Huygens, on the other hand, discovered the two-sidedness of light-beams, and hence got at the true view of Light and its wave-like mode of transmission. All experiment and analogy confirmed this view,—the coincidence or interference of the waves of light producing an intense light or darkness analogous to the nodal points in sound; the interference of rings in water into which two stones have been thrown; the points of intense heat and cold produced by fire; and in fact all the phenomena attendant on vibration. With reference to the vastness of his subject, he quoted some one who speaks of the Pendulum of Eternity which beats epochs as ours do seconds. Sterling was greatly struck with the magnificence of the conception, that if the fixed stars were annihilated we should not be conscious of it for many years, spite of the rapidity with which light travels.

Professor Owen was busy taking notes; he is so glad to have heard this lecture, for whenever he got at strange phenomena, such as mother-of-pearl appearances, and consulted Whewell, he was briefly assured that it arose from the polarisation of light, which seemed a clear and conclusive answer to every difficulty, whereas our dear Lecturer could only view it as a monstrous bugbear which he could not get hold of.

September 7.—The Owens started with us, and we had an extremely pleasant drive to Heligan. He told us some capital stories concerning Irish landlords and their clever methods of helping their tenants; also an amusing story of Lord Enniskillen, who on his father's death found a piece of waste land the subject of desperate contention between him and an old lady. So he called on her, and found her rather stiff and shy, as was natural. At last conversation got to the Chancery suit in which they were embarking. Lord Enniskillen took out a sovereign, and remarking, "Well, I think this is a better way of settling the business," tossed it up, crying, "Heads or tails?" "Tails!" cried the old lady, falling involuntarily into the humour; and tails it was, and the land was hers! A few days

after, Lord Enniskillen had to preside at a Dispensary Meeting, when a very handsome sum was sent in by this old lady, who had had the land appraised, and feeling some misgivings, had sent the exact amount to this charity.

September 9.—Sterling was asking this morning what outward impulse A. B. had had to her deep thoughtfulness. I could think of none, and queried if any were necessary. "No," he said; "George Fox had his Bible to go to, and A. B. also has had the Bible, and power to draw deeply from so pure a well." He talked very impressively about work and what we all had to do, and the wasting confusion which lasted until we found out what our work was. With the majority, he thinks philosophy rather likely to confuse than clear the mind: spoke of some primary truths, on which the most cloudy heads may see bright sunshine; that man is a religious animal, and must have a Higher than himself to reverence; that, spite of all cants, there is such a thing as genuine love of Truth. These are glorious and eternal facts in the life of the Mind.

September 12.—Dr. Calvert so much better as to be again in his garden. His state lately has

been distressing from extreme languor, weakness, and depression. If he ever gave way to such expressions as "I wish I were dead," he always suffered afterwards most bitterly from self-reproach.

September 14.—John Sterling said this morning that he supposed Schiller was the only person who could bear to have all his words noted down. Of him, Goethe said to a friend of Sterling's, "I have never heard from him an insignificant word." That was high praise.

September 20.—Evening at Grove Hill; met John Sterling. Looked over multitudes of engravings in search of a head of Simonides, because Sterling fondly hoped to find some likeness between it and Goethe. Talked of Dante: he calls his poem not an epic but a lyric, the head of the lyrics, on account of its unhesitating subjectivity; the Poet not only speaks his own thoughts but is his own hero. Looking at a little alabaster Samuel praying, he quoted Carlyle's criticism, "that it was dilettanti prayer!" Coleridge called a Gothic cathedral "petrified religion," a striking term. Spoke of the extreme reverence which the Germans entertain for the antique. I objected that they showed little mercy or veneration for the opinions and creeds of

their ancestors. "No," he said; "they strive to remove every crust and encumbrance, that the form may be perfectly preserved and restored."

September 21.—John Sterling talking of Emerson. He thinks him a one-sided man, but that it is well worth while to look thoroughly into his theory of the world and its government. Talked characteristically of Spinoza, a Dutch Jew: I had quite fancied him an Italian; also of the Jewish and philosophical views of our dependence on a Higher Power, which he thinks may coexist in the same person—at least he says he feels it so himself, and that it is viewing God as an intellectual as well as a moral Being.

September 23.—John Sterling joined us. Spoke of the different ages of the world: difficult to be compared or dogmatised on as relatively good. One age is concentrative, and its great men are Titans; another diffusive, and all men nearly alike. No man ever grew to his spiritual height without sympathy, nor can he ever. This is a most beautiful and deep and universal fact of our nature. We are intended to live in love one with another, and any contradiction of this fundamental law entails just so much halfness and futility and narrowness

of insight. A Plato never rose amongst barbarians. He thinks Barclay amazingly improved in his poetry, and his admiration is great for one line—"A plant that seeks the sun, yet grasps the soil," as being perfectly felicitous, simplicity and depth united.

Uncle Joshua remarked that the majority of fashionable women keep themselves in tolerable health by talking: they would die otherwise for want of exercise.

September 30.—Saw Dr. Calvert again to-day, who was quite his old self, talking on his old subjects in his old way. He reads little now but Chinese stories, which he thinks suit him well. He defined Deism in its pure form as the Religion of Christ towards God. Harriet Martineau's works are pure Deism; you would not look for Christianity from her pen, but as far as they go they are admirable.

October 5.—Colonel Sabine forwarded Captain Ross's Journal to Papa, which is very interesting; full of the spirit of British enterprise, and enthusiasm for his object, and intolerance towards all other nations which attempt discovery, as though it were the indisputable prerogative of England.

Attended Hunt's lecture on Chemistry; very pretty, popular, explosive, and luminous.

October 16.—Interesting visit to John Sterling, who was not well. He was enjoying "Wilhelm Meister," which he considers worth any ten contemporary works. He contrasts it with Novalis, who was young, untutored, and passionate, and transcribed his crude self with his ardent aspirations and unequal attainings. "Wilhelm Meister" he would rather characterise as the Gospel of Experience. It abounds with indecorums, but contains no immoralities; he ventures not to recommend it to young ladies, but would wish all young men to study it earnestly. Goethe had, like the Greeks, a most delicate ear for quantity; number is generally much more attended to in England than quantity.

October 25.—Paid Dr. Calvert and his sister a charming visit. The Doctor quite himself, advocating passive rather than active heroism, yet making vast allowances for his friend's physical mistakes about this, "for it must be tremendously hard for him who deems himself a teacher to sit down in acquiescing patience in a do-nothing state." What Dr. Calvert lays stress on is the general tone of

mind to be prescribed, not the particular book or engagement which will do good or harm: of that every individual must judge by his own feelings and perceptions, but a quiet satisfied sense of being in your right place and doing your own duty is the best physical state imaginable. The young aspirants after eminence and fame fancy themselves made up of a pure Divine intellect and a lower animal nature, and for the higher to make any concessions to the lower is, they think, an intolerable sin; whereas in reality all parts of our nature have been alike created by Divine Wisdom, who has Himself subjected them to certain laws of co-operation, any infringement of which brings certain punishment with it. In carrying out the Divine will, in whatever direction it may be, our higher nature or intellectual and moral faculties can surely suffer no loss.

November 3.—John Sterling read us extracts from a letter from Carlyle received to-day. Much was in reference to a remark of Sterling's whether any one had ever actually loved Goethe. Carlyle thinks that Schiller did, though with a full appreciation of the distance which separated them; but he adds, "However we may admire the heavens' lightning,

we are not apt to love it in the way of caressing." Carlyle speaks of himself as busy, but does not say what about; congratulates Sterling on being willing to let some of his work lie quiet and unnoticed, during which time he supposes it undergoes a process of parting with its carbon and all extraneous substances, that it may be brought out pure at last. Speaks of a loving sympathy with man as the soft summer heat which will make this wide seed-field flourish.

November 6.—This morning I began to disbelieve in accidents; does not everything, both in mind and matter, act definitely, every event have a necessary cause? In nature, events are called accidental which are the direct consequences of some pre-established law of being, known or unknown; in mind, the result of a conflux of causes, equally definite and certain, though often mysterious and unfathomed. Thus a carriage is overturned by some infringement of the laws of matter generally discoverable enough. A man is led to adopt a particular line of conduct consequent on his peculiar constitution, modified by his education, association, line of thought, and outward surrounding circumstances. Suppose he were to get drunk and neglect

his family. This proves his animal instincts strong, and his social ones weak, a deficient moral sense and an abused understanding, the intensity of all heightened by bad association. Suppose he at length recognises his mistaken mode of life. Self-love, respect for the good opinion of his fellows, brightening intellectual vigour, or the power of religion,—may any of them be a sufficient motive to induce him to change his mode of life; and it is an irrefragable law of mind, that moral efforts become definitely easier by repetition. That which first discovered to him his altogether false position, did so because exactly addressed to his perceptions and consciousness; whilst another might have passed it by, and been roused by quite a different cause. In all cases the cause is sufficient to produce the effect. This consideration might make us more lenient in judging others, that motives or reasons which present themselves to us as irresistible, are not recognised in precisely the same manner by any other existing individual, whilst we might pass by as foolish or insufficient, arguments which our Heavenly Father has disposed His weak and erring prodigal to accept as unanswerable, and of power to regulate the remainder of his existence.

Thus in Luther the monstrous imposition of Indulgences was just of sufficient weight to overbalance his devotion to Rome. The passion into which this discovery kindled him, and the mode he took to express it, just availed to stir up the particular sort of opposition by which his antagonists tried to suppress him and his doctrines. This reacted on him, and he learnt self-confidence and confidence in Him who is the Truth, and continued his opposition with equal vigour and more system. His intrepidity drew to his cause those whose mental constitution could best appreciate that part of his activity: his logical deductions attracted others: his honest devotion to Truth had its disciples: his assertion of freedom of conscience was embraced by others again: and every fresh adherent reacted on Luther in some often unappreciable manner, either cheering him on to vigorous action, or modifying his innovating spirit: every smallest fact in his history had a definite result, and necessitated the Reformation in the form we see it.

November 10.—Took an early dinner with the Sterlings, to draw and talk in peace. One of the last Yankeeisms has greatly amused him, that a child in Kentucky was so exceedingly small as to

be obliged to stand upon a footstool to kick the kitten.

Talked strikingly of Pym, Cromwell, Hampden, and the Long Parliament; then of his beloved Germans. Leibnitz he thinks the most universal man since Aristotle. Talked on the mighty Faith required, when a new Truth is received and recognised as a God's-Truth; to leave all its consequences in His hands, the consequences both practical and speculative.

November 27.—An interesting visit to Sterling: he still keeps the house, but his chest is better even than in the summer. Talked of the utter inability of men of a certain age and literary standing to take in Carlyle, and grant that he does anything but rave. He thinks it a very favourable symptom of the present state of English Thought, that the Radicals are giving their minds to German literature; it either proves that a higher, more thoughtful class of men have embraced Radicalism, or else that the former set found something wanting which Benthamism and Political Economy could not supply. Political parties now, though retaining the same names, differ widely from those of ten or twenty years since. Indeed, all England is changed and changing.

November 30.—Dr. Calvert is increasingly ill, generally extremely depressed, though at times cheerful, and always striving after submission. "Beg Mr. Patey to pray for my release," was his pathetic injunction to his sister on her going to church. Dr. Boase paid him a long visit. His sister asked what he had recommended. "An apple," answered the Doctor. "Dear me! that does not seem a matter of great importance." "Oh yes," said her brother; "an apple drove Adam and Eve out of Paradise, and perhaps this apple may drive me in." He amused himself afterwards by always calling Dr. Boase "Eve."

December 3.—Went to the Sterlings. He talked of the poets. Shelley a complete master of arabesque poetry, the peculiarity of arabesque being that the human figure is never introduced. Shelley never draws either a distinct person or a distinct character, but only abstractions and monsters. This is the one department of poetry in which Byron exceeded him; throughout his writings there is one vague gigantic figure moodily brooding. It is said that Byron got some of his boldest thoughts from "Faust," but this does not seem likely. Goethe got a little in advance of the highest tendencies of his

age, but still that was the tendency which Byron also felt. Contrasted Wordsworth's calmness of spirit with Byron's passionate emotion: one like moonlight on snow; the other, torchlight in a cavern.

Talked of Philip van Artevelde (Taylor), Irving, Coleridge, and Charles Lamb being together; and the conversation turning on Mahomet, Irving reprobated him in his strongest manner as a prince of impostors, without earnestness and without faith. Taylor thinking him not fairly used, defended him with much spirit. On going away, Taylor could not find his hat, and was looking about for it, when Charles Lamb volunteered his assistance, with the query, "Taylor, did you come in a h-h-hat or a t-t-t-turban?"

December 5.—Sad account of Dr. Calvert to-day. He is very, very low, lying in silence all day and taking interest in nothing. "Will you see Sterling to-day?" "Why, yes," he said; "he may come and look at the beast, but I can't speak to him. He may just shake hands with me, but nothing more." He speaks of his mind being through all in great peace.

December 7.—John Sterling has written him a

most touchingly beautiful leave-taking letter, which they have not yet ventured to show him.

December 9.—He feels as if the Almighty had hidden His face from him, and yearns for the bright glimpses which have been so often vouchsafed him. A few days since he had a full outpouring to his sister concerning his faith in his Redeemer being the only support for him now.

December 18.—He has taken a fancy to have a series of old nurses to sit by him at night; he is interested in drawing them out on their experience of life.

December 26.—This morning he was supposed to be dying; he had passed twelve hours without food, and then fell asleep in utter exhaustion, from which they thought he could scarcely awake. He was himself surprised at the vigour he showed, and said, "Perhaps God may see it best for my further purification that I should again be shipwrecked into life!" He said he had had a glorious prospect, a view of such happiness, and ejaculated a little prayer for its realisation. Last evening he fancied that some of his family who are dead were around him, and he enjoyed the idea; he dwells much on the departed ones. He had long since told Sterling that when

on his deathbed he should not wish to have those about him who would interest or excite him in any high degree, and accordingly he now very often wishes to be alone. The other day J. Stanger gave him some wine, which he liked and asked for another glass; in this a large dose of morphia was insinuated, which the Doctor presently discovered, and insisted on his mild brother-in-law swallowing. He was so peremptory that there was no escape. This is very characteristic of the fun which still lurks in his nature.

December 31.—At twelve o'clock the Old Year went out in obscure darkness, leaving us, I hope, somewhat wiser and better from our intercourse and close friendship with him. He has been a faithful friend to me, and his sunny side has been generally turned towards us. May we use the young Heir well for the sake of its ancestors and its own.

CHAPTER VIII.

1842.

"His leaf also shall not wither."—PSALM i. 3.

Falmouth, January 1.—What an era is every New Year's Day, if well considered. Another stage in our journey, a shifting of the scene without interrupting the continuity of the piece, but rather essential to its representation as a Whole, a Unity; the winding-up of our watch that it may tell us the time to-morrow; a fresh page in our Book of Existence, on which much may be written; by itself a fragment, but how important to the order of narration and to the train of thought, shaping, colouring, modifying, developing; how much does a quiet year silently affect our condition, character, mode of thought and action; explain mysteries of outward and inward life, and trace some of the sequences in the phenomena of Being.

Our dear friend Dr. Calvert is very low. On hearing that John Sterling inquired after him, he

said, "I shan't see Sterling again, but I love him very much." He is so earnest that every one should rather rejoice than grieve for him when he is gone, that he wishes, through Barclay, to give dinners at the Workhouse, and make it a time of festivity.

January 6.—Large party of Bullers, Tremaynes, Dykes, and J. A. Froude to lunch. There were too many to enjoy any thoroughly. Anthony Froude, a very thoughtful young man, with a wonderful talent for reading lives in written characters. To John Sterling he spoke of the beautiful purity of the early Christian Church; Sterling answered, "If any of those early Christians were to appear now, I rather think we should disclaim fellowship."

Dr. Calvert very restless and wandering. He is often heard saying to himself, "There is a great Unseen near me." His old love of incongruities looked out when his sister spoke of his brothers William and Raisley being in Heaven. "Yes," he said, "William and Raisley, and Nimrod and Solomon, all in Heaven."

January 7.—Sterling read us a New Year's letter from Carlyle, thanking him for much kindness, and

wishing him increasing steadiness, zeal, and spiritual life. He had thought that Sterling's talent was rather for prose than poetry, but "Cœur de Lion" made him recant.

Sterling gave me what he conceives to be the Idea of "Faust." A man who has built himself up in theories, speculations, and abstractions, enters the world, and finds that they will not support him amidst its temptations and the strength of his own passions, and in his fall brings misery both on himself and others. He considers the piece quite unfinished, as a final reconciliation was needed to carry out the design of the Prologue. He does not at all think that Goethe meant to indicate that Faust was ultimately the victim of Mephistopheles. I am glad of it, for it now bears the painful appearance of Goethe's having conceived the Evil principle victorious over the Good.

January 8.—Dr. Calvert's longings for death this morning were most touching. "Oh lead me to the still waters," was his cry.

January 9.—Our dear friend Dr. Calvert was this morning permitted to put off the life-garment which has so painfully encumbered him, and is, I trust, drinking of those still waters after which he pined.

Oh we do rejoice that he is at rest, though his poor sister is overwhelmed by the sense of being the sole survivor of her family. He fell into unconsciousness last evening, and his first awakening was in that Eternity which is so far off and yet so near. We spent a quiet hour with the Sterlings, to whom this event is a great sorrow; but John Sterling earnestly congratulates his Friend on having finished his battle well. He went into a beautiful analysis of his character, contemplated different passages in his life, and delighted to dwell on their close friendship. He spoke of the enthusiasm with which he had rushed into his profession, like a French grenadier storming a fort; dilated most justly on the kindliness of his nature, his consideration for the feelings of others, his morbid sympathy with physical suffering, the gentleness, goodness, and moral beauty of his character. He considers that he had little sense of the Beautiful as such, but liked an Idea that pleased him as much in an ugly as a beautiful form; also, that he had no taste for the purely speculative, but unless he could ally thought to action so as to give it a bearing on his practical duties, he cared little for it—not seeing that all speculation having Truth for its object must in the long-run affect our

outward life. He talked with much feeling of his religious views, and the ability which he had received to cast his sins behind him on the plea that Christ had died. "This must be done," said Sterling, "if progress is to be maintained."

January 10.—Visit from John Sterling; he was very full of a letter from J. S. Mill on Puseyism: it is written in the same spirit of calm philosophical toleration as Carlyle's Essay on Diderot; he views it as a consistent expression of Church-of-Englandism, very interesting to investigate.

Went to Perran: Sterling came too. Uncle Charles asked if Neander was a Neologian. "Why," said Sterling, "just as every German is one—that is, submitting the Bible to the same rules of criticism as are applied to other ancient records." Belief in its plenary verbal inspiration would be as phenomenal there, as mesmerism is in England. What the Germans call "Neologists" are those who carry this doctrine to the extent of disbelieving its records of miracles. Rationalists, of whom A—— is the representative, hold the reporters to have given in their histories incorrectly; for instance, that Jesus was walking on the shore, when they say He was walking on the sea. The last and now prevailing

philosopho-theological creed is that of the mythical interpretation of Scripture, of which Strauss's book on the "Life of Christ" is the best exponent.

January 13.—Our dear Friend was followed to his last resting-place on earth by a heavy-hearted train of mourners. John Sterling wrote this little Epitaph, to be read hereafter over his grave:—

"To the Memory of John Mitchenson Calvert, M.D., who died on the 9th of January 1842, aged 40.

Pure soul! strong, kind, and peaceful, 'mid the pain
That racked and solemnised thy torch of Love:
Here in our world below we mourn in vain,
But would not call thee from thy world above.
Of varied wisdom, and of heart sincere,
Through gloomy ways thy feet unfaltering trod:
Reason thy lamp, and Faith thy star while here;
Now both one brightness in the Light of God."

His sister showed me a series of his letters from Germany and Italy when travelling there with John Sterling. They are as much a journal of his inner as of his outer life, telling amongst other things how the impulses from without—those old religious paintings, for instance—affected his inward being. The practical exhibition of a perfect acquiescence in the Will of God amidst great suffering and depres-

sion, of almost the dissolution of his individual will into that of the Higher Will, is touchingly beautiful.

January 19.—Mr. Stanger showed us a letter of condolence from Wordsworth, in which he says that the bequest of Dr. Calvert's uncle, Raisley, was what enabled him to devote himself to literary pursuits, and give his talents, such as they were, opportunity to develop themselves. He also says that the last two lines of Sterling's epitaph are excellent—rare praise from Wordsworth.

January 28.—A long walking ride with John Sterling. On Goethe's "Tasso" and "Iphigenia:" he says the latter is by far the grander work, but fewer people could have written "Tasso," it displays such dainty, delicate touches, just letting us into the secret of the Princess's feeling, but not playing with it. Also, the exact tone of a Court which it gives, is inimitable by any who have not lived there on the same terms as Goethe. On Coleridge he was very interesting. Spoke of the womanly delicacy of his mind: his misfortune was to appear at a time when there was a man's work to do—and he did it not. He had not sufficient strength of character, but professed doctrines which

he had ceased to believe, in order to avoid the trouble of controversy. He and Carlyle met once; the consequence of which was, that Coleridge disliked Carlyle, and Carlyle despised Coleridge.

Sterling spoke of the great importance of making allowance for inward as well as outward conditions. "Some are naturally so constituted as to make certain trains of thought and feeling which appear to you natural and necessary, impossible to them. If you admit this principle, you will get at wide results. Contrasted the outward facts which bind most Christians together, such as a Church, and ordained minute ceremonies, and the inward fact of spiritual Communion, the belief in which has united the Society of Friends since the days of George Fox." He, however, thinks that this invisible bond will not for ever keep the latter together as a separate Body, and is, I think, disposed to wish that by a general amalgamation with other bodies, their high and peculiar doctrines may be more widely disseminated and felt.

February 2.—Cousin Elizabeth Fry sends a simple and characteristic account of her dinner at the Mansion House, on the occasion of Prince Albert's laying the foundation-stone of the Royal Exchange.

—"I think you will be interested to hear that we got through our visit to the Mansion House with much satisfaction. After some little difficulty that I had in arriving, from the crowd which overdid me for the time, I was favoured to revive, and when led into the drawing-room by the Lord Mayor I felt quiet and at ease. Soon my friends flocked around me. I had a very satisfactory conversation with Sir James Graham, and I think the door is open for further communication on a future day. It appeared most seasonable, my then seeing him. I then spoke to Lord Aberdeen for his help, if needful, in our foreign affairs. During dinner, when I sat for about two hours between Prince Albert and Sir Robert Peel, we had deeply interesting conversation on the most important subjects. With Prince Albert upon religious principle, its influence on Sovereigns and its importance in the education of children; and upon modes of worship, our views respecting them—why I could not rise at their toasts, not even at the one for the Queen, why I could rise for prayer; also on the management of children generally; on war and peace; on prisons and punishment. I had the same subjects, or many of them, with Sir Robert Peel. The kindness shown

me was extraordinary. After dinner I spoke to Lord Stanley about our Colonies, and I think I was enabled to speak to all those in power that I wanted to see. I shook hands very pleasantly with the Duke of Wellington, who spoke beautifully, expressing his desire to promote the arts of peace and not those of war; he said he was not fond of remembering the days that were past, as if the thought of war pained him. Although this dinner, as numbers I have been at, may not in all respects accord with my ideas of Christian simplicity, I have felt and feel now, if on such occasions I seek to keep near to my Guide and in conduct and conversation to maintain my testimony to what I believe right, I am not out of my place in them, when, as it was the other day, I feel it best to go to them."

February 4.—Bessie Fry sends an account of the King of Prussia's visit to Cousin Elizabeth Fry. They spent the morning at Newgate, where Cousin Fry read with the women, and then prayed for them and for the King, which greatly affected him; he knelt all the time. Bunsen went with him to Upton, where all the small Fry were introduced to him, and he did them the honour to wash his hands and to eat their luncheon.

April 7.—Letter to Barclay from J. S. Mill, dwelling on Sterling's character and intellectual position, and condoling with us on his absence. He says, "Sterling fancies himself idle and useless, not considering how wide an effect his letters and conversation must produce; and, indeed, the mere fact of such a man living and breathing amongst us has an incalculable influence."

April 8.—Barclay took a carriage-full to the Mines. Lieutenant Shadwell, a son of the Vice-Chancellor, was very interesting about New Zealand and the character of his cousin, the new Bishop, who has gone out to live there in the true spirit of a Christian missionary, with a wife as an able assistant.

April 18.—Gossiping with Lucy Ellice about her literary friends. She is C. J. Fox's cousin, and was almost brought up at Holland House. She spoke of the stool which Lady Holland always kept by her side, to which any one was to be called, whose conversation her ladyship fancied for the time being. Once when Lucy was called there to describe some Paris ghost for the benefit of a large party, she told her hostess that she reminded her of a French lady who was getting up a conversation

with some *savants*, and after having gone systematically through a number of subjects, said, "Et à present, Monsieur, un peu de religion s'il vous plait." Sydney Smith said, "Lady Holland is not one woman, but a multitude; just read the Riot Act and you'll presently see them disperse!"

May 12.—Barclay had one of John Mill's letters. He writes of his (Barclay's) lecture on Modern British Poets in the warmest terms: had it been the production of a young writer unknown to him, he should have said that he had taken the right road, and was likely to go on far. His "Logic" comes out at Christmas.

London, May 17.—To the College of Surgeons to meet Professor Owen, who showed us over their Museum, and added infinitely to its interest by his luminous expositions. The things are arranged altogether physiologically on the idea which Hunter first struck out and worked on, that there is a certain analogy of structure, running throughout Nature, vegetable as well as animal; a hyacinth, for instance, has its fibres, but no internal stomach, so the earth in which it is embedded acts as one. Owen believes that no animal has sensation unless furnished with a brain, therefore the cuttle-fish is

the lowest creature which can be effectively treated with cruelty. Examined a long series of skulls; those of babies so much phrenologically better than grown persons—which Owen thinks quite natural, as they came uncontaminated from the Author of all Goodness, and degenerate after contact with the world.

May 28.—Called at Cheyne Row, where Carlyle and his wife received us with affectionate cordiality. He looks remarkably well and handsome, but she has not at all recovered the shock of her mother's death. He wanted to know what we were doing at the Yearly Meeting, and what were its objects and functions, and remarked on the deepening observable amongst Friends; but when we told of the letter to the Queen recommendatory of peace in Afghanistan, he was terribly amused. "Poor little Queen! She'd be glad enough to live in peace and quietness if the Afghans would but submit to her conditions." He feels somehow but little interest in the whole affair, it is such a long way off, and there is plenty of stirring serious work to be done at home. "I take a greater interest in Sir Alexander Burnes than in any of them, I suppose just because I have seen him, and can re-

present him to myself as a person not very fit for the sharp work they had for him to do, and so they took the life out of him at last, poor fellow!" Of himself he says that it is just the old story of indigestion; dyspepsia is a sort of perennial thing with him (how much does this explain!); he can do no work before breakfast, but is just up to viewing Life in general, and his own Life in particular, on the shady side. Got somehow to Emerson, who is quietly but deeply influencing a few both in England and America. Fraser tells him that the English edition of the "Lectures" is disappearing, which he is glad to hear of. In America he is indeed a great phenomenon; he must live and feel and think, apart from public opinion, on the adamantine basis of his own manhood. The Carlyles like his conversation much better than his books, which they think often obscure and involved both in conception and execution. I remarked on the democratic way in which he had levelled all ranks of subjects and holy and unholy personages. "Why," Carlyle answered, "they are all great Facts, and he treats them each as a Fact, of value rather with reference to the whole than to any preconceived theory! I was amused, on asking

Webster about him the other day, to hear him say, 'Oh, do you mean the Socinian Minister?' You see he has no vote in Congress, no recognised authenticated outward influence. He is going to send me a man called B——, who is coming over with some 'new Ideas' about making a new world, but it hasn't seemed to strike him that he has a world within his own waistcoat which would employ all his thought and energy if he would but give it. Some time since there was a little Frenchman here, and he wanted to make a new world, for he too had some 'new Ideas,' and so he was collecting money from all quarters, for it takes a good round sum to make a new world; however, it turned out but a swindling affair, after all." Carlyle gave me a number of the *Dial*, which Emerson has marked and sent him as a good sample of the tone and struggling nature of earnest American thought; also an American pamphlet on Capital Punishment, with some of his own characteristic notes in the margin. Carlyle does not like capital punishment, because he wishes men to live as much and as long as possible; he rejoices in the increasing feeling that it is a right solemn thing for one man to say to another, "Give over living!"

But on my characterising it as a declaration that though God could bear with the criminal, man could not, he said, "Why, there are many things in this world which God bears with:—He bears with many a dreary morass and waste, yet He gives to man the will and the power to drain and to till it and make oats grow out of it. But you'll make no oats grow out of men's corpses. This pamphlet-author is oddly inconsistent; with all his enthusiastic feeling for the value of individual life, he is quite in favour of going to war with England, thus willing to sacrifice thousands of brave fellows, while he would save the life of a miserable rascal like Good, who cut his wife into pieces and stuffed them into a coach-box." Carlyle's laughs are famous fellows, hearty and bodily. He was interested in hearing of Sterling's Polytechnic lecture, and amused to learn the horror which the mention of his (Carlyle's) name aroused. "I suppose they took me for Richard Carlile, but they say that even Richard has taken another turn and become a religious character. I remember when his father was a bookseller and his shopmen were constantly being taken up for selling the sort of book he kept, yet there was such an enthusiastic feeling towards him,

such a notion that he was supporting the right cause, that no sooner was one taken up than another offered himself from the country, and so he was always kept supplied. Edward Irving fell in with one of them at Newgate, who appealed to him as to whether it was not very hard to be imprisoned for disseminating views which he honestly believed to be true. Irving rather agreed with him, and he afterwards paraded Irving's opinion in a somewhat mortifying manner." He (Carlyle) spoke on politics and bribery, and the deep and wide influence of money, which seems now the one recognisable claim to human esteem. "But that can't last long," quoth I. "No, it can't last," he replied, "unless God intend to destroy the earth at once and utterly." He looks to Parliament for some great vital change in our condition, and expects that ere long some sincere, earnest spirit will arise and gradually acquire and exert influence over the rest. Not that he supposes it will ever again take the form of Cromwell's Revolution. Roebuck, he thinks, would very much like the place of the Lord Protector of England, Scotland, and Ireland! The other day he was talking with him about bribery, when Roebuck said, "Really if you so remove temptation, you will

take away opportunity for virtue." "Then," said Carlyle, "we must acknowledge as a great encourager of virtue, one who certainly has not got much credit for it yet—namely, the Devil." He thinks it would have a wonderful effect in the House if Roebuck was to raise his small curious person, and with his thin, shrill voice give utterance, "Either bribery is right or wrong: if wrong, let us give up practising it and abuse it less; if right, let it go on without outcry." They were very kind, and pressed us to spend an evening with them, which I trust we shall be able to do.

May 29.—The Derwent Coleridges have given up the school at Helston and settled near London, at St. Mark's College. To-day he showed us over the place with great delight, himself so completely in keeping with it, in the mixture of Byzantine and German, ecclesiastical feeling and speculative poetry. In pointing out different arrangements, he would say in an explanatory tone, "This is, according to *our* views, very important." Their object is to train up a class of teachers intermediate between the present aristocratic constitution of the Church, and the extremely ignorant set who have now to fulfil its inferior offices. This link is in the way to be

supplied, as this is a sort of college, where they not only study, but practise teaching and reading subordinate parts of the service. He sees that a similar plan has been of wonderful use among the Methodists, and has long been a desideratum in the Church. What may not be hoped when the Church can thus stretch out ten thousand arms at once—all-embracing! all-gathering!

Steamed away to London Bridge and saw the Maurices, and liked them much. He[1] is not at all dogmatic in his manner, but kind and conciliating. He thinks that Carlyle has much more real sympathy with moral excellence than intellectual force, thus that he raves a great deal, but never really sympathises with Goethe as he does with Dante. He has just been with Wordsworth, who is now in town and seems in force and vigour.

May 30.—A very pleasant chatty tea with the Owens, talking over phrenology, mesmerism, and interpersonal influence. Faraday is better, but greatly annoyed by his change of memory. He remembers distinctly things that happened long ago,

[1] *Maurice* (Rev. Frederick Denison), born 1805; chaplain to Lincoln's Inn; afterwards Professor of Modern History to King's College, London, &c. He died in 1872.

but the details of present life, his friends' Christian names, &c., he forgets. Lyell is away lecturing in America.

May 31.—Dined at the Mills'—a biennial jubilee; John Mill in glorious spirits; too happy to enter much into deep things. He alluded to the indescribable change and growth he experienced when he made the discovery that what was right for others might not be right for him. Talked of Life not being all fun, though there is a great deal of fun in it. His view of Goethe's character is a refined selfishness, but then he added, with a sincere modesty, "Sterling used to say the same sort of things of Goethe as I do now, and as he is always making progress, I fully believe that he is right in his enthusiasm, though I cannot now sympathise with it. He says that 'Hermann and Dorothea' make you *love* Goethe: I confess that I never met with anything yet which had that effect on me." He is greatly relieved at having finished his "Logic," and is going to mark the best passages for me with notes of admiration. He said, "My family have no idea how great a man I am!!" He is now saving up his holidays for a third journey to Italy; he had serious hopes of an illness in the winter, but was

conscientious enough not to encourage it! He is inclined to agree with Wordsworth in the defence of capital punishments, but I am glad to say has not quite made up his mind. He thinks Carlyle intolerant to no class but metaphysicians; owing to his entire neglect of this mode of thought, he is persistently floored by Sterling in argument. Carlyle is not getting on pleasantly with his work on the Civil Wars: he finds so little standing authority; and the mode of revolutionary thought then was so different to what the present age can sympathise with; all its strivings were for immediate results, no high abstract principles apparently influenced them—except transiently. John Mill had designed writing a work on the French Revolution, when he heard of Carlyle's purpose, and accordingly made over his books of reference to him; the world has also been deprived of a History of Greece from his pen, because Thirlwall was just beforehand with him.

June 1.—Visit from the Edward Sterlings, who were much excited at another attempt at shooting the Queen, which happened last evening in the Park. The day before, the man had been there ready for action, but was unavoidably prevented; this was

mentioned to Her Majesty, who ordered a double number of police in their plain clothes to be stationed in the Park, and forbade her ladies to attend her, and expose themselves to danger from which she would not shrink. The man raised the pistol within three paces of the carriage, when a policeman struck it down harmless. The Queen and Prince stood up in the carriage and were greeted with the utmost enthusiasm.

June 2.—Amelia Opie to breakfast. Two of the themes she wrote for our Schoolroom are published, or to be published, in America. She is having her swing of London excitement.

Hampstead, June 4.—Gurney Hoare brought us the good news that William Wordsworth was staying at old Mrs. Hoare's; so thither he took us. He is a man of middle height and not of very striking appearance, the lower part of the face retreating a little; his eye of a somewhat French diplomatic character, with heavy eyelids, and none of the flashing which one connects with poetic genius. When speaking earnestly, his manner and voice become extremely energetic; and the peculiar emphasis, and even accent, he throws into some of his words, add considerably to their force. He evidently

loves the monologue style of conversation, but shows great candour in giving due consideration to any remarks which others may make. His manner is simple, his general appearance that of the abstract thinker, whom his subject gradually warms into poetry. Now for some of these subjects:—

Mamma spoke of the beauty of Rydal, and asked whether it did not rather spoil him for common scenery. "Oh no," he said, "it rather opens my eyes to see the beauty there is in all; God is everywhere, and thus nothing is common or devoid of beauty. No, ma'am, it is the *feeling* that instructs the *seeing*. Wherever there is a heart to feel, there is also an eye to see; even in a city you have light and shade, reflections, probably views of the water and trees, and a blue sky above you, and can you want for beauty with all these? People often pity me while residing in a city, but they need not, for I can enjoy its characteristic beauties as well as any." I said that Lamb's rhapsody on London might not then have been sent to him in a spirit necessarily ironical. "Oh no," he answered, "and Lamb's abuse of the country and his declared detestation of it was all affected; he enjoyed it and entered into its beauties; besides, Lamb had too kindly and

sympathetic a nature to detest anything." Barclay asked him about Hartley Coleridge. He thinks that there is much talent but no genius in his poetry, and calls him an eminently clever man. One thing he has learnt—that poetry is no pastime, but a serious earnest work, demanding unspeakable study. "Hartley has no originality; whenever he attempts it, it is altogether a mistake; he is so fond of quaintness and contrariety, which is quite out of keeping with a true poet: and then he is of that class of extreme Radicals who can never mention a bishop or a king, from King David downward, without some atrabilious prefix or other. Surely this is excessively narrow and excessively vain, to put yourself in opposition to the opinions and institutions which have so long existed with such acknowledged benefit; there must be something in them to have attracted the sympathies of ages and generations. I hold that the degree in which Poets dwell in sympathy with the Past, marks exactly the degree of their poetical faculty. Shelley, you see, was one of these, and what did his poetry come to?" "But," said I, "some would not be true to themselves unless they gave a voice to their yearnings after the Ideal rather than the Actual."

"Ah, but I object to the perpetual ill-humour with things around them," he replied; "and ill-humour is no spiritual condition which can turn to poetry. Shakespeare never declaimed against kings or bishops, but took the world as he found it." He spoke of S. T. Coleridge, and the want of will which characterised both him and Hartley; the amazing effort which it was to him to will anything was indescribable: but he acknowledged the great genius of his poetry. Talked of Superstition and its connection with a young state of society: "Why, we are all children; how little we know! I feel myself more a child than ever, for I am now in bondage to habits and prejudices from which I used to be free." Barclay quoted Emerson's advice to imitate the independence of the schoolboy who is sure of his dinner, which greatly pleased him. We got, I forget how, to the subject of the Divine permission of Evil, which he said he has always felt the hardest problem of man's being. When four years old he had quaked on his bed in sharp conflict of spirit on this subject. "Nothing but Faith can keep you quiet and at peace with such awful problems pressing on you—Faith that what you know not now, you will know in God's good time.

It is curious, in that verse of St. Paul's about Faith, Hope, and Charity or Love, that Charity should be placed the highest of the three; it must be because it is so universal and limitless in its operations: but Faith is the highest individual experience, because it conquers the pride of the understanding—man's greatest foe. Oh, how this mechanical age does battle against the Faith: it is altogether calculated to puff up the pride of the understanding, while it contains no counteracting principle which can regulate the feelings; the love of the beautiful is lost in notions of shallow utility, and men little think that the thoughts which are embodied in form around them, and on which the peasants' shoon can trample, are worth more than all their steam-engines and railroads." "But this cannot last, there must be a reaction," said I. "No," he said, "it cannot last; God is merciful and loves His earth, and it cannot last. I have raised my voice loudly against it, particularly in the poem on the treaty of Cintra; and others have taken up the sound and under many forms have given the World to know that there are thoughts in man by which he holds communion with his God, of far higher moment than any outward act or circumstance

whatever." We took a truly affectionate leave; he held my hand in both of his for some time, which I consider a marked fact in my existence! Mrs. Wordsworth was there, but we were too much absorbed for any collateral observations.

June 6.—To the Carlyles', where we were received with great cordiality in the library, which looks well suited to the work performed there. Wax medallions of Edward Sterling and his son hang over the chimney-piece. Thomas Carlyle came in in his blouse, and we presently got, I know not how, to Swedenborgianism. Swedenborg was a thoroughly practical, mechanical man, and was in England learning shipbuilding. He went into a little inn in Bishopsgate Street, and was eating his dinner very fast, when he thought he saw in the corner of the room a vision of Jesus Christ, who said to him, "Eat slower." This was the beginning of all his visions and mysterious communications, of which he had enough in his day. He gave exactly the date—I think it was the 5th of May 1785—when Christianity died out, that is to say, when the last spark of truth left its professors, which is truly the death of anything: and that, he thought, was the Day of Judgment; not our old notions of it at all,

but a sort of invisible judgment, of which he got informed in his visions. "There was a great deal of truth in the man, with all his visions and fancies, and many hold with him to this day. Law got many of his notions from him. Then there's Böhme: I could never follow him in his books; it is the most distracted style of writing possible. His first vision was of a bright light stretching all across the road, which turned out to be an angel, who communicated with him ever after. George Fox and Novalis, and many others, were among his followers—for there's a deep truth in him after all." Then he continued:—

"'Tis an odd thing this about Queen Victoria. After having had a champion to say before the whole assembly of them, 'O Queen, live for ever!' a little insignificant fellow comes up, points his pistol at her, and says, 'Chimera! die this minute!' Poor little Queen! I have some loyalty about me, and have no wish to see her shot; but as for her having any right to hold the reins of government if she could not manage them, all the cart-loads of dirty parchment can't make that clear. There are thousands of men about her made of the same flesh and blood, with the same eternities around

them, and they want to be well governed and fed. It is something to get it recognised that the ablest man should be the one to guide us, even if we may never see it carried out." Something led us to John Mill: "Ah, poor fellow! he has had to get himself out of Benthamism; and all the emotions and sufferings he has endured have helped him to thoughts that never entered Bentham's head. However, he is still too fond of demonstrating everything. If John Mill were to get up to heaven, he would hardly be content till he had made out how it all was. For my part, I don't much trouble myself about the machinery of the place; whether there is an operative set of angels or an industrial class, I'm willing to leave all that. Neither do I ever quake on my bed like Wordsworth, trying to reconcile the ways of Providence to my apprehension. I early came to the conclusion that I was not very likely to make it out clearly: the notions of the Calvinists seem what you cannot escape from, namely, that if it's all known beforehand, why, it all must happen. This does not affect your actual work at all; and if you have faith that it is all just and true, why, it won't harm you to shape any notions about it.

I don't see that we do any good by puzzling our poor weak heads about such things while there is plenty of clear work before them in the regions of practicability. In the meantime, I know that I have uncontrolled power over one unit in creation, and it's my business in life to govern that one as well as possible. I'm not over-fond of Bolingbroke's patronising Providence, nor of Voltaire's — 'If there were no God, we should be forced to invent one for the completion of the system.'"

On finding out what one's path in life really is, he said, "You're better judges of this than any one else, yet you must often waste half your life in experimenting, and perhaps fail after all! There is a set of people whom I cannot do with at all —those who are always declaring what an extremely perfect world this is, and how very well things are conducted in it; to me it seems all going wrong and tending irresistibly to change— which can't but be for the worse." I asked if there was a single institution existing which was as he would have it. "Why, I can't say there is, exactly." Asked him concerning his early history, as compared with Teufelsdröckh's. "Why, my

advent, I believe, was not at all out of the common; one extraordinary fact of my childhood was that after eleven months' profound taciturnity, I heard a child cry, and astonished them all by saying, 'What ails wee Jock?' A small acquaintance of mine was looking at some soldiers, and turned solemnly to his father: 'Papa, these were once men!'—it is his last speech on record." The description of Entepfuhl is identical with that of his (Carlyle's) native village; also the indivisible suit of yellow serge is historical, into which he had daily to insinuate himself. Talked of "Hermann and Dorothea," which Mrs. Carlyle says he likes to read on a warm day; he thinks Wordsworth might have written it, but there are thoughts in Goethe, and particularly in "Wilhelm Meister," which a dozen Wordsworths could not see into. Their two maids got hold of his translation of the book and were always at it, scrubbing with one hand and holding the book with the other. Talked much on the misery of the Scotch poor: he feels a great jealousy of the quantity of black benevolence which goes out of the country, when so much yellow and green benevolence is wanted at home—at Paisley and elsewhere; people should

sweep clean before their own door. He spoke vehemently in favour of emigration. He told us of having once been with Elizabeth Fry at Newgate, where she read the story of Mary Magdalene in those silver tones of hers: it went from the heart, and therefore to the heart: there was nothing theatrical about it. Mrs. Fry and one or two Quakeresses who were with her looked like a little spot of purity in a great sweltering mass of corruption. We then talked on self-forgetfulness, how attainable? You can soon ascertain whether there is any affectation about you, and get rid of that first, and then the faults you are continually falling back into keep down your vanity and help to hold the balance fair. His wife was very affectionate; her health and spirits are deeply depressed by what she has gone through.

Carlyle's conversation and general views are curiously dyspeptic, his indigestion colouring everything. There was something particularly engaging in his reprobation of a heartless caricature of the execution of poor Louis XVI., which he desired us not to look at, but introduced a beautiful one of himself smoking in his tub, which John Sterling compares to one of Michael Angelo's prophets.

He stood at the window with his pipe to help us to draw a comparison.

June 10.—John Mill told us that he sent "Arthur Coningsby," with other books, some years ago to Carlyle in Scotland, which so interested him that he wished to know the author, and thus he and Sterling began their friendship. Called on Sir W. Hooker at Kew Gardens; his enthusiasm for his New Holland shrubs and plants knew no bounds. They are in many respects totally distinct in general character from what we are accustomed to, presenting the edge of the leaf to the sun, and other fantastic arrangements. His son is with Captain Ross.

June 11.—Elizabeth Fry took us to Coldbath Fields Prison. Asked her concerning her experience of solitary confinement: in one prison, where it was very limitedly used, she knew of six who became mad in consequence of it. Met the Duchess of Saxe-Weimar (sister to our Queen Dowager), her two pretty daughters, and Lady Denbigh. The survey of the prison was exceedingly interesting. It is on the whole the best of our Houses of Correction, though a severe one, as whipping and the treadmill are still allowed. It was sad to see the

poor exhausted women ever toiling upward without a chance of progress. The silent system is enforced with as much strictness as they can manage, but of course it is sometimes evaded. It was beautiful to hear Cousin Fry's little conversations with them; her tone of sympathy and interest went to their hearts. She had no reading, owing to the High Church principles of the directors and chaplains of the prison, but she craved leave to tell them a story of the effect of one passage from the Bible on a poor prisoner, which melted many of them to tears. The tact with which she treated the two chaplains who went round with us was inimitable, telling them that if the Duchess was very anxious for a reading, she would propose to turn out all the gentlemen except her brother, for they had said it would be impossible to be present at worship which they did not conduct. The Duchess was much pleased, and with her unaffected daughters drove off to Chiswick.

June 16.—Met John Sterling, fresh from Italy, at Temple Bar, and proceeded by appointment to the rooms of William Smith,[1] a quiet, recluse,

[1] *Smith* (William), author of "Guidone," "Athelwold," "Thorndale," "Gravenhurst," and other works.

meditative, abstract-looking man, somewhat like F. D. Maurice. It was pleasant to see the warm and surprised meeting between him and Sterling after a separation of many years. Progressed to the old Church of the Templars, built on the model of the Church at Jerusalem. W. Smith obtained admission for us by means of a weak brother-Bencher, who was not aware of a recently issued prohibition, consequent on the rush of visitors. They are endeavouring to restore it to its antique gorgeousness by painting the ceiling in arabesque after contemporary patterns, inserting beautiful coloured glass windows, relieving the marble from the stucco by which it had been concealed in the days of the Puritans. The Mills joined us in the survey. This was the opening scene of the "Onyx Ring." It was much to listen to him and John Mill on Italy and the thoughts it inspired. Sterling has advanced to the conviction that Correggio is, after all, *the* painter; he alone achieved the Impossible: the others are all attempts more or less successful. Raphael you can carry away in the understanding, but you must always return to Correggio to drink afresh at that delicious fountain of pure feeling. Mill remarked quietly, "I am

greatly confirmed by what Sterling has just said. I have for some time come to the same conviction about Correggio." Visited the grand old Templars, all lying in state under a shed waiting for readjustment. Sterling expressed all the feeling one has about them in quoting Coleridge's lines:—

> "Their bones are dust,
> Their good swords rust,
> Their souls are with the saints, I trust;"

which just gives the middle-age spirit of chivalry and religious faith. It is said that all monuments of Templars have the legs crossed, but as the opposite case has been equally proved, Smith remarked, "I am gradually coming to disbelieve everything that has ever been asserted." John Mill talked about his book on Logic, which he is going to give us; but he declares it will be more intelligible than interesting—how intelligible he will find out in two years. He forbids my reading it, though, except some chapters which he will point out. "It would be like my reading a book on mining because you live in Cornwall—it would be making Friendship a burden!"

June 18.—To Bridgewater House to see the pictures, where we met Sterling. His criticisms

very useful and illuminating. A fine ecclesiastical head suggested the following story:—A Protestant Bishop was declaiming to a Roman Catholic on the folly of a belief in Purgatory. "My lord," was the reply, "you may go further and fare worse."

We then went to Westmacott's studio, introduced by Fanny Haworth. He is a man of extreme energy and openness of countenance, real enthusiasm for his art, and earnest to direct its aim as high as heaven. He and Sterling had several spirited discussions on Greek feeling for Art, and how far we may benefit by studying from such models. Westmacott thinks that our enthusiasm for Greek forms is merely the effect of education, because their mythology has given place to something so far higher and purer. Sterling maintained that it was their embodiment of all that was worshipful and venerable, and in so far as they succeeded, it must be venerable to all Time and to universal man. The highest conquest of Art is to combine the purest feelings with the highest forms, and if this is effected, we need not be fastidious about the medium, or be deemed profane for reverencing a head of Jupiter. Westmacott

delights in Flaxman, and pointed out a bas-relief of his Mercury and Venus "as a little piece of music." "A most pagan illustration by a most Christian artist," said Sterling. "I cannot desire further confirmation of what I have said."

June 19.—Saw the —— Foxes. They are very full of Deville, the phrenologist, with whom they have had some intercourse. He told them of an anonymous lady, whom he had to caution against sensitiveness to the opinion of others. Some years afterwards she came again and brought a daughter, who, when finished, was sent into another room, and the lady consulted him upon her own cranium. He found the sensitiveness so fearfully increased as almost to require medical treatment. He afterwards met her at a party, when she introduced herself to him as Lady Byron. Her third visit to him was made whilst Moore's Life of her husband was being published, and, in accordance with his prescription, she had not allowed herself to read it.

June 21.—At the African Meeting; Lady Parry with us, and very amusing. We sat in a little gallery with the Duchess of Sutherland, her three daughters, and Lady John Russell, all very striking women. The meeting was not very interesting,

with the exception of a brilliant speech from Samuel Wilberforce, full of eloquence from the heart; and a capital one from Lord John Russell, in which he thoroughly committed himself to measures of justice, humanity, and civil progress.

June 22.—Met Samuel Gurney at Paddington, and reached Hanwell in a few minutes. Were most kindly received by Dr. Conolly; he has had the superintendence for two years, and at once introduced the system of non-coercion in its fullest sense, though feeling that it was a very bold experiment and required intense watching; but he dared it all for the sake of a deeply suffering portion of humanity, with most blessed result. It was delightful to observe the pleasure with which he was greeted by the patients and their anxious inquiries after his health, for he has been ill lately; and the extreme kindness, gentleness, and patience of his manner towards them was the triumph of sympathy, forbearance, and love. All the assistants seemed influenced by his spirit, and it is a most delightful and heart-cheering spectacle to see madness for once not treated as a crime.

June 27.—A charming visit from M. A. Schimmelpenninck, who looks bright, handsome, and

active. We soon got to Roman Catholicism and a book of Miss Agnew's, "Geraldine," which sets forth the sunny side of the doctrine. Mrs. Schimmelpenninck would define the principle of Roman Catholicism as Belief, that of Protestantism as Examination, and a just mixture of these two she conceives to be the true article. As for any one party getting at the whole truth, she justly considers this preposterous enough, and illustrated her view by the account an Indian missionary gave her of a Christian native, whom he had been asking, how the diversity of Christian belief which had come before them from the settlement of some fresh missionaries, had affected them. "Why," he said, "it is like a city of the blind, when an elephant is brought amongst them for the first time. Each tries to give an account of it. One says it is like the tail of a thing, another, it is like a hoof, and so on; and when they begin to quarrel, a seeing man tells them, 'It's quite true that part is like a tail, part like a hoof, but none of you have any idea how large the elephant is, and how impossible it is for any of you to have felt it all." Thus she is always anxious that we should not condemn others for their views, however little we can see with them.

She talked with a good deal of poetical truth on Quakerism, and she loves the conventual effect of our costumes.

Falmouth, July 12. — Capital walk with John Sterling. He gave a very interesting chronological sketch of German Philosophy, showing how one man and his system were the almost necessary deduction from the preceding. Leibnitz began the chain of those Germans who addressed themselves to think; then a long interval, at the end of which Kant appeared and taught the supremacy of reason as exhibited in the Divine works, and, above all others, in the nature of man. Fichte carried this still further, and dogmatised on his view of Truth to the exclusion of tolerance towards all other thinkers. A witness told Sterling of an interview between Fichte and Schelling, which concluded by the former declaring that a man who could believe that there was any revelation in the dead Nature around him, and not that it dwelt only in the brains of the few wise men, was not a fit companion for any reasonable being! with which appalling words, exit Fichte. Schelling's mission was to proclaim the living, tuneful voice of Nature, and to teach that she was animated by a higher

principle than material existence. Fichte viewed the Universe as a mere logical process in the Divine mind.

On Goethe's character: the more Sterling examines, the less he believes in his having wilfully trifled with the feelings of women; with regard to his selfishness, he holds that he did but give the fullest, freest scope for the exercise of his gift, and as we are the gainers thereby, he cannot call it selfishness. On Carlyle and their recent expedition together to Hampton Court: Carlyle was in gloomy humour and finding fault with everything, therefore Sterling defended with equal universality. At last Carlyle shook his head and pronounced, "Woe to them that are at ease in Zion." Sterling was reminded of a poem which Goethe has translated, which introduces the carcase of a dead dog, which one after another approaches, expressing disgust at the smell, the appearance, &c.; at last Christ passes, looks on it, and says, "What beautiful white teeth it has!"

July 14.—Tea at the Sterlings'. I did not notice in its right place the admirable living sketch of Carlyle which Mrs. Carlyle told Sterling of, saying it was the best that had been done, and that she

thought the artist, Samuel Laurence, meant to give it her. Sterling went to Laurence, found that he had no such intention, bought it, and with much triumph displayed it to the lady. It is a thoroughly satisfactory portrait.

July 21.—Visit to the Sterlings; he was strong against the confusions and misconstructions prevalent in all modes of philosophy, and thinks that practical subjects should be studied unless there is an irrepressible tendency towards the abstract, otherwise endless and dangerous confusion generally results. He is devouring the new and greatly improved edition of Maurice, whose notion of Quakerism is, that it is all included in the belief of the Church of England, and therefore that George Fox mistook his calling when he separated himself and followers into a sect. Sterling would fain abolish all sects, and desires that all might concentrate their light into one pure Crystal. But I fear that this Crystal will never be discovered but in Utopia or—Heaven.

July 27.—John Sterling is interesting himself much about George Fox, whose life he means to write. He sadly misses his earnest, prophetic spirit in the present day, and thinks Carlyle the only one

who at all represents it. He read us a grievous letter from the latter, complaining of finding great difficulty in doing his work, "his right hand having forgotten her cunning." The American Regenerator of his species, of whom he talked to us, has been with him; he finds that his nostrum for the ills of life is a simple agricultural life and a vegetable diet. They had him at their house, gave him various strange accommodating dishes, but as he could not make Carlyle a believer in vegetables, he left him in despair. Speaking of the old Puritan preachers, Carlyle comments on the excessive fun which bursts out even in their sermons, and says that he believes all really great men were great laughers too, and that those who have the gravest capacity in them have also the greatest fun; therefore he cordially hails a hearty guffaw even from a Puritan pulpit.

July 28.—Sterling, commenting on some Essays by a clever young man of twenty, and finding a want of solidity in them, remarked, "Why, I was once a clever young man of twenty, and I know the quantity of inefficient thought which possesses you at that age. Not that any true effort at thought is useless, though you have often to

think yourself out of it again. You frequently come to your original position, but on principles how different from what before possessed you!"

August 3.—John Sterling and Samuel Gurney were talking over Quaker peculiarities of language, S. Gurney going to the derivation of words to prove that truth was our object. Sterling entirely agreed with him, but remarked, "You see we have but lately been required to weigh sovereigns, which most people think of much greater importance than words."

August 22.—Sterling has finished George Fox's Journal, which has interested him much, though he does not find it as remarkable as he had expected—less originality and out-flashing of the man's peculiar nature. He is greatly amused at Fox's placid conviction that he has never committed a fault or made a mistake; also his undoubting belief in the most astounding judgments pronounced and executed around him on his account. Thus—"A Judge treated me very cruelly; accordingly God smote him with a fever, so that he died the next day!"

September 4.—Saw John Sterling: he has heard from Carlyle, who has been greatly interested by

two interviews with Professor Owen, from whom, he says, he has learnt more than from almost any other man. He is charmed by his naturalness, and the simplicity he has preserved in a London atmosphere.

September 16.—Floated in the harbour with the Sterlings, a very calm, thoughtful, and merry opportunity, as fancy led us. Books and men engaged us more to-day than angels or speculations. Sterling is truly an invaluable person to consult on any literary or logical difficulties, and his ready friendship seems really rejoiced to be able to help any who desire it in earnest. He read us some admirable letters from Carlyle, who has just been making a pilgrimage to Ely, and enjoyed the music in the Cathedral so as to wish it might always last, and whenever the spirit of worship inspired one, he might go in there and worship with congenial tones from invisible sources. He smoked a pipe sitting on Cromwell's horse-block, and felt it a sort of acme in possible human positions.

John Sterling rather impertinently compared Stanfield's colouring to a literary Quakeress, all drab and blue!

September 27.—This morning Sterling gave a

capital sketch of Carlyle. The occasion of his first publishing was this: Edward Irving was requested by the editor of the *Gentleman's Magazine*[1] to contribute an article; he looked into the magazine and discovered in one of the papers the expression, "Good God!" This he said must prevent his having anything to do with it, but he had a friend not so scrupulous, who would be glad to send a paper and was well qualified for it. This friend was Thomas Carlyle, who continued in connection with this magazine (in which the "Essays of Elia" first appeared) until Jeffrey induced him to write for the *Edinburgh*, where his "Life of Schiller" first made him notorious. Sterling read these papers with the strongest interest, which he once expressed in the presence of Charles Buller. "Oh," said he, "he was a tutor of ours;" and from that time Buller got prettily pumped for information concerning this said tutor of theirs.

October 4.—At the Falmouth Polytechnic; met Anthony Froude, who was thoughtful, speculative, and agreeable. He was interesting in analysing character. From Sterling's handwriting he calls

[1] Query: *The London Magazine?*

him enthusiastic but not sanguine, rather desponding; an amazing flow of ideas and great choice of language. Defined Affectation as an attempt to Seem. Thus the high are as affected in imitating the low, as the low in aping the high. On the study of history: he is as delighted with Arnold as I am; on his remarking to Dr. Pusey on the beauty of Arnold's comparing the Church and State to the Soul and Body, Pusey quietly but most solemnly said, "I consider the Church belongs to a much higher Body."

October 10.—Sterling has been told that in person he resembles Metternich, however little in the talent of getting on in the world, "possibly because I have never tried to get on." Talked of our responsibility in the guidance of ourselves; of living in inward and outward consistency with such light as has dawned upon us; not attempting, like the foolish virgins, to walk by the lamps of any companions, however wise, if God has intrusted us with lamps of our own. On the entire self-sacrifice which is due to Truth: fearful is the wrench which must be endured in the separation from every form of falsehood, but if you can stand this, glorious will be the reward in Light and confidence of spirit.

Sad and perplexing is the search, and often vain, for the wisest man of your time, whom you may joyfully accept as a leader. "But," I ventured to say, "rather than this harassing search amongst the multitude of conflicting rays which show but an infinite number of tiny light-beams, would it not be wiser, in simplicity and faith, to direct the earnest gaze upward, where all rays of light converge in one glorious focus, and inward, if one ray is permitted to shine there to guide the teachable spirit through this misty, half-developed chaos of a world?"

Herman Merivale has been at Falmouth and spent some time with Sterling; he has a clever head and much good sense.

October 14.—Sterling told us of General Wolfe; when with a small party awaiting some final arrangements for attacking Quebec, he said to them, "We may as well read a MS. poem I have just received from England," and taking Gray's "Elegy" out of his pocket, read it aloud to them, slowly and with deep feeling. On concluding, he said, "I had rather have written that, than take Quebec."

October 16.—A. B. went with us to see some of the old women; he rather shrank from it on the

ground of not being a clergyman, but was reassured by Sterling reminding him that St. Paul was not a clergyman either.

October 17. — A discussion between William Edward Forster and Sterling on the purity of motive in martyrdom—whether any would yield his life for the sake of an abstract moral truth, if there were no prospect of reward or punishment in the background. Sterling said, "Life would not be worth living without such a faith in the entire devotion to Truth being experienced by some high minds." Both parties argued well, and it was continued for the evening, William admitting that all actual martyrs were probably actuated by both motives, and that in this, as in most cases, a mixed theory was the true one. Sterling was pointing out many things that were to be remembered when in St. Peter's. "What is to be forgotten?" asked I. "Nothing but yourself," he answered.

November 4.—Carlyle writes complaining of the mighty dust-mountain which he has to dig into, as yet with little result, in his Cromwellian researches. Laments the death of Allan Cunningham, as one face that has ever looked kindly on him and will look on him no more—"A loss," Sterling says,

"which he can little afford, such is the warmth and exclusiveness of his affection." Anna Maria heard also in the evening from Mrs. Carlyle, who thanks her for a copy of Laurence's portrait of her husband. She speaks of her husband's present subject being a particularly toilsome one, if you may judge from the spluttering he makes; he is trying whether some teeth and a shin-bone dug up from the field of Naseby may not inspire him.

November 14. — Note from Carlyle begging Sterling to make inquiries about the miner at Caradon,[1] who so heroically devoted himself to the saving of his comrade, and suggesting whether anything, and what sort of thing, might be done for him. "At all events," he says, "let me know whether there is one other such true brave workman living and working with me at this time on this earth; there is help and profit in being sure of that."

November 19.—Heard that the Caradon miner Verran is saving up his money, till he has got £30 or £40, in order to leave off work and get six months' learning—a good fact.

[1] For the Story of this Miner see Carlyle's "Life of Sterling," chap. iii. pp. 264, 265.

December 17.—John Sterling brought a letter from Carlyle, written in the spirit of his "Essay on Burns," together with the following petition:—

"To Michael Verran, seemingly a right brave man, and highly worthy of being educated, these small gifts of money, if they can assist him therein, are, with all hopefulness and good regard, presented by certain undersigned fellow-wayfarers and warfarers of his."

In his letter to Sterling he says:—

"This man Verran is evidently a hopeful person; one of those rare human beings whom it is not very difficult to help. Decidedly he ought to be tried to a certain extent. In what way, with what precautions, pre-inquiries, &c., I will leave you and our benevolent Friends altogether to decide. A sum of forty or fifty pounds to aid him in his noble purpose of schooling himself might at any rate be useful. I put down my sovereign on the adjoined leaf (the post-office order goes along with it); do you and other kind men add what more you can in the shape of money or of better than money: my poor faculty in regard to the matter is as good as out. But just men beholding such a thing are *bound* to acknowledge it, to cherish it and

the like of it, as Heaven's sacred fire on the altar of this our common earth, not too copiously supplied with fire at present! I have rarely fallen in with a more assistable-looking man than this same most meritorious Verran. Tell the Misses Fox that I specially recommend him to them. Tell all people that a man of this kind ought to be hatched —that it were shameful to eat him as a breakfast egg! And so Heaven prosper him and you, and all the benefactors he can find; and may some blessing come out of this inquiry, and not a curse to any one."

December 22.—Barclay had a letter from J. S. Mill: he speaks of his growing conviction that individual regeneration must precede social progress, and in the meantime he feels that the best work he can do is to perfect his book on Logic, so as to aid in giving solidity and definiteness to the workings of others.

END OF VOL. I.

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